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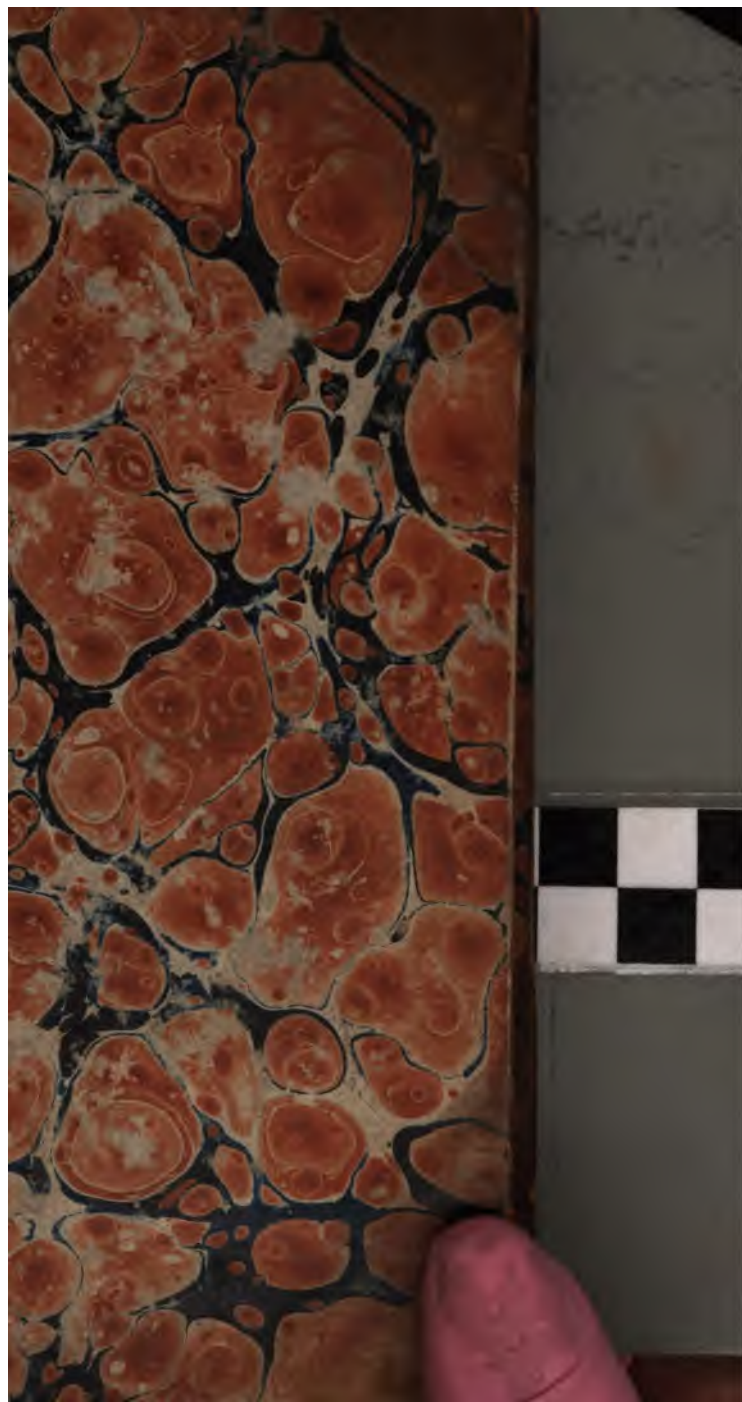
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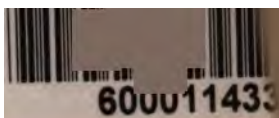
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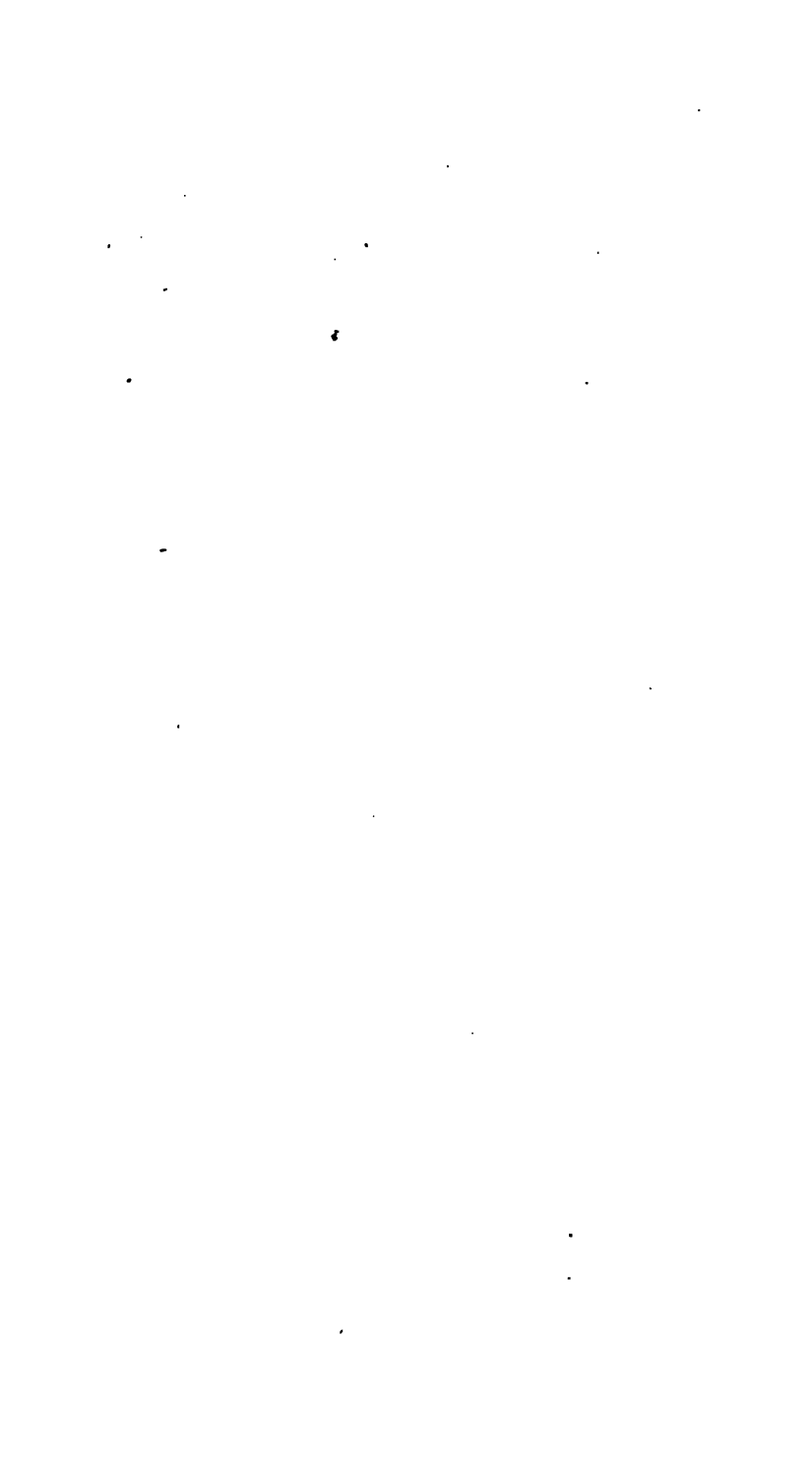




WALDSTEIN;

OR, THE

IN PRAGUE.







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OR, THE

SWEDES IN PRAGUE.

MERCHANT, PRINTER, INGRAM-COURT, FENCHURCH-STREET.

✓ *J. 1828*
WALDSTEIN;

OR, THE

SWEDES IN PRAGUE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MADAME C. PICHLER,

By **J. D. ROSENTHAL.**



IN TWO VOLUMES.

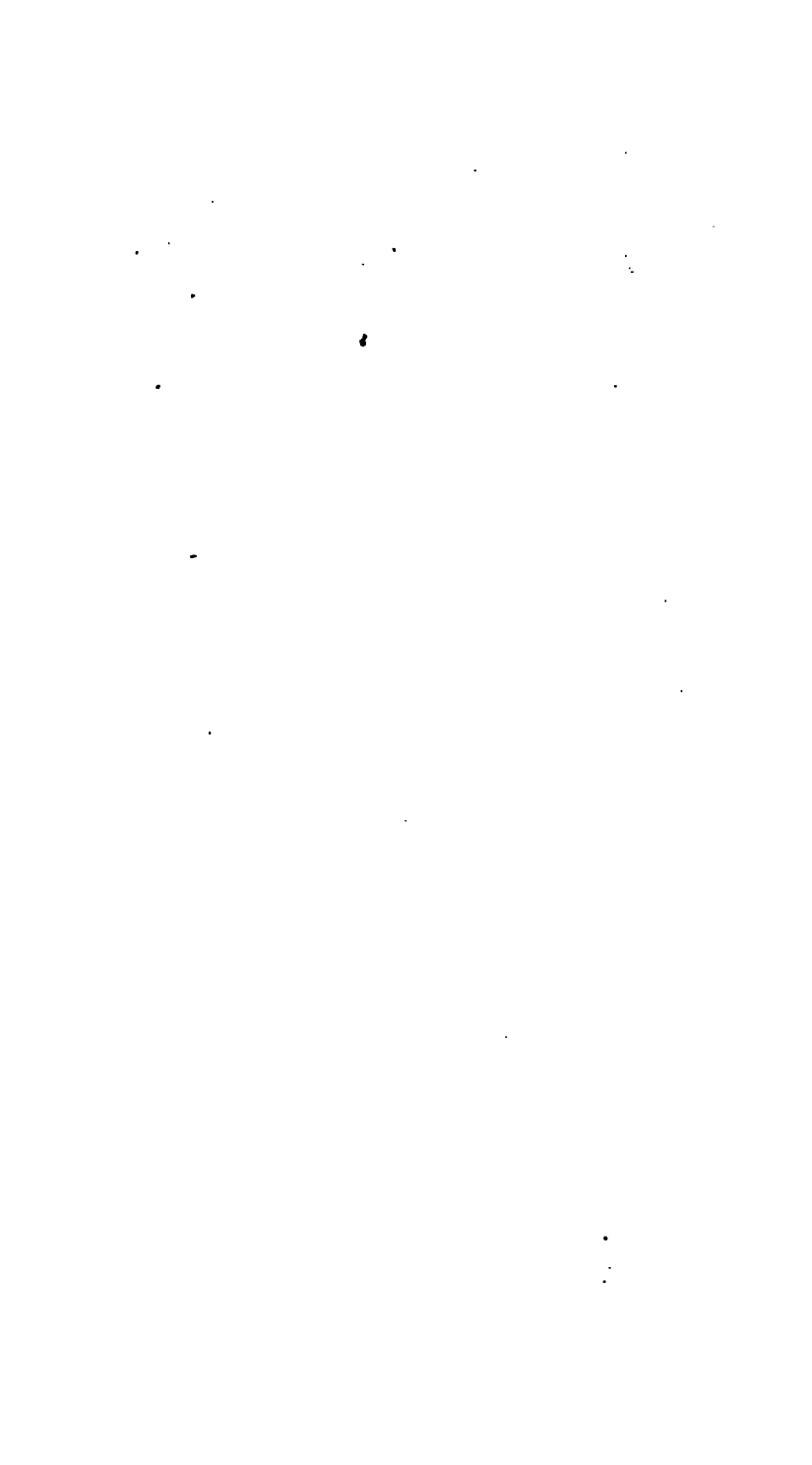
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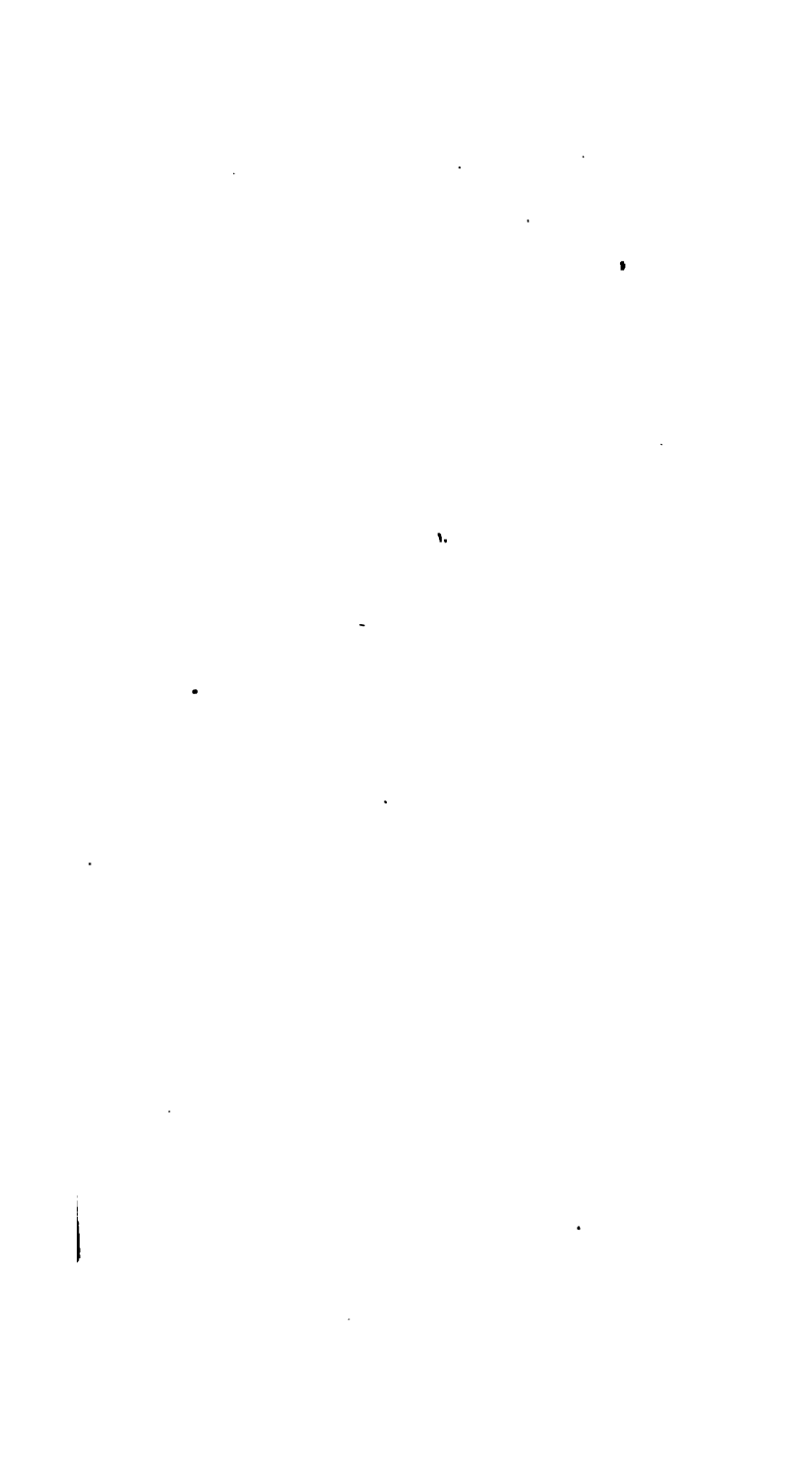
T. RODWELL, NEW BOND-STREET.

1828.

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WALDSTEIN;

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SWEDES IN PRAGUE.

about 80,000 inhabitants. The great river Moldavia, upon whose banks it stands, separates it naturally into two parts, which communicate with each other by means of one of the most ancient and magnificent bridges of Germany, adorned with the statues of twenty-nine saints, and with a strong tower at each end. These natural and principal divisions are subdivided each into two—forming altogether four parts. Those on the right bank of the Moldavia are called the Old and New Town, (Altstadt and Neustadt;) and those on the left, the Kleinseite (Small-side,) and the Hradschin. Prague possesses some churches of curious architecture, including a fine old gothic Cathedral; but its most conspicuous ornament is its University.

WALDSTEIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE war which followed the Reformation in Germany had reached its thirtieth year. From Bohemia, where it commenced, its ravages had extended over the whole empire, even to the frontier states,—turning flourishing provinces into deserts, and rendering once opulent citizens beggars and fugitives. Bands of robbers, formed partly of the undisciplined among the soldiery and partly of those who had lost their all in the conflict, naturally arose from such a state of anarchy, contributing to heighten still further the evils

of the long-continued warfare, and to assist in the destruction of that which the war had spared.

Time, however, and the changes whereto all earthly things are subject, at length materially altered the original character of the struggle. By degrees passions cooled down, and views and feelings became more moderate. The embittered strife of opinion, which, five and twenty years earlier, would have spurned every conciliatory idea as inadmissible, nay as sinful, now began to listen to overtures of peace, which seemed, indeed, after such long and determined exertion, necessary for both parties.

A congress had been sitting at Osnabrück for several years, carefully and jealously occupied in weighing the respective rights and demands of the belligerents,—regarding which its members experienced much difficulty in coming to a satisfactory conclusion; for the holy zeal for faith and liberty had long since degenerated into a common lust after conquest, each side wishing to obtain as much,

and to yield as little, as possible. During all these negotiations, the Swedish army still lay in the very heart of Germany; and, utterly forgetful of the proud character of deliverers, and defenders of the new creed and of German liberty,—in which light the heroic Gustavus first announced himself to the world,—made plunder and exaction their sole object, and contrived to render the Swedish name at once dreaded and detested.

Most anxiously, therefore, was the conclusion of the preliminaries of peace anticipated,—on the ratification whereof depended the close of these troubles generally, and the withdrawing of the Swedes in particular. Above every other part of the German empire, this was especially the case in Bohemia, which had, in consequence of the war, undergone irretrievable losses: vast tracts lay completely waste; whole villages had vanished, and the inhabitants of the country were greatly diminished; whilst immense treasures had become the prey of a foreign power. Exposed to the despoiling vengeance of the

ably of original genius; and, therefore, every way adapted to awaken the dormant energies of Albert. The Father's strictly moral life, pious habits, and candid manners gained him, also, universal esteem.

Such was the man to whom the Duke entrusted his nephew; whilst he himself kept a watchful eye over the whole of the youth's studies, and the general tenor of his conduct. During his hours of application, the great man was often present, and took infinite delight in watching his progress in every branch of knowledge. He even occasionally took part in the lad's sports, and endeavoured, by the direction he gave them, to rouse within his breast that heroic feeling which, he doubted not, slumbered there, under the veil of childish placidity and good humour.

But, determined as Albert's courage shewed itself to be on every occasion—and however delicate, and even fastidious, his sense of honour, still it did not appear as if his uncle's career, and the rapid movements

of a military life were the elements in which he would delight. He displayed, it is true, great pleasure and zeal in manly exercises, in every branch whereof he received due instruction; but the silent charms of the Muses had yet mightier attraction for him; and what woud the strongest spell around his fancy was exactly that which was most carefully concealed from him.

Father Plachy's astronomical observations were, according to the spirit of the age, inseparably connected with astrology; on which account it was, perhaps, that the choice of his patron had fallen on him. The Observatory of Battista Leni was his favourite resort at such seasons when he knew his pupil was under his uncle's eye, or otherwise safely engaged. Albert soon perceived that there were secrets in this occupation, which he had an eager inclination to dive into; and once finding means to enter the observatory unnoticed, his youthful mind received an indelible impression from the forms of the planets, (represented as so

many kings and heroes) the mysterious instruments, and the unintelligible figures. Afterward, he was incessantly begging his uncle and tutor to be allowed to enter this world of wonders and profundity. They cajoled him with promises for awhile: but both loved the youth too well to keep him long in suspense; and accordingly he was satisfied, so far as his immature apprehension admitted. The Duke, indeed, was delighted at this trait in Albert's character, as it seemed to indicate a new feature of resemblance between his nephew and himself. Thus the boy grew constantly dearer to him; whilst Albert, on his part, felt the truest attachment to the hero, who, amidst all his important affairs and glory, found leisure for the display of so much parental solicitude toward him.

It was about this period that the head of the house of Waldstein received, for the second time, the command of the imperial forces, now necessary to be re-formed. The manner in which he used, or mis-used the

power thus consigned to him becomes a question that, in common with other circumstances connected with the then existing state of Germany, belongs to history.

Albert had remained at home with his tutor, enjoying the occasional happiness of hearing from his uncle; when, in the midst of his felicity, the terrible blow—the sudden news of the Duke's murder—fell on them—threatening, in its consequences, to blast, for ever, the fair hopes of our hero, (for such we must confess him,) who, although certainly, at that period, too young to perceive all the consequences of this event, was yet old enough to feel, long and deeply, the loss of his uncle. His parents survived the Duke but a few years; and his cousin Isabella had left Prague some time previously, having formed an alliance with Count Kauniz.

Thus, at an age when the affections of the youthful heart expand most vigorously, did Albert find himself, as it were, alone in the world. His tutor was now his nearest and dearest friend; to him he became attached

with all the ardour of a warm and undivided affection, and sought, in his society and in the cultivation of the sciences, abstraction from the many indefinite desires and anxious wishes wherewith he found himself agitated. He cultivated, with particular zeal, the combined study of astronomy and astrology; and when Father Plachy, some time after, was made Professor at Tycho Brahe's observatory, Albert was accustomed to pass many nights there in his society, dwelling constantly within a short distance of the Father's residence, which was in the Jesuit's College, in the old town. It is true, he had come into the possession of several of his uncle's estates, and, also, of the palace already mentioned; in which, however, he was beset by too many painful recollections of the past—of the Duke—of his parents—and the happy scenes of his childhood. As he did not choose, therefore, to dwell in the palace, he gave it in charge, together with the gardens, to his uncle's venerable steward, Bertram, merely calling occasionally, to see how affairs went on.

At that mournful period, when the country was plunged in universal distress, he did all in his power to relieve the sufferings of his unhappy dependants; and thus, dividing his time between the care of his people and the study of the sciences, he would not permit his friends—not even Father Plachy himself—to persuade him to embrace any particular profession, or fill any fixed station in life; nor would he listen to any proposals of entering the married state. Professing to read, in the mystic book of the stars, the prolongation of his country's woe, he held it selfish, under such circumstances, to cater for individual happiness.

But the heart puts forth claims which cannot be wholly waved; and from his dream of serious placidity, the ruffling tempest was prepared to awaken Albert.

CHAPTER II.

IN the vicinity of Prague,—where the river Moldavia winds, with eddying sweep, from east to west, and then continues its course northward,—stands, by the river side, the Castle of Troy; doubtless indebted for its name, to some corruption of a Bohemian word. The surrounding gardens rise immediately from the shore; the castle itself lying in the centre, approached by a double flight of steps. Before it flows a clear stream, divided into two branches, and opposite is seen the beautiful dome of Königsburg, in Prague.

Here resided the Baron von Zelstow, the last of a noble race, which (through the first wife of the Duke of Friedland) was allied to the house of Waldstein. The Baron and his

lady formed a plain, venerable couple; and Albert, to whom every one was dear that had been connected with his uncle, delighted occasionally to visit these old and respected relations, and always experienced an affectionate welcome.

The Baroness, feeling the advancing weight of years, and wishing to have some one to assist her in her domestic concerns, bethought herself of a distant relation of her husband—the daughter of an officer who had fallen in battle long before, and left his wife and child in needy circumstances. The widow, after the death of her spouse, had retired to a small house in the Old Town, where, with her daughter, she hoped to lead a quiet, industrious life; and an aged clergyman, belonging to the Utraquistic party, (long since suppressed,) who had lived during the time of the schisms in the church, and had in his youth taken no inconsiderable share therein, occupied apartments in the same house with Madame Berka and the young lady.

Bowed down by age, as well as by the

storms of the times, the worthy ecclesiastic was now obliged to court seclusion. After the White-hill victory had brought the contending spirits to repose, and no further disputes arose respecting difference of opinion; when the figure of the holy virgin shone in meridian splendour on the steeple of the Thein-Church, where formerly the cup—the symbol of the Utraquists—had shone; the faithful adherent to his youthful opinions derived some consolation from dwelling in the vicinity of the spot where, centuries before, John Huss had lived. The house of the latter (as well as the Bethlehem Church, wherein that ardent genius was accustomed to preach) afforded a melancholy pleasure to the old man, who had no longer strength sufficient to support long journeys. The stillness that reigned around, the antiquated appearance of the small gloomy dwelling, and the irregular form of the street, all harmonized with the state of his mind, which loved to take refuge in solitude, and in the recollections of his youth.

But although his bodily strength was decaying, his mind still retained its wonted activity; and the beautiful and intelligent child of his neighbour, Madame Berka, appeared a fit subject wherewith to occupy his leisure hours, by the superintendance of her education. He therefore cultivated the acquaintance of the widow, gained the child's goodwill, and in due time made Madame a polite offer of giving little Helen instruction in the chief branches of education. The mother, as may be supposed, gladly consented; the arrangement was desirable on the score of economy, and calculated besides to divert the restless temper of the child, during many hours which she herself might thus devote to household affairs; the circumstance also of the old minister being in high repute for piety and learning, had its proper weight with the anxious parent. As to what should form the subjects of the instruction afforded, Madame was not equally solicitous.

In this manner, then, did little Helen acquire a great deal of knowledge, although

and noble at the other end of the city, to enter the narrow precincts of her own abode.

The arrival of the invitation from her relatives to live with them at Troy-Castle was, therefore, hailed by the young lady almost as joyfully as a messenger from heaven would have been. The mother, too, was gratified to see her beautiful child, who possessed so much knowledge and talent, removed to a sphere in which her rare qualities would secure admiration, and wherein she would be certain soon to obtain a rich and noble suitor. This brilliant vision of Madame Berka served to console her on separating from her daughter, who promised to visit her frequently, as the castle was situated at so short a distance from Prague.

By the Baron von Zelstow and his lady their juvenile kinswoman was received with affection, and treated with great respect. They did not, however, at first find in her the precise individual they sought, for she displayed neither much personal attachment

toward them, nor the requisite subordination and domestic activity. Helen, in truth, was of a proud spirit, nor had she enjoyed, with her mother, the opportunities necessary to qualify her for conducting so extensive an establishment as that of the Baroness von Zelskow. Still, being conscious of the necessity of conforming herself to her duties, (however little she might relish them,) she soon manifested considerable aptitude and address: and perceiving how important it was to her interests to preserve the good-will of her relatives, she earnestly set about securing it. Thus, in course of time, their new inmate became of great service in various respects; above all, her society tended to enliven the advancing years of the old people, by bringing into their narrow and quiet circle new subjects of contemplation, and causing the accession of many youthful visitors, attracted by Helen's beauty and accomplishments.

Among the young men whose visits at the castle became now much more frequent, the most prominent was Albert von Waldstein.

He was accompanied by his friend and almost inseparable companion, the Baron von Wulden, of a rich and noble house, but distinguished neither by so brilliant a name nor so fine a figure as Waldstein. Albert and Leopold, (such was the young Baron's name,) although intimate friends, were different in character; yet even their rivalry, as admirers of Helen, did not diminish their good understanding. Leopold's heart had been inflamed at first sight of the fascinating girl; but his passion exploded in harmless effervescence. On Albert she produced a less violent, but profounder impression. The majestic figure of Helen, her shape, her cheek—whereon were blended the lily and the rose—her luxuriant dark tresses, which played, according to the fashion of the period, in rich ringlets about the face and neck, and fell upon her snowy shoulders; and her piercing black eyes, apparently demanding obeisance as they glanced around: such a combination of charms could not fail to have arrested the most ordinary beholder;

and Albert was not formed to be such. With him, emotion, if it was produced at all, operated powerfully. On a nearer acquaintance, too, he perceived such marks of high-mindedness in the lovely girl, combined with so much dignity of manner, that she gradually assumed, in his estimation, the character of a goddess—whom he might, indeed, honour, but whose love he could scarcely hope to obtain.

The youth, on his first introduction, had particularly attracted Helen's notice: and, in truth, the nephew of the great Duke of Friedland—the lord of so many estates—the descendant of a house which, from the earliest periods, had connected itself with the annals of the country, was well qualified to fix the attention of any young lady, however fastidious. But let us not do injustice to the fair object of admiration—which we should, were we to insinuate that it was merely these accidental circumstances which gave Albert all his value in her eyes. The rare accomplishments of his mind, his noble sen-

round of household duties—these would, in her estimation, be of little importance, in comparison with the world, pomp, display, and power. And, on these accounts, young Wulden would be a much more suitable companion for the girl; as, being of a cheerful and happy disposition himself, he would not object to her sharing fully in the tempting fascinations of courtly life, while he would give himself very little trouble about her airs or contrary humours at home.”

In this judgement, the old Baron was not wrong. The tempers of Albert and Helen were, in reality, too strongly contrasted to admit the growth of any unanimity of feeling. The arrogant and haughty tone of the latter found no corresponding echo in the bosom of Waldstein; nor was the sombre, but elevated complexion of his mind at all consonant with hers. Her veneration for the memory of his uncle—almost the only sentiment they had in common—was founded on reasons widely distinct from Albert’s; and thus, even upon that ground, they did not long

meet harmoniously. In fact, Helen's hastily-formed passion gradually died away. Yet the purity of Albert's mind, and the dignity of his sentiments, could not cease to inspire her with respect, nor his amiable manners to ensure her cordial esteem.

On the part of Albert, this inequality of mind was productive of indescribable pain: for, although he might not approve of all Helen's conduct, he still discerned, in her very errors, strength and loftiness of intellect. This state of things continued for some months, until an evident change was wrought in the young lady by a singular occurrence.

She had accustomed herself, as already mentioned, to attend the secret meetings of her fellow-believers; and, even while at Troy Castle, had frequently, under pretence of visiting her mother, enjoyed this facility. She was thus present, on a religious festival, when a numerous congregation assembled to celebrate the day, and to partake of the holy communion. Whilst thus engaged, Helen

in the Old Town, she fancied she beheld the figure of the stranger on the walls, silently pursuing her steps. Her heart beat anxiously at the thought, yet she dared not look around her, although she imagined that she heard his firm and manly step on the stones, together with the rattling of the heavy sword belted round his waist. She involuntarily quickened her pace, hastened across the square, and passed the crowd to her mother's house. As she glided through the dark passage leading to the door, she ventured to cast a glance behind her, when suddenly the tall, commanding shape that had haunted her fancy stood bodily before the house, as if engaged in deep conversation with some companion, and, most probably, the subject was none other than herself! She was so absent and confused on her entrance, that her mother perceived it; but Helen was at no loss for an excuse, and easily quieted Madame Berka's apprehensions.

All her thoughts were now bent on learning something about the stranger. This, how-

ever was difficult of accomplishment ; for neither in Prague, nor at the castle, could she venture to allude to the place or occasion of her meeting with him ; and she was, consequently, forced to wait till accident or successful stratagem should procure the wished-for information.

At Easter, Helen again found an opportunity of visiting her mother and the meeting-house, at which latter, she indulged an expectation of again seeing the object of her anxiety ; nor was she disappointed. His appearance alone spoke more than she could have hoped to learn by any inquiry. He wore a rich and splendid uniform, similar to that of the Austrian service. The sash of his large basket-hilted sword, the waving feathers of his hat, and his embroidered cloak and vest, all proclaimed his rank to be that of a staff-officer ; with which supposition his age (apparently between thirty and forty) coincided. Helen observed that his right arm reposed uselessly within the folds of a sash ; and, on

that account, his sword hung (quite contrary to custom) at his right side,—seeming to show that, even in a wounded state, he still knew how to draw and wield it with his left arm. All this, while it confirmed Helen's pre-conceived opinion of his courage, produced within her, at the same time, a tender feeling of interest respecting his misfortune; and while thus occupied, nay absorbed, she caught the soldier's gaze; whose face was straightway lit up with a beam of joy—his stern features relaxing into a happy smile; and from that moment, Helen felt as if they were no longer unknown to each other.

Her half-formed anticipations were realized. After service, the officer followed her as before, although not with equal reserve. When they arrived at the square, and the church-going crowd had dispersed, he advanced and greeted her, gracefully and respectfully, in the following terms: “ I have now twice had the pleasure of meeting you at our assembly, and therefore do not account myself a

perfect stranger, and you will excuse my greeting you, Lady von Berka, as my fellow-worshipper."

"You know my name, then," exclaimed Helen, with surprise.

"Who knows not the Lady von Berka, the ornament of Prague; as well by her mental as personal accomplishments?"

"And pray," rejoined Helen, blushing, and embarrassed at the stranger's answer, "with whom have I the honour——"

"My name is Colonel von Odowalsky," replied he, interrupting her.

"You have served in the Imperial army?"

"Formerly I did," he answered, in an ironical tone; "but they find I am no longer fit for service, as I can only hew my way with my left arm, (since my right was smashed by a cannon-ball,) which would be contrary to all military rule."

"You have been severely wounded, I perceive," said Helen, in a soft tone, "and have, no doubt, suffered much! At what action did you get your hurt?"

Colonel Odowalsky told her the scene of battle, and described it to her, while Helen listened with the deepest interest, and showed, by her remarks, that she was completely versed in the history of her native country, as well as acquainted with recent events. Her companion heard her observations with astonishment, and the lovely creature, whose personal beauty had so dazzled him before, now enchanted him by the graces of her mind. During such animated discourse they arrived at Madame Berka's house, where Helen stopt, and was taking leave, when Odowalsky exclaimed, "Now, then, I must part from you—perhaps never to see you more!"

"We shall probably meet again at church," whispered Helen, in much agitation.

"But *when*? and even in that case, how limited must be our power of communication!"

"I am not dependent on myself," replied Helen, after a moment's pause; "my time and intercourse with society are not at my own disposal. I am a poor orphan, and must

purchase the favour of my relations by obedience."

"By Heaven!" exclaimed Odowalsky. fervently, "this is a situation unworthy of you, lady! My heart cannot be consoled by such uncertain hope. I *must* see you again, and *soon*." He bowed and retired.

Helen now slipped into the house, and her mother, advancing to meet her, inquired who it was with whom she had been speaking; and accompanied her question by the remark that Helen had certainly an escort home.

"An officer met me," answered the young beauty, "as I came from church. He knows us, and knew also my dear father. He calls himself Colonel Oden—— Otto—— or some such name, which I can't now recollect. In short," added she, somewhat hastily, "he was a fellow-soldier of my father's."

"But how came he to address you so unceremoniously? Sure, this was not very becoming!"

"He recognized my features, and persisted in guessing that I must be the daugh-

ter of Captain von Berka, from my resemblance, as he said, to my beautiful mother!"

The flattering tone in which Helen pronounced this made Madame forget the lecture she was about to deliver, whilst she tasked her memory to recollect the name of her husband's comrade, who had recognized the beautiful daughter from remembering the features of the beautiful mother.

Helen returned to the castle. The image of Odowalsky,—his conversation, his misfortune, his mode of thinking,—were the continual subjects of her thoughts. She pictured him as possessing every excellence; and in the same proportion as the idea of him filled her breast, did Waldstein, Wulden, and the long train of her other admirers, (among whom had been for some time numbered the Baron von Predetten, an officer in the Colloredian regiment,) sink into the shade.

This change in Helen's sentiments became gradually apparent. She was now thoughtful, absent, fanciful. Albert bitterly felt the revolution, and feared that some misfor-

tune had befallen her which her proud spirit could not bear to impart to her relations. With a kind feeling of sympathy, therefore, he sought to gain her confidence. She felt this noble conduct; but it only served to heighten the tempest within her, and to make his presence painful, since it increased the consciousness of her injustice to his merits. In his company she never ventured to give free scope to that disdainful air, in consequence of which her other suitors, one by one, left off visiting at the castle, whilst Predetten, with a temper wilful as her own, meditated avenging, by her humiliation, the cavalier rejection of his advances.

CHAPTER III.

MEANWHILE, the Swedes had spread themselves all round the neighbourhood of Eger, taking possession of Falkenau and other places, whilst the daily arrival of discouraging news at Prague induced its agitated inhabitants to sigh more wistfully for the final conclusion of peace.

Waldstein himself had also received the most melancholy accounts from several of his estates ; and was on the point of proceeding across the bridge leading to the palace-gardens, in quest of his friend and tutor, Plachy, who was passing a few nights at the observatory, as the heavenly bodies were just about to exhibit important aspects. He had already done all in his power for his poor dependents,

for whose benefit he had made great sacrifices. Now, he was at a loss what to do; and this circumstance, together with the unhappy state of public affairs and the melancholy produced by his misplaced affection,—plunged his mind into deep gloom.

Thus wrapt in thought, he was passing the bridge, when suddenly a well-known voice arrested his attention; he looked up, and recognised his friends Wulden and Predetten.

“Well met,” exclaimed the former; “where are you going, Waldstein?”

“To the palace-garden,” replied Albert.

“*Allons*, then:—we were just looking for you.”

“Looking for me! And what do you want, now you have found me?” asked Waldstein, playfully.

“We have some intelligence to communicate,” said Predetten, assuming a tone of gravity, “which will, no doubt, surprise you.”

“ Ah! what is it?” inquired Waldstein, his attention awakened.

Predetten was about to reply, when he was interrupted by Wulden, who said that this was not the place for discoursing on such a subject, as they ran a risk of being overheard.

“ Is then your news so secret?” rejoined Albert.

“ At this moment it is so, although all Prague will soon resound with it,” replied Predetten, his features relaxing into a smile.

“ But does it concern me?”

“ Ay! it concerns you, myself, and our friend here; nay, all who have so vainly attempted their fortune with *Helen of Troy*,” answered the other, laughing aloud at his own jocularly.

The mention of that name produced on the countenance of Waldstein a sudden expression of gloom. “ I was not aware, Baron von Predetten,” said he, “ that I had ever made *you* a confidant of any such *attempts*.”

“Certainly you did not purpose doing so,” returned the Baron; “but you must not expect that people will consent voluntarily to blind themselves when in your society and that of the fair idol of adoration.”

“If your communication, as it appears, have reference to this subject, it may be as well forborne,” answered our hero, rather warmly.

“Oh, as you please!” exclaimed the other, offended in his turn: “I can reserve my intelligence; but, sir,” added he, proudly, “I cannot brook your lofty air nor insulting tone.” He laid his hand on his sword as he spake, with an indication that could not be misconstrued.

“I accept your offer,” cried Albert, whose blood was chafed, and who prepared to draw; but Wulden, stepping between them, entreated both to be calm. “Waldstein,” he said, “repress your irritation: be assured, what you will hear will tend considerably to cool it; and as to you, Predetten, consider

that the lady has not,—at least, as yet,—given us any reason to withhold from her name proper respect.”

“ Proper respect!” exclaimed the Baron, scornfully; “ Oh! oh! respect for a female who plays the prude before her friends, but in their absence allows a Swedish officer to enter her chamber at night!”

“ Who dares to say so?” cried Albert, again making a motion to draw: “ Baron von Predetten, I demand satisfaction in the name of my relations.”

“ Immediately!” was the reply. “ Let us proceed to the Malchese Square, which is silent and retired.”

“ Come, come!” cried Wulden; “ are you mad—to be quarrelling here in the street, in the middle of the city!—and that, too, for the sake of a girl, whose conduct—be not offended with *me*, Albert—is, to say the least of it, somewhat ambiguous.”

Waldstein bit his lip, and was silent, though his blood still ran riotously. “ Well,” he

said, after a short pause, "do *you* speak, then; but let us step aside into the adjoining street."

They did so; and Albert was informed that Helen had now kept up an intimacy with a Swedish officer for some time; that the latter usually crossed the Moldavia, in a fishing-boat, at night; that Helen waited for him at the garden-gate; and they then disappeared together.

"And how came you to know this?" asked Waldstein, with some asperity: "has she made either of you her confidant?"

"Scarcely;" exclaimed Predetten, laughing; "but listen to my story. A fisherman on the banks of the Moldavia, below Buchenetsch, was, some weeks ago, accosted by a man wrapped in a huge cloak, who made a sign that he wished to cross the river, at the same time holding forth a doubloon. The fisherman was rather surprised, but ferried the applicant over, and received the money. Since that time, the same person appears once or twice every week, makes

the same signal, presents the same fare, and returns toward morning—when the fisherman is in waiting, and, on a signal which the unknown makes with a pipe, appears, to ferry him back. So much for the first part of my story. Now for the second. It is not unknown to the people in the castle that the young lady very often steals out of an evening to take long walks in the garden, or *elsewhere*, and does not return till morning.”

“But the stream has two branches,” exclaimed Albert, abruptly; “their meetings would seem, therefore, to be on the island; which renders your story highly impossible.”

“Do not be too hasty,” replied Predetten: “close to the smaller branch of the river lives another fisherman; and I know that he also has occasionally been employed (sometimes at night) to convey a person from Troy, and, at other times, to carry some one to the island. So much for part the third of my story; and mark it well.”

“These are, after all, bare assertions:

the story wants that connection of parts which can alone render it worthy of credence."

"True," observed Wulden: "still, enough remains to render these night-expeditions extremely strange and equivocal."

"But where are your *proofs*? The information proceeds from the mouths of ignorant domestics, who are always ready to circulate evil of their superiors."

"You may continue to doubt," replied Predetten, again waxing wroth, "as long as you please; as for myself, the lady shall no longer make a fool of me; and I am determined to make this story public." So saying, he departed, with a malignant air, and left the two friends to themselves.

Albert remained silent for some time, his eyes bent on the ground.

"Well, what do you think of all this?" at length inquired Wulden.

"Think!" cried his companion; "why that I must have much clearer and more certain evidence before I can entertain any suspicion to the prejudice of Helen."

“ I fear you will be obliged to yield faith to the charge of her intercourse with an officer of the hostile party.”

“ But how (granting, for a moment, that there is such an intercourse) do you know that the person whom she sees is a Swede? These are mere assumptions, to which gossip and slander would fain impart the dignity of truth.”

“ What will you say if I tell you that I am acquainted with the man by whose means she sometimes sends letters to the camp of Königsmark?”

“ To that I can say nothing. Yet all this may be true, and Helen still innocent. There are circumstances which must be taken into consideration.”

“ Granted: but there are too many well-connected proofs of the conduct imputed to her. Her changed behaviour, her dejection of mind, and absent manner for some time past; together with Predetten’s intelligence and my own observations. None of these singly convict the lady; but, taken together,

they mutually explain each other, and afford a very strong presumption."

Waldstein made no reply; and they slowly proceeded on their way. On their arrival at the palace-gate, "You are going up to the observatory?" said Wulden.

"I seek Father Plachy, to whom I have the painful office of communicating unpleasant news. The Swedes are committing great havoc on my estates."

"Are you indeed, my poor friend, doomed to suffer more in addition to what has been already imposed on you by your exertions for your tenantry?"

"I have not been able to do much for them!" sighed Albert.

"There are but few landlords who would have acted so humanely as you," replied his friend. "Have you not already sacrificed one half the sum allowed you, for your annual expenses, by the trustees, in order to support your vassals?"

"Their condition is truly miserable; whilst my wants are but few."

CHAPTER IV.

FROM whatever point it is viewed, Prague—the ancient seat of royalty—affords an imposing picture of strong-built houses and lofty towers—with the royal palace in the midst—far above which rises into the air the dome and steeple of St. Veit. The city is built upon several hills; and between them flows the Moldavia, on whose right bank appears the *Wisserhad*, where stood formerly the *Burg*, or *Castle*, of the first Dukes or Kings of Bohemia, demolished to its very foundation, during the war of the Hussites, by those wild hordes, out of hatred to the king; so that very few remains of it are now to be seen. Here, however, are still visible some portions of the steps by which the

beautiful and wise Libussa once descended, on her way to her bathing-room; and here, also, may be enjoyed a most lovely prospect of the city and river.

Those portions of the city, respectively denominated the Old and New Towns, spread along the shore to a great extent. Innumerable palaces, churches, domes, and towers elevate themselves above the mass of houses; and, being mostly built in the Gothic style of architecture, really have an effect upon the stranger altogether striking and uncommon. On the left bank of the river are various eminences, or connected heights, which bear upon their summits many splendid mansions of the nobility, an abbey, and the church of St. Lawrence. The houses here descend in a line from the heights to the stream. A noble freestone bridge, decorated with various statues of saints, and extending across the river, unites the Small Side (Kleinseite) with the Old Town; and is defended, at each end, by a strong tower, under whose arches the road is conducted. Each of these

towers is decorated with fine carved work, in stone, of the city arms; and, at the period of which these pages speak, they were kept in a state of complete defence, so as either to keep the enemy at a distance or to increase the difficulties of his passage across the river.

Such, indeed, in its main outline is the aspect which Prague bears at the present day; but, at the period of our story, when the two noble youths were gazing, at the castle entrance, on the scene around, there were several parts of the city which looked very different from what they now do, and some of them bore traces of the violent scenes which had occurred at Prague during the late times of civil commotion. Nevertheless, the picture presented in the soft light of departing day was so enchanting that our cavaliers, secretly feeling themselves rivetted to the spot, stood with folded arms, watching the gradual blending and massing of the objects before them in proportion as the twilight deepened. At length, the buildings immediately adjacent were all that could be plainly

discerned. Shadows had enveloped the trees and gardens of St. Lawrence; while the small church on its top and the towers of the Abbey of Strahow withdrew likewise from observation, notwithstanding the extreme western sky still glowed with radiant crimson. At this moment, the moon starting from beneath the dim clouds of the eastern horizon, and clearing the buildings of the New Town, completed the magic of the scene.

Waldstein was absolutely wrapt in ecstasy. Recollections of the past rushed upon his soul; and the aspect of the stars, now sparkling one by one from out the deep blue sky, led him back at length to the subject which had been interrupted. "You ask," he said, "what influence the stars, which are at such a distance from us, can exert over our fate? Can you assign the origin and first cause of those many changes,—some of a depressing and others of an elevating character,—which have so often been witnessed in this beautiful city? There is no effect without a cause, and

no cause but is followed by corresponding results ; and who is able to prove that these results are not occasioned by the influence of the heavenly bodies, which, according to eternal and immutable laws, speed their courses above us ? A vast and incomprehensible bond of union unites them altogether, a bond in which our solar system and this earth are undoubtedly comprised. By their position relatively to each other, the entire circle is regulated. An unknown system of action and re-action, and of influences inaccessible alike to our mental powers and to our astronomical instruments, pervades the universe. All forms one grand whole, from which no one part, be it ever so small, can or dares disconnect itself. As a stone thrown by a boy into the Moldavia extends its influence over the agitated water, in circles that spread to both shores, so one effect, one impulse, reigns throughout all nature. What happens at the distance of millions of solar miles from us acts upon us ; and our globe cannot suffer

any change which is not felt by every other part of the universe at the same time."—

“ Hold ! hold ! you make me giddy ! ” exclaimed Wulden. Waldstein smiled and paused, while the other proceeded. “ What you have said relating to a system of universal connexion, I have not perfectly understood ; yet in truth it does seem that such a thing is not altogether improbable. Your *prophecies*, however, are not included in this system, which shows nothing more than that whatever is, *is*,—not that it may be known previous to the event.”

“ And can you not imagine that those who have submitted to the toil of learning the language of the stars (by whose brilliant characters the Almighty has displayed in the heavens above the signs both of the future and the past) may arrive at the knowledge of still more ? Do you not perceive that the aspect of these luminaries at the birth of a man, or at the moment of some great event, may act with decisive influence thereon ? Look upward, particularly at those bodies

nearest and most immediately connected with us—the planets :—are they not, according to their nature, hot and dry, cold and damp ; some of fatal, and others of beneficent influence ? And thus, do they not affect the earth, and all that passes on it ? Their ascension and declination ; their elevation above the horizon ; their places in the celestial houses of the zodiac ; the relative proportions of their powers ; the absence of certain stars which are situated in the other hemisphere ; all these matters, although perfectly inconceivable by the unlearned, possess influence acknowledged and ascertained after the observation of centuries ; and through their labyrinths we are guided by specific rules and examples.”

“ Were this really true,” replied Wulden, “ you astrologers would be the wisest and happiest mortals on the face of the earth. You would then know every thing beforehand, as well good as evil ; against the latter you could provide, whilst the former would be doubly enjoyed.”

“ Not so,” said Waldstein; “ the stars merely indicate, they do not warn. What is to happen, happens; and wo to the rash man who mistakes their decrees, or thinks to prevent or evade them!”

“ To what purpose, then, are your observations, and your knowledge, if they cannot prevent the evil which hangs over you?” asked Wulden; “ I would rather remain in my original ignorance.”

“ That is just according to the different tempers and wishes of individuals. It is this very *inquiry*, or secret search, which so irresistibly attracts myself and many others; and although the stars may as yet have announced but little which I can consider favourable to me, still, the very *contemplation* of those brilliant orbs, which dart their rays into my soul, as well as of the wisdom of the Creator, who has strewed them in boundless space—appointing to each its particular unchangeable course, and endowing each with such wonderful powers—fills my inmost mind with awe

and delight. My heart yearns after the unclouded regions where these lights shall shine near me in glorious splendour, and I may rightly learn their language and meaning ; where I shall be divested of all that is earthly, with its bounded powers and many sorrows : I long for the time when the birth-day of eternity (as Seneca terms the day of our death) shall introduce me to a state of existence so much fairer and happier !” During this speech Waldstein’s features beamed with life and animation ; and in the soft light of his eye, as it elevated itself toward the heavens, there shone reflected the lustre of the stars themselves, which now gradually became more radiant as night advanced. “O do not talk so calmly of the hour when I shall lose you,” exclaimed Wulden, with sudden emotion ; “I cannot bear the thought !”

Aldert grasped his friend’s hand energetically, “Believe me, Leopold,” said he, “I am not insensible to your attachment, which illumines the gloomy path of my existence,

and is my dearest possession upon earth. To be indebted to *love*, for happiness, is not my destiny."

"Now, have you really read *that* in the stars, or are you indebted for such a piece of information to Predetten?"

"His statement only jumps with an old suspicion of mine, although I am aware little reliance ought to be placed on his gossiping stories. Helen was not born for me: she is aiming at quite a different sort of person. I have," he added, after some little hesitation, "compared our horoscopes, and the stars indicate that we shall never be united."

"Yet your suit was apparently successful, and she has evidently interested you deeply."

"Doubtless;—should what is fair and noble cease to possess these excellencies in our estimation, as soon as we apprehend it to be unattainable by us?"

"Well, you have a very peculiar philosophy, it must be admitted, my dear Waldstein; I respect, but cannot adopt it; and now, good night: we are in the palace-gardens; you are

going to consult the stars, and I will endeavour to see if I can collect here on earth some intelligence—about the Swedes.”

Thus saying, Wulden retraced his course toward the town, while Waldstein proceeded through the dark shades of the garden in the direction of the observatory, which had been built, by the Emperor Rudolph, for Tycho Brahe, and which, situated on the heights over against the city, commanded a view of the latter, as well as of the whole country around.

Albert's heart felt oppressed:—he had not confided to his friend all that lay heavily thereupon. It is true, he entertained for Leopold feelings of sincere affection; but the joyous, unclouded temper of the latter was little suited to sympathize with his own vague and moody emotions. He, therefore, abandoned himself in solitude to the grief that had seized upon him.

He had long ago perceived that Helen entertained in the depth of her heart no feelings of love for him; and her behaviour of late,

connected with what (however unwillingly, as he found himself compelled to admit) he had now heard, placed almost beyond a doubt her being engaged in some tender affair of a clandestine—perhaps dangerous—nature, with another. The stars, also, spoke the same language, predicting to him nothing but pains and struggles in love.

Indulging these melancholy reflections, he proceeded toward the observatory, from the windows whereof the light of the study-lamp was already visible amid the gloom of night. Father Plachy advanced to meet him. "I have awaited your arrival with anxious impatience," he said; "the present night, my son, will prove a remarkable one. The stars exhibit wonderful conjunctions; but, before we commence our observations, I would wish to communicate something of importance to you."

Meantime, Waldstein had disencumbered himself of his hat, mantle, and sword, and followed his tutor to the table, where stood the lamp, whose dim light faintly illuminated

the long and gloomy apartment, and scarcely displayed the globes, celestial and terrestrial, maps, instruments, &c. which were lying in a corner of the room. In the centre, opposite the entrance, were some stairs leading to the observatory, which rose to a considerable height in the purer air, affording a very extensive prospect all round the city, and containing telescopes, quadrants, &c. &c.

By the light of the lamp, Father Plachy looked narrowly at his pupil, and remarked an expression of deep sorrow upon his more than usually pale countenance. "You seem agitated, Albert," observed he; "what is amiss?"

"Nothing of particular consequence; my feelings, you know, are constitutionally prompt. The Swedes have again been committing dreadful ravages on my estates."

Father Plachy shook his head, as if this explanation did not appear quite satisfactory to him; while Albert, apparently desirous to change the topic, remarked, "You had something of importance to communicate to me?"

“ Yes ; I have a letter which I received from a friend at the Abbey of Tepel. First, however, permit me to put one question. Are you by any chance acquainted with a person bearing the name of Odowalsky, or Streitberg ? ”

“ What ! Does he bear both names ? ”

“ He appears altogether an unaccountable sort of character. By some he is thought a Swede, while others take him for a Bohemian. It is said that he assumes both names, at various times, and sometimes wears the Swedish, and at others the imperial uniform : and that, as well in Prague as in the neighbouring country, he transacts many secret commissions. ”

Waldstein was silent for a moment ; the news brought by Predetten recurring to his mind. “ Have you nothing further to communicate, as to this man’s real occupation ? ” said he at length, “ for I am unacquainted with him under either of his names. ”

“ If he be, indeed, the Odowalsky whom I formerly knew, he is a Bohemian nobleman

berg be one and the same with the Bohemian Colonel Odowalsky, he should not be unknown to you, as I recollect you had formerly something to do with him; and I have accordingly thought it advisable to direct to you some inquiries in the business. At all events, the affair is by no means without importance: for the country and the city of Prague must be well known to this man, who would thence, although a very bad counsellor for us, be a most valuable one for the Swedes.’”

Thus ran the Prior’s letter.—Albert knew nothing of the person described, and the fancy which came across him was much too vague, and too nearly connected with the secrets of his own bosom, to allow him to allude to it.

The conversation being at an end, the preceptor and pupil passed to their labours. Father Plachy took his seat at the writing desk, while Waldstein, whose younger eyes were better able to make the necessary observations, familiarized as he was with all

the knowledge of his tutor, proceeded to mount the steps ; and having placed himself at the telescope, proclaimed, from time to time, the result of his observations, which Plachy noted down, comparing them at the same time with the pendulum of the computations.

“ It is now a quarter to twelve o'clock,” said Father Plachy to himself :—“ Mars must be at his greatest altitude, and approaching the sign of the Lion.” Then aloud : “ Where is Mars ?”

“ Mars is now at his greatest height : he is getting into the heart of the Lion.”

“ And where is Jupiter ?”

“ Mars looks on him with an evil eye : his most kindly rays are of no avail, for Saturn is now rising, cold and dark, and Venus has long since sunk beneath the horizon.”

“ I knew it well,” said Father Plachy, as he mounted the steps and placed himself at the telescope. “ This is a remarkable but unhappy constellation. Jupiter powerless,

Saturn and Mars exerting the most unbounded influence :—aye, aye !—into the heart of the Lion—the Bohemian Lion—the breeder of unhappiness is now entering !”

“ How say you ? Is the worst yet to come, with regard to this hapless land ?”

“ The movements of the Swedes in the circle of Elnbogen portend no good to us.”

“ Alas ! how gladly would I be where yonder beautiful lights are twinkling in the blue vaults of Heaven ; and where the earth, with all its misery and lamentation, would seem to fade away into nothing !”

“ And to what purpose serves this vain yearning ? So long as the Almighty wills us to continue here, it is our duty patiently to endure, to be upright in all our dealings, and leave the rest in the hands of the Supreme.”

“ And should the stars tell us that we can bring nothing to conclusion ?—that all our striving is but in vain ?”

“ Albert, had our fathers reasoned thus weakly, where should we now be ? Yes, the

stars point out struggles that await us, and so doing, summon us to watchfulness and preparation. How speak the ancient philosophers on this subject? *Dignum Jovis spectaculum vir fortis cum mala fortuna compositus*. Let us watch, and act where it is in our power ; and in every disaster that befalls our country, be still at hand, if possible, to extricate her."

" Never," cried Albert, with animation, " never shall you find me backward to the call of honourable activity. My name is Waldstein, and I feel all the obligations such a lofty appellation imposes on me."

" Nobly said, my son," exclaimed Plachy. It was *Albert von Waldstein* who, during the war of the Hussites, in the reign of King Weuzel, stepped forth as the champion and protector of his country. You were named after him ; and you will not tarnish the honour and fame of such an ancestor."

CHAPTER V.

AFTER a little longer stay at the Observatory, Father Plachy, wishing his pupil a good night's rest, retired ; and Albert, as soon as he saw himself alone, hastened to execute a design he had for some time entertained, and which had received new vigour since Father Plachy had mentioned the affair of the unknown Swedish officer and his secret occupations in Prague.

With a good telescope, on such a clear moonlight night as the present, the whole of the environs of Prague were within range from the Observatory, and every object around was distinctly visible, even on the water, and to the Castle of Troy itself. Should a clandestine meeting, such as those

which haunted his fancy, take place to-night, he would be easily able to witness it. He might conjure, as if by magic, the faithless fair before his presence, with her nocturnal paramour!

He quickly commenced operations, by fixing the telescope in a proper position; and then, taking his station at the glass, beheld the walls of the Castle of Troy—the steps—and the garden—as if close to him. He was considerably moved at being thus able, although so distant, to witness all that passed plainly, yet unsuspectedly.

The stream, silvered by the slanting moonbeams, flowed silently along. All was still; not a sound arose, save from the tremulous motion of the ripples. At that moment, he thought he saw something appear among the thickets on the shore. In a few moments after, a boat glided from the dark covert; it was rowed across the river by a boatman, and on the central seat sat a figure completely muffled up. What would not Albert have given at that moment for a clearer view of

the figure! But the uncertain light of the moon rendered this impossible.

At length, the boat reached the opposite shore. The figure rose, and displayed the form of a tall robust man, holding a naked sword, which glittered in the moonbeams.

He advanced toward the garden, the small gate whereof opened in the instant, and out stepped another dark shape, of lesser dimensions. That this was a female there could be no doubt. On meeting, they sank into each other's arms; and Albert sprang impetuously from the telescope.

Thus, then, was confirmed what had been told him by Predetten! Helen really did carry on a clandestine intercourse; and it was one of an amorous and impassioned nature! His whole soul was in uproar; he paced the room, to and fro, with hasty strides; he would look no more, and yet the hated scene was still before his eyes, with the shapes of the man and of the female; which latter he would fain persuade himself was

not that of Helen. These conflicting doubts almost deprived him of the power of breathing. One moment, he covered his face with his hands; the next, he placed his eye at the glass. He now thought he could perceive, in the dimness of the fast-sinking moon, the objects of his scrutiny alternately retiring and emerging among the copses. Soon after, the moon wholly vanished, and nothing more was to be seen.

The night was, by this time, far advanced, and day approaching; but to Albert's eyes came no sleep. He suffered all the racking pangs of jealousy, combined with the torments of indecision. Was it, in truth, Helen, or was it not? And who was the gallant? Why did their attachment shun the eye of day and of her relations? Was it conceivable that Helen could love the enemy of her country? Yet—had she not betrayed her preference for the Swedes and for her fellow-believers? Was it not apparent that she bore the present state of things with impatience? All these questions

passed through Waldstein's mind, and increased his agitation. But what if, after all, it should not be Helen? It was not possible for him to recognise the female figure so plainly as to be certain of his unhappiness. O, that it were not her! that she were innocent, and still true to her duty! On such a feeble stay as this did he now rest all his love and his hope.

During this mental struggle, the brief summer night reached its close. Already dawn was visible on the opposite side of the Moldavia, and the delicate morning light streaked the horizon. Darkness gradually retired, like a shrinking ghost; the stars were blotted from the heavens; and day recommenced. Suddenly, a thought passed through Albert's mind. It might now be possible to recognise the unknown female, should she still remain upon the shore. He stepped, hesitatingly, to the telescope. For some time he could not remark any thing: the shore was lonely, and the opposite castle—every portion of which was now distinctly

visible—lay, at this early hour, in seeming desolation before him. He had not waited long, however, ere something stirred the bushes of the forest, and a boat pushed off, in which sat the unknown. Our hero commanded a full view of this stranger, who, although seated, seemed tall and robust. He saw, likewise, the dark mantle, and the sword, which lay unsheathed upon his knee. The features were concealed by the large hat pressed low down upon the head, and by the black cloak which covered him to the chin.

Another figure almost immediately glided along the road toward the garden-gate. It was Helen! It *was* Helen, beyond a doubt! Her form and dress—which he knew so well—were before him, looking so near, indeed, that he almost fancied he might grasp her! A veil, which covered her head and shoulders, as well as the circumstance of her back being turned to him, prevented his seeing her features: but, as she hurried along, she chanced to look round for one moment,

with an anxious air, as if to see if any one were observing her. "Helen!" exclaimed the youth, momentarily deceived by her apparent proximity. "Helen!" repeated he, in a reproachful tone; and, even while he spake, she vanished through the garden!

Waldstein sank into a chair. The sad certainty pressed upon him; and, for some time, he was incapable of any clear idea whatsoever. Plans for the future, dictated by anger, together with an undefinable feeling of degradation, wildly chased each other through his bosom, until, at length, exhausted Nature claimed her rights. His burning eyes sought rest, and he threw himself upon his couch. Disturbed and unrefreshing sleep succeeded to the violent agitation of his mind, while fancy pictured anew, in hateful connexion, the grievous reality of his waking moments.

From this ungrateful slumber he started up, and, fastening his mantle and sword about him, sallied forth to taste the fresh morning air in the garden, which lay unre-

garded before him in all its beauty of shady walks, blooming trees, carol of birds, and murmur of fountains.

For some time did he wander about among the dewy paths, and, at last, unconsciously entered the square of the palace; hastening, mechanically, across into the second court, passing the cathedral, and leaving the palace behind him, he had now reached Georgesquare; and, proceeding in his descent, found himself at a spot where a low wall surrounds the base of the steep height which rises above the Moldavia. Here he leaned over the parapet, while his eye, roving across the river toward the city, gazed on all, yet remarked nothing: the image of the loving pair on the banks of the Moldavia was still before him!

Suddenly he heard a soft voice utter his name. Turning half unconsciously round, to see who it could be that interrupted him at this hour, and in this solitary place, he beheld a young girl, neatly, although simply

drest, standing, with a timid air, a few paces behind him.

“ Who are you? and what do you want with me?” he somewhat abruptly asked.

The female, retreating a little, declined her head as she replied, “ I am Joanna, the daughter of your steward. Your lordship does not, perhaps, recollect me.”

Albert, propitiated by the soft tones of her voice, looked more calmly on the young girl. She was pretty, and even something more than that; and her delicate figure appeared to great advantage by reason of the close-fitting costume wherein she was attired. A countenance rather pale, full of the native expression of innocence and kindness, of sweetness and delicacy, beamed out between the ample white frill and the neat cap which scarcely displayed her beautiful chestnut-brown hair. Long eye-lids and dark eye-lashes shaded a pair of clear hazel eyes, now modestly bent downward, but which had been previously directed

toward the Count with an expression of anxiety. Under her arm she carried a prayer-book, richly mounted with silver, and to the wrist of her right hand was suspended a rosary of precious wood.

“And what would you with me?” inquired Waldstein, in a friendly tone. At this question the colour mounted into the girl’s cheeks, she sank her head deep upon her bosom and answered not. “Why not speak?” said Albert. “Can I be of service to you in any way?”

“Oh, no! no!” she stammered; “it is not on my own account”—

“Has any thing happened, then, to your father?” asked our hero, growing rather *ennuyé* of the scene.

Joanna blushed still more deeply, as, summoning effort, she replied, “I fear Lord Albert will think me both foolish and bold; but, in proceeding to matins, as I crossed the palace-square, you darted past me,—and, pardon me, my Lord, for saying it, you looked

thoughts; his spirits were insensibly roused; he looked round with a less clouded aspect; arranged his hair, his mantle and cap, as well as he could, and ascended the hill. As he re-entered George-square, the bells of the Cathedral were ringing for matins. His heart felt opened to devout aspiration, while his Creator spoke to him through the echoing chimes, and invited him to offer up his griefs in prayer, and thus he enabled to bear them with more composure. He obeyed this inward impulse, and soon found himself beneath the venerable pile, the bold form of whose architecture, and its airy and spacious choirs, were well calculated to elevate the soul from earth and earthly sorrows. On leaving the church he fancied he saw the figure of Joanna, and, almost without reflection, stood still, that he might allow her to approach. It would seem, however, that he was deceived: he caught no further glimpse of the steward's fair daughter, and at length slowly descended the palace-hill.

Joanna, nevertheless, *had* seen and been

seen by him ; but she was ashamed to meet him again, for reflection told her that her manner of acting had been unusual, and might be misunderstood. She therefore eluded his eye until she saw him leave the church in the direction of the outer court of the palace ; and then, by another route, she returned home.

In her way, all the circumstances of the past scene were vividly recalled. She dwelt delightedly on Albert's complacent kindness, and on his begging her to pray for him. Alas ! she had indeed prayed for him, not only that day, but on every successive morning and evening for a long period ! Without knowing it, our hero had, in fact, obtained sovereign sway over the heart of his youthful playmate, and Albert von Waldstein was, to Joanna, ever since she became capable of thought, the *beau ideal* of all manly beauty and perfection. Meantime, however, she was too prudent to harbour foolish hopes, and far too dutiful to pain her father with the spectacle of his daughter gradually languishing from

the effects of hopeless love. Thus strictly governed, her attachment slumbered within her virgin bosom, and Albert's utter inattention, on his visits at her father's, (for he scarcely ever noticed her,) facilitated such prudent control. Her secret homage, in fact, had no further sensible influence than merely to render her cold to other suitors, and firmly determined to live and die in maiden serenity, since there existed but one Albert von Waldstein, and he could never be hers. This day alone had she been surprised into forgetfulness of her silent purpose. "Alas!" exclaimed she, half aloud, "how pitiable that a man, so noble, rich, and handsome, should still be unhappy. But I can guess the cause: he loves the proud lady of Troy. Yet, is it possible that any one beloved by Albert von Waldstein could give him ground of uneasiness?" These and similar reflections occupied Joanna in half-sweet, half-pensive succession, until she at length reached the Friedland palace.

As she stepped in at the gateway, she per-

ceived the tall figure of an unknown man, who, enveloped in a mantle, and with his back turned toward her, was standing in the middle of the court, looking cautiously round him ; he then went to several doors, which he tried to open, and on his non-success, advanced rapidly toward the gate. All this, together with the stranger's endeavours to conceal his features with his hat and cloak, excited Joanna's suspicions ; she determined to address him, and, in a tone of voice as firm as it was modest, asked, " Whom do you seek, Sir ?"

The person she addressed stood silent for a moment, drawing his mantle closer ; then, having scanned the appearance of the lovely girl, who at first had taken him by surprise, he courteously replied, " What I sought I have not found ; what I did not seek—one of the Graces—now stands before me." Joanna interrupted him, and in a grave manner replied, " Sir, excuse me if I say your jest is unseasonable : I am daughter to the steward of the palace, and it is in the performance of

my duty I made the inquiry of you." As she spoke she strove, with something of the natural curiosity of her sex, to gain a sight of the stranger's features, but could discover nothing save a pair of flashing eyes, arched by thick bushy eye-brows.

"What has led me here," replied the stranger, "is just what leads you to ask, my pretty maiden—curiosity: the wish to view and examine a house, which, if only on account of the builder, must be interesting to every Bohemian."

"If that be your object you must follow me, and apply to my father."

"Stop! stop!" exclaimed the stranger; "there is no hurry. Pray remain a moment here with me," added he, as he saw that Joanna was moving toward the small postern leading to the garden.

She replied not, but went on.

"Little obstinate!" cried the man, "will you not stay?" and with these words he seized her by the arm.

Joanna tore herself from him, and, mea-

suring the unknown from whom he had claimed, with indignant voice: "I will not again to touch me. I will have chastisement upon you."

The man laughed: "Coward!" and he, in a jeering tone, and looking upon he stretched out his arm to the point upon which Joshua stepped, saying: "Father—Uchi!" and at the moment of father and at the moment of the court.

The intruder now turned and with long strides, left the place.

"Pursue him," cried Joshua: "it is no good purpose." The two old men, a but had no chance against the younger, comparative youth and dexterity. Whether, and to the gate, they just caught a glimpse of him as he vanished down the street.

"Who was this man?" inquired the latter on his return. Joshua replied with the answer, adding, that she thought she had seen an imperial uniform under his mantle.

"That is likely enough: these fellows

officers are very bold. But it strikes me I have already seen this person; and, if I mistake not, it was among the workmen who are repairing the fortifications, to whom he gave a world of trouble. There he was, pacing backward and forward, and asking all sorts of questions; such as—how long they had yet to work? what was to be done? and what, for the present, to be left undone? Then he stept aside, and I thought I saw him commit something to writing. In short, I take him to be neither more nor less than a spy.”

“It is certainly strange,” said Joanna; “here, too, I met with him, occupied in examining the palace on every side, and trying every door.”

“What sort of features had he?” asked her father; “to-day I scarcely saw him.”

“As he retreated, his mantle flew open,” replied the girl, “and enabled me to view him quite plainly; he seemed a robust, strong man, of middle age, with large features and fiery eyes.”

“Your description,” rejoined her father,

“ corresponds exactly. I do not think he is a Bohemian, for I heard him speak the purest German with one of the workmen.”

“ His features appear Bohemian.”

“ No, no, depend on it he is a German,” reiterated the old man, with a good deal of asperity; “ it is always they who bring misfortune and misery upon us. But now, go to your chamber, Joanna, I must look round a little in the house and gardens. The count sent yesterday to inform me that he should come to-day, and that I must be prepared.” So saying, he ascended the great steps.

Joanna was at once overjoyed and embarrassed at this confirmation of Albert's parting announcement. She retired and dressed herself carefully, yet not so much so as to excite her father's observation, and then awaited the arrival of the Count. Mid-day, however, came, and dinner-time passed by, without his appearing. The hot hours of the afternoon succeeded, during which Joanna kept within her chamber. From the window that looked out into the garden, she could see,

while seated at her work, every one that entered ; still, *he* came not. The sun was now setting, and the shades of evening descended. The uneasiness of disappointed expectation, as well as the cooler season, called Joanna away from her work, which, otherwise, would have occupied her all day. She stepped out on the open space in front of the hall, and contemplated the scene of her juvenile sports and amusements. The fresco-paintings, representing the war of Troy, which Albert had often explained to the two girls, in his account of the fate of Hector—(whom she always mentally compared with Waldstein,)—called forth warm tears from her eyes. How different was every thing now ! Her youthful playfellow had become a man, and heir to the greatest part of the Friedland possessions ; and thus his sphere of life was far, far above that of his former friend. “ Ah ! why could it not ever have remained as then ! ” sighed she. Turning away from the hall, and sitting down, as evening gradually threw her dusky shades over the flower-bed opposite the foun-

tain, she slumbered—and was awaked, as from a dream, by the sportive playing of the waters ; for her father had caused the garden to be freshly adorned, and the fountains to be set flowing, in honour of the Count's anticipated visit.

CHAPTER VI.

TWILIGHT had almost deepened into night, ere the glad barking of one or two favourite dogs in the court-yard, announced the arrival of the long-expected Waldstein. Father Plachy had entered the mansion previously, and wondered at his pupil's unaccountable delay. On their meeting, it appeared that each had been seeking the other.

“ It is well I find you here,” said Waldstein, smiling. “ Bertram, pray order some refreshment.”

Bertram delivered the keys to his daughter, who vanished to execute the Count's wishes and her father's instructions.

“ Still bad news !” continued Albert to his friend ; “ the Swedes are advancing in great

force on Eger: they have levied very large contributions; and if these are not promptly supplied, the peasantry undergo the most shameful ill usage."

"These Swedes," observed Bertram, who used the privileges of an old and confidential domestic, "are worse than the very Tartars, if credit may be given to the tales of horror I have heard. The fields are turned into deserts; the villages present nothing but heaps of ashes; and the people consider themselves fortunate, if they have wherewith to support existence!"

"It seems, indeed, high time for Heaven to avenge such crimes," said Plachy; "and yet the conclusion of peace is delayed just as if we lay on a bed of roses! Whilst they tenaciously weigh and dispute every inch of land, thousands are perishing from misery and despair, and one city falls after another! O! these Swedes! would that they had all but one neck,—as Nero once wished the Romans had,—and I stood over it with a keenly-edged sword!" He here elevated

his right arm, whilst his eyes darted fire, and his tall commanding figure seemed to dilate with heroic majesty.

“ Reverend Sir,” exclaimed Bertram, somewhat astonished, “ that is a glorious wish ; but would not one be rather inclined to suppose you a soldier than a minister of the altar, to hear you thus speak, and to see you assume so martial an attitude.”

“ The times, worthy Bertram,” answered the father, “ have overturned all ancient distinctions. Thirty years ago, they wished to make an entrance for a foreign faith into our poor country, and to force upon us a foreign king, whose glory the destroying angel annihilated in a single battle. Surely, then, a member of a religious order may well venture, at a moment of the greatest peril, to grasp the sword, *pro aris et focis*.”

“ Ay, that was indeed a battle !” exclaimed Waldstein, kindling ; “ what a day of rout—of annihilation—was that !”

Joanna now arrived, followed by servants bearing wine and cold provisions. The table

having been decked in the hall, she was about to retire, but her father desired her to remain, and dismissed the servants, in order that the conversation might be continued without interruption.

Joanna now assisted the holy father to take off his cloak, and was proceeding to undertake the same office for Albert, but he prevented her, remarking, with a smile, "We have met before to-day, Joanna."

"Oh, ay! Joanna told us before your arrival," interrupted Plachy, "that she had seen you at the cathedral."

"At *the cathedral!*" repeated Albert, while his inquiring eye met Joanna's.

Unseen by the others she made a sign, the import of which was rightly construed by Waldstein, who observed that, upon recollection, he had indeed seen Joanna in the church, but that she went away after mass so quickly as to prevent him from informing her that it would be late before he came home. His eye, all this time, was fixed on the soft features of the girl, who blushed deeper and deeper.

Father Plachy, meanwhile, had seated himself at the table. Bertram stood in waiting, and served out the wine and provisions; whilst Joanna retired to a further corner of the hall, whither the eyes of Albert at times pursued her.

“And is it known to what point these new efforts of the Swedes are directed?” inquired Plachy.

“According to the letters received by Leopold’s father, to-day, it is imagined that their operations will be directed against Elnbogen.”

“That I do not believe; what advantage would they derive from the possession of Elnbogen? They occupy the Upper Palatinate, and their troops lie in Saxony. Elnbogen must naturally follow the fortunes of the larger portion of territory.”

“You view it in the same light with myself; it is evident they must have something of greater importance in view. Königsmark has received reinforcements from General Wrangel; he is withdrawing from the Pala-

tinate, and is already with his cavalry in Pilsen, where the infantry have directions to join him. The commandant of Eger, Col. Coppy, is now busied with preparations for breaking up, and it is he who has levied such heavy contributions. It is impossible that all these movements can be confined, in their object, to the capture of such a place as Elnbogen."

"And what, then, is your opinion, my lord, if I may venture to ask it?" said Bertram, anxiously.

"Do you remember, reverend father," said Waldstein, turning to his friend, "what we observed and discoursed about last night?—I fear, Bertram, it is *Prague* which"—

"Prague!" cried Bertram, terrified, and letting fall the glass which he was just in the act of filling.

"Prague?" repeated Father Plachy, with a look of thoughtfulness: "Do not your gloomy apprehensions, Albert, lead you too far?"

Waldstein strengthened his opinion by bringing forward several reasons.

Plachy's thoughtfulness increased. "It is possible," he said, at length, "It is very possible, you may be right."

Bertram stared aghast, and stammered out, "Then you really believe, reverend father, that the Swedes will take possession of Prague?"

"I do not say that they will take possession of it," answered Plachy; "that requires more than their *will*; but I begin to think that such is their intention. We, however, have arms to defend it against them, and those we will use with proper activity."

"And maintain the military glory of our ancestors," exclaimed Waldstein, proudly. "Never would I think of seizing the sword lightly, as so many young men of our time"—

"Who seek only for liberty, that they may lead a life of licentiousness," interposed the father.

"But when our country calls on us, to

"How happy," exclaimed Henry, "would
the late lamented ~~have been~~ had he
heard you thus speak. ~~He would~~
always too just had ~~understood~~ ~~me~~.
I, nevertheless, have ~~been~~ ~~able~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~
have his way. ~~What~~ ~~understand~~ ~~you~~.
will soon appear that ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~a~~ ~~simple~~
place, and that ~~is~~ ~~a~~ ~~very~~ ~~great~~ ~~and~~ ~~an~~
trious task."

Our hero smiled ~~pleasantly~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~words~~
tutor, and said, "I ~~shall~~ ~~be~~ ~~glad~~ ~~to~~ ~~hear~~ ~~of~~
governor ~~regards~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~most~~ ~~respected~~.
He must know that a ~~young~~ ~~man~~ ~~is~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~
of Eger."

"As a matter of ~~course~~ ~~we~~ ~~are~~ ~~all~~
the old Marquis. ~~He~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~the~~ ~~only~~ ~~one~~ ~~at~~

assembly, which had nearly cost him his life."

"You mean when the rebels threw him, together with Slawata, out of window? That was, indeed, a hot day," observed Plachy; "I remember it well! Even at this moment, it seems to me as if it happened but yesterday."

"Were you not, reverend father, at that time in Prague?" inquired Bertram.

"Yes. I was then studying theology at the Clementinum; but, before this, all sorts of disputes and commotions had taken place, as well among the states of the empire, as between these and the court.—Whoever had the slightest knowledge of public affairs, foresaw well that a rupture must inevitably ensue, and so it turned out. We students, also, took our share in the matter—each according to his peculiar views. The day came when it was said that the imperial viceroy had to deliver to the states an intimation from their Lord, the Emperor Mathias. The discontented believed, or pre-

tended they believed, that it contained nothing more nor less than the revocation of his majesty's favour; and so they repaired, with evil intentions, armed, and with armed followers, to the castle. The people also collected. A murmur, like that of the ocean, ran through the crowd; but, in the hall, the voices of the nobility were heard waxing louder and louder, as their tempers grew more and more heated. At last a window was flung up, and down came Count Martinitz and Slawata from the second story! You can see the spot outside, and the window, very well:—further down the Castle-garden, where it descends the hill."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the steward: and you witnessed that fall?"

"Indeed, I did," replied Father Plachy: "the sight was dreadful; and yet they got no great harm!"

"That was an evident miracle," said Bertram, devoutly: "God wished to prove to the rebels that he could preserve his faithful followers in spite of them."

“How did it happen,” inquired Waldstein, “that their enemies did not pursue them, after learning that they had escaped unhurt from such a fall? This has always appeared a riddle to me.”

“Did you not know that they were indebted to a female for their preservation?”

“A female!” exclaimed our hero?

“Yes:—to the noble and heroic-minded Polixena von Lobkowitz. In the terror and confusion excited by the fall, the servants of the victims hastened toward them, and brought their lords into the Lobkowitz Palace, which stands yonder, adjoining the castle. The countess, without delay, most humanely took them in, attending them herself; and when afterward the enraged Thurn, with his armed force, appeared before her house and threateningly demanded the surrender of the fugitives, she answered him so calmly and yet so firmly that he retired, and the lady enjoyed the happiness of having, through her heroism, not only restored to health, but also protected the rescued men.”

During this recital, Joanna had approached nearer the table, and listened attentively with beaming eyes. Waldstein observed it, and smiling, said to her:—" You are pleased with this tale, are you not, Joanna? I think you also would be inclined, in such a case, to act as Polixena von Lobkowitz."

Joanna looked confused, blushed, and remained silent; while Father Plachy, turning to her, said: " Do not be ashamed of a right feeling, my child. In former times, although but rarely, there were heroes among the weaker sex. What but heroines were the female martyrs, who regarded neither danger nor death in their adherence to the faith?"

" I know not," replied Joanna, modestly, " whether Heaven would grant me ability, in the hour of trial; but to act thus would be my ardent wish and desire, were I so circumstanced."

" Well said," cried Father Plachy; " such a *desire* even is of value before God; and in stormy times like ours, perhaps the

opportunity may arrive of putting it into execution."

"It is easily to be conceived," remarked Waldstein, "that after such an event in the life of any man, the effect of it would gradually act on his whole being, and give to the mind an entirely different direction, as in the case of my late uncle, when he was determined to embrace the Catholic religion."

"Ever since," said the father, "Martinitz has made it a rule to celebrate his preservation each year. On the present one, which will find him, as Governor of Prague, the first personage in the Kingdom, no doubt the festival will be still more brilliant than ever."

"By the bye, you remind me that I have been invited to this festivity, which will recur a few days hence,—as indeed have almost the whole of the Bohemian nobility."

"And you will go, I hope?"

"Perhaps! you know I am no friend to scenes of noisy merriment."

“ On this occasion, however, you should not miss being present, as your absence might vex and displease Martinitz. He attaches much importance to this feast, and is, you know, of an irritable temperament.”

“ It is natural for a man to become irritable amidst continual disputes and provocations,” replied Waldstein: “ His hatred of every thing that savours of Protestantism or of novelty is inconceivable.”

“ In times like those we now live in, when all the ties that bind society together are broken loose, and none can say to what extremes he may go, (since the current bears him along with it,) all conspires to force a man into a party; so that at last, even if you would, you cannot pursue the path of moderation. I have heard of a niece of the Count, who, allowing herself to be seduced by a Saxon officer from the convent wherein she was placed, embraced Lutheranism, merely out of complaisance to her husband. Martinitz never afterward either heard or wished to hear of her.”

“Is that perfectly true?” inquired Bertram, attentively regarding Father Plachy.

“It is said to be so, but I cannot vouch for its accuracy. The lady is said to have been the daughter of a younger brother, and much beloved by the Count, who wished to screen her from the broils and disputes of religious controversy, by placing her within the wall of a convent. The affair is understood to have mortified him exceedingly, and heightened, if possible, his aversion to the heretics.”

“That was to have been expected,” remarked Waldstein, “and agrees well with the character of the man. We must revere Martinitz, although we may not love him; for, from the very first, he has been consistently stern and unbending.”

“The period in which he has lived required such a character,” replied Plachy, “and while it formed him he has helped in his turn to model it. From this consideration, I imagine he will not attach much importance to the present movements of the Swedes,

nor suffer any interruption to the celebration of the annual festival. He who has been so near to danger, nay, even in the very midst of it, yet has escaped therefrom, becomes almost necessarily a stranger to apprehension."

"Notwithstanding," said Albert, "I think that some precaution at this time ought to be observed; so, Bertram, be you on the watch; lay in additional provisions, and see that none of the rabble steal into the house."

"Do not fear my vigilance, my Lord."

The hour grew late, and suggested to the two friends the expediency of separating for the night. As Albert passed through the hall, attended by the steward and his daughter, his attention was caught by the fresco, paintings already spoken of,—and turning to Joanna, "Do you remember," said he, "when you and I, and my cousin Isabella, a happy trio—happy in the possession of childhood and cordial feeling—gambled about this spot, and enacted the characters portrayed in those frescoes?—When I was Hector and you were Andromache, and little

Isabel would condescend to no part beneath the dignity of Queen Hecuba?"

"Yes, my Lord!" said Joanna, her eye brightening while her cheek glowed: "and how we sat together upon the tables, placed in a line, to represent the walls of Troy; and our eyes followed *you*, as you combated with the other boys in the garden." As if aware that she was saying too much, the girl suddenly paused.

"Well! these times are gone by," exclaimed Waldstein, "and it is vain to regret them. Indeed their recollection at present only softens us, and I think we all rather need the accession of courage and fortitude. Good night!" and as he spake, he involuntarily pressed the hand of his old playmate; who, with the common reverential feeling toward the feudal lord—modified, perhaps, by some other more deeply-felt emotion—raised the Count's hand to her lips and heart.

CHAPTER VII.

THIS evening, which had flitted by so quietly with the little party in Waldstein's garden, had not passed in equal peacefulness with Helen. It is true, she had no suspicion of having been seen from the observatory during her nocturnal interview, and seen too by the very eyes which, for many reasons, she would have most desired to shun: yet, this night had been productive to her of such care and anxiety as to keep her mind in a state of continual excitement.

After their meeting in the Church, it could not escape the notice of Odowalsky that the impression he had made on the lady was not much less powerful than had at first been produced on himself by the contemplation of her charms. He, however, was too far ad-

vanced beyond the years of enthusiasm, and had experienced too much of the world, to lose himself in those ecstasies and languishments which would have rendered a younger man the most blest or the most wretched of mortals. Helen's beauty had fixed his notice; her manners had attracted, and her conversation, so animated and intellectual, enchanted him. He saw enough to feel convinced that the possession of her heart would be disputed by more than one suitor; but to gain the affection of so charming a creature—the probable heiress of the Baron von Zelstow;—to become intimate with the owner of a castle in the vicinity of the capital; and to govern the feelings and opinions of a high-souled woman, who would, he persuaded himself, readily embrace his plans:—all this appeared to the adventurous Odowalsky so truly desirable, that he embraced the opportunity with intense delight. Bold and enterprising in the formation of his projects, and equally dextrous in carrying them into execution, he soon succeeded, by dint of money and flattery

(both of which he well knew how to apply, according to rank and circumstances), in inducing one of the attendants at the Castle to deliver, first of all, a letter to Lady Helen.

The letter was received:—Helen paused awhile, ere she broke the seal and read the contents. All her fancies and suppositions since she had seen the stranger were confirmed by the appearance of this same letter; which, to use Odowalsky's own words, was meant to make her acquainted with the melancholy fortunes of one, who at first sight of her had felt convinced that the bitter cup of his destiny was yet undrained, notwithstanding it had already so long poisoned his existence. It appeared, he said, that it was then for the first time his lot to feel the pangs of a hopeless passion, from which Heaven had hitherto preserved his tempest-beaten youth amid the din of camps and arms. Next followed a narrative of the events of his life, in the light in which they appeared to his wounded vanity, and intended to serve to

Helen as a proof of his candour and his wish to unfold his character completely to her. Now and then came instances of self-accusation for past follies and errors; but always in such a manner as to lead a stranger, *and particularly a female*, to extenuate them. The letter concluded with a pressing request for an interview of one quarter of an hour, that he might see and speak with her previous to bidding a final farewell,—for he perceived, he added, the folly of his passion—and that he, the impoverished, discharged soldier, to whom fate had left nothing but his heart and his sword, could not venture to contend with the wealthy youths, the barons of the kingdom, who, favoured by fortune, might well dare to sue for Helen's hand: although his own ancient name, it is true, and his deeds during the war, might, in the eyes of the considerate, entitle him to hold *caste* even with these. He then went on to say that he was obliged to leave Prague in three days, such was the imperious command of circumstances. Might he previously hope the fulfilment of his prayer,

which he implored Helen to regard as the entreaty of a despairing man?

Such was the tenour of Odowalsky's letter, and it did not fail in its design. His language, betraying, alternately, warmth and ardour, and grief and composure, was new to Helen. Occasionally it seemed, indeed, as if the stranger's advances were too bold; but she reflected that he was to be regarded rather as an experienced and unhappy soldier than an enamoured youth. "Waldstein (she argued to herself) would not have acted so; but he is a favourite of fortune, and can have no idea of the grief which devours this man, and which certainly is but a poor teacher of the winning arts. Then, how affecting is that air of profound melancholy which is breathed over all his letter! How unhappy must such a man feel, when, in the midst of a brilliant circle, he is overtaken by fate, and hurled back again to obscurity!—to whom, of all that he had acquired at so much risk, nothing remains—not even the free use of his limbs or his small patrimony; and who cannot reach

the throne of his prince, to represent to him the misery which has been the reward of one of his best servants !”

Quickly as the spark catches the tinder did this bitter thought seize the heart of Helen, which had long suppressed feelings of wounded pride, at recollection of the former splendour of her house, while the state of privation in which she herself had been reared enabled her to sympathise with another in similar circumstances. She thus entered completely into Odowalsky's feelings, and excused their bitterness. His boldness no longer offended her, and how could she possibly refuse his request ?

This meeting, however, as it was the first, must also be the last. She had nothing to fear, and little to venture ; for on Margaret, who had brought the letter, she could depend, and it would not be difficult to select a spot where she might speak with Odowalsky unobserved, although the time must necessarily be after fall of evening. She replied, therefore, in a few words, naming the place

and hour at which they might meet in the garden, provided her relations should not leave their apartments: the evening air, indeed, was as yet too keen for them, although the garden wore the blooming beauty of spring.

The appointed day arrived. Helén still felt some anxiety as she thought of the possibility of Waldstein or some other of the young friends of the family arriving, and detaining her within. With a beating heart she beheld the hour approach when Gósswanz would be awaiting her at the usual gateway, leading to the banks of the Mátovka. Most fortunately, and to her great joy, the family received no visit that evening, and when her uncle sat down with the members of the parish to his usual game of cards, and her aunt, with her spindle, and three or four near them, out slipped Helén into the garden, and hastened toward the point of separation.

No sooner had she reached it than she was a gentle knock, and, on turning the door with a trembling hand, Gósswanz came before her. Helén started to retreat, but was

posure, as they walked on ; and when a little plantation of trees hid them from all chance of prying eyes, he fell at her feet to thank her for the inexpressible favour she had granted. The excitement of the occasion—the beauty of the lady—the step that she had taken for his sake—and lastly, his own warm temperament,—had all conspired to raise Odowalsky's previous *liaison* to a state of the most passionate ardour, which was manifested in his whole conduct ; and this manifestation, together with the soldier-like frankness of his address, proved to Helen equally attractive and novel. A soft feeling stole over the spirit of the hitherto haughty maiden, and she felt that caprice or hauteur—even were she disposed to exercise them—would be here misplaced.

So much mildness, united with mental power,—such bewitching charms, conjoined with lofty purpose—completed Odowalsky's fascination. Their minds, similarly constituted in so many points, also possessed in common the principle of pride, following the

instigations whereof they spurned at all domination, and indulged in vague hopes of a brilliant futurity.

The time during which Helen might expect to remain unobserved in the garden was now expired, and how swift had been its flight! the curfew sounded its warning voice,—night was advancing—and the lovers were obliged to part, at the very moment when each began to feel confident that two congenial hearts had met!

“And when shall we meet again?” impetuously exclaimed Odowalsky. “I cannot,” and he grasped her hand as he spoke, “I cannot part from you so soon!”

“It must be!” answered Helen; “twilight is far advanced, and I shall soon be called to partake of our usual repast, and sought for over all the castle. Farewell! farewell! for a long, long time!”

“Not so,” cried Odowalsky, eagerly and passionately, “say rather that I shall again see you *soon*. To live without you is impossible.”

“But must you not depart from this neighbourhood?” inquired Helen mournfully.

“So I thought a short time since; but I now find that I shall remain in Prague, at least in the vicinity. Indeed I *cannot* depart; I love you passionately; and if you share my feeling but in the thousandth degree, you will not refuse my request.” The fair girl stood indecisive, and made no answer.

“You reply not, Helen!” he exclaimed, hastily. “You are apprehensive—and well you may be so. It can never repay you to venture any thing for a poor forlorn being, who cannot even offer you his right hand in the dance, while the noble and brilliant youth of Prague would willingly lay their riches at your feet; and even the proud Waldstein sighs for you!”

The name thus introduced had a most unpleasant effect upon Helen, who continued standing, still silent, and lost in thought.

“Then it is passed,” cried Odowalsky, “you *have* answered!” and he hurried away.

Helen’s heart was torn by conflicting emo-

tions, but love achieved the victory. She called after the retiring suitor—"Stay! Odowalsky, stay! You shall be convinced that merit, generosity, and misfortune have attractions in my eyes far beyond all the endowments of birth or fortune. Learn to know my heart thoroughly. I am not an ordinary woman; and with that frankness of which you have set the example, I tell you, that I love you sincerely. Fate," and she sighed as she continued, "has bound us both in her chain."

The rapturous excitement with which her lover received this confession prevented Helen from completing it. He threw his arm around her,—nor did the whole earth appear to Helen, as she reposed within that beloved enclosure, capable of affording any happiness so nearly approaching perfection.

It will doubtless be inferred by the reader that these interviews were renewed. As the days lengthened, their wonted hour of meeting became unfit for the solitary deliberations of the lovers; another plan was necessary to

be devised, and after long debates, the silence of night was deemed most eligible. The arrangement being made, every desirable precaution was taken ; and, intoxicated with a passion whose strength she could not have believed possible a brief space of time before, Helen consented to carry on, systematically, a clandestine intercourse, the very danger attending which contributed to heighten its attraction.

The lovers, in course of time, learnt to know each other better, and their minds and dispositions became more and more correspondent. Odowalsky then began to unfold to Helen the bold plans that he had formed for bettering his fortune, and for overturning the present condition of things around him. Flattered by such a confidence, so seldom reposed in her sex, the ties that bound her to this interesting stranger received additional strength, and she returned his frankness with equal devotion. All she knew—all she could learn, under various pretences, from her

uncle and other distinguished characters who visited the castle, respecting the state of the fortifications, and the possible defence of the capital, was communicated to Odowalsky. She executed several other missions, also, for him, with punctuality and skill; and if the charms of her person, and the certainty of being loved by this extraordinary girl, had not sufficed, he would have been constrained to value her, were it only for her *usefulness* in forwarding his plans.

But this state of mutual happiness possessed not the seeds of perpetuity. Odowalsky was often obliged to be absent for long periods,—his negotiations with the Swedes, who lay at Eger, frequently calling him thither. In these journeys he used the greatest precaution, disguising himself, and assuming different names;—to the Swedes, for instance, he represented himself as Colonel Streitberg; and again, in other places, he bore other designations. The letters and intelligence communicated by Helen, and various agents of minor consideration, were conveyed to him

by means of confidential persons residing in Prague or its neighbourhood.

He had continued, for several weeks, this active and mysterious life, when at length the suspicions and consequent researches of Predetten detected a clue to the ravelled web, while Wulden also made a similar discovery. We have already related the communication of these discoveries to Waldstein, and how the latter had himself become a witness of the meeting of the lovers. Previous to that evening it had, indeed, become apparent to Helen that she was watched; and either consciousness, or some accidental dissatisfaction expressed by her relations, led her to fear that, in one way or other, the secret had been penetrated. She awaited, therefore, the return of her friend from one of his excursions with more impatience than usual; and at that very hour when, so little suspecting it, she stood exposed to the scrutinizing gaze of Waldstein, she communicated her fears to her lover, and suggested the expediency of a fresh arrangement for the future, since they

were no longer safe from spies; and a discovery at this time, and under existing circumstances, might prove fatal to his important plans.

Odowalsky replied that she was in all probability right, he himself having observed, for some days past, that his motions were watched. "I encounter every where," continued he, "distrust and suspicion. It would certainly be most unfortunate if the knowledge of what I am engaged in should get abroad, in which case all my secret plans would be thwarted. I have been assured, by a confidential friend, that a communication was yesterday made to the Governor, which is very probably connected with the operations of these spies. It behoves me, therefore, to be extremely cautious in all my movements. As for you, my Helen, there is little fear, politically speaking. No one can identify the happy being who, after his long and painful wandering, at last finds repose and bliss in your arms! Against such a discovery I have provided. But it has been observed

that you have a secret connexion, and you have, no doubt, been watched by some spy. There are triflers enough about you to whom the hope of your favour—which they know not how to acquire—is so dear as to give rise to their utmost exertions to remove from you all such as might stand in their own way. Who knows whether this *espionage* may not originate among them? perhaps with Waldstein himself?"

"That I doubt," replied Helen; "Waldstein, I know, has renounced the hopes you speak of, and is altogether too noble to become a spy."

"It may be so:—you must be best able to judge in this matter," replied Odowalsky; "for you are acquainted with these people, while I scarcely know their names. But let the miscreants, whoever they be, tremble," exclaimed he, passionately; "they may, indeed, listen, and spy, and spread out their nets in the dark, where concealment screens their cowardice;—but this is all they, and such as they, can accomplish."

“Be calm,” my Ernest,” said Helen; “bethink you, we are perhaps watched even now!”

“You are right, Helen: this unhappy warmth carries me too far: it has often been almost my ruin, and even yet I am not old enough to be master of its wild impulses. Helen!” he continued, clasping her to his heart, “have patience with me, beloved one, and be my protecting angel! And now,” proceeded he, in a calmer tone, “know that almost all is settled! Königsmark only awaits the arrival of two more regiments of foot, which are to join at Pilsen, and then”—

“Oh heavens!” interrupted Helen, “is the contest already so near?”

“What! my bold girl!” said Odowalsky, smiling, “do *you* tremble? You, who have all along known our plans and sanctioned them! You have, indeed, and I say it with pride, shared therein, and will likewise share in the glory and success of the undertaking.”

“Could I only be certain that *you* would come safely out of the danger!”

“Shame on you, Helen! you, the soldier’s bride—at least,” exclaimed he, in a triumphant tone, “soon to be so!—you, the wife of an honoured deliverer of his native land!—you—to be thus dismayed!”

“Nay; be not angry with me, Ernest; I am perfectly capable of estimating your prowess, and you shall never find me discouraged; but nature will, occasionally, quail; and the idea of a night of battle, of horror, and of bloodshed, may well fill a woman’s breast with terror.”

“Yes, if, stopping there, you extend not your regard to what appears beyond.”

“But,” inquired Helen, timidly, “must so much misery be the necessary precursor of the good that is to follow?”

“It must: gentle measures would here be unavailing. The axe must be laid firmly to the root of the tree to ensure its fall, and Bohemia must tremble at the sound thereof. Then shall the long-oppressed raise themselves, and celebrate their triumph on the ruin of their oppressors! Then other names

will be heard than those which are now so vociferously shouted, and *possession*, also, will pass into other hands."

"Gracious God!" exclaimed Helen, half aloud, for she shuddered at the idea of what must happen before all this could be realized.

"I have already, in fancy," pursued the conspirator, "divided the spoil. I, for my share, will take the Waldstein palace;—the Swedes cannot refuse me that," added he, musingly, "when my services are considered."

"And why the Waldstein palace?" inquired Helen, not without emotion.

"I feel attracted by the fame of the title, —a fame which, from the first, has been the star to guide me on my path! As for this puny creature, this Albert, I hate him, although I know him not; for to go no further —he has dared to fix his love on you."

"Oh! banish that from your thoughts," replied Helen; "my conduct to him for a long time has been any thing but encouraging;

yet, since he still troubles you thus, I will engage to occasion his utter absence from the castle."

"That is precisely what you must *not* do," rejoined Odowalsky. "Let him continue to flutter," said he, sneeringly, "around the flame,—to singe his wings, and sigh and languish, till suddenly the blow is struck, which shall crush him and all his confederates in the dust. Heavens! can *he* be the nephew of such an uncle? There—there is his second crime. The pigmy does not even venture to dwell in the house which his giant kinsman built! What might not a *man* with Waldstein's possessions—Waldstein's name—and Waldstein's *mind* achieve at this moment! and what does *he*?"

"Albert's principles are strict," interposed Helen; "but, mark me!—I do not think him so deficient in courage as over-prudent."

"Ay! *prudent*," repeated Odowalsky; "the plea usually set up by cowards. They are scrupulous, merely because they are wanting in power and resolution. Should suc-

cess attend the undertaking, by another, of what they shrink from, it then assumes all the characteristics of right and justice; for it is always the *result* which ennobles or stigmatizes."

"Odowalsky! you inculcate dangerous doctrines."

"Never mind! *you* understand me, and the world may judge as it pleases. But now to business. We must part for a time."

"Part?" exclaimed Helen.

"I see no other means of putting our spies on the wrong scent; besides, my affairs call me to Eger and Pilsen. I have still, however something to do in this neighbourhood, which arranged, I go to Königsmark to complete what we have resolved on."

"And shall I not previously see you again?"

"I can scarcely promise it; our safety and the success of our plans demand the strictest precaution. And now, let me hint that, in order to deceive our spies, it would be well if you were believed to have formed

an attachment in another quarter; look, therefore, to this, and seek once more the society of Waldstein."

"Of Waldstein!" exclaimed Helen, with emotion.

"Yes; nothing need be apprehended from him! I think I could, without perturbation, behold him by your side."

"But would this be acting honestly toward *him*?"

A smile of scorn played upon Odowalsky's features. "What pleasant recollections," exclaimed he, "has Colonel Odowalsky connected with these great and powerful ones, that he should be scrupulous in his treatment of them? I do not mean that you are to plight him your troth, but suffer him still to *hope*."

The first rays of morning, beaming from the east, flashed on Helen's sight. "It is now day," cried she, hastily, "I must depart; and when," she added, with a sigh, "and under what circumstances, shall we meet again?"

“ Away with doubt and fear ! I feel *certain* of success. Only be you circumspect, and manage things adroitly with Waldstein.”

“ Ernest ! ” she exclaimed, “ you know that since our first acquaintance your will has been mine ; yet,”—and she hesitated—“ is it really necessary that I should practice deceit ? ”

Odowalsky knit his brows. “ Why,” said he, “ should you want either the power or the will to allure the stripling ?—Do you fear for your own fidelity ? ” he added, suddenly.

“ Nay ; if you speak so, all my objections are at an end. Odowalsky, even in this I will do as you desire.”

“ Thanks to my dearest *wife*, for such you will shortly be—beloved and honoured by all Bohemia ! ” Once more he passionately embraced her, and then stepped into the boat. Helen was proceeding homeward, when a sudden rustling among the branches on the shore startled her. She looked anxiously around, and this was the moment when

Waldstein descried her through the telescope, and became convinced of his unhappiness.

The noise merely proceeded from a startled bird, which had flown up from its nest. Helen, therefore, pursued her road through the garden, but with a heavy heart; for if, on the one hand, the prospect of that danger which threatened her lover, in common with every other warrior, made her tremble, so, on the other, her present duty was almost intolerable; for she had engaged to deceive a man whom in her heart she highly esteemed, and designedly to increase that wrong which she had already (though unwillingly) occasioned him.

Waldstein's visit at Troy was accordingly expected with restless anxiety by the fair conspirator; but five—six—nay, more than ten days elapsed, and still he came not! He had never remained so long away before, and she knew from his friends that he was not confined by illness. Her wayward fancy was piqued, and she pondered over every ima-

ginable motive that could occasion his indifference. During this interval, too, she received no tidings from Odowalsky; and the increasing uneasiness and abstraction of her manner at length called the attention of her friends, who vainly endeavoured to ascertain the cause.

There was one thing necessary to be done, in order to enable Helen to meet the coming storm with any degree of resolution; and that was, to remove her mother from Prague. For this purpose, she succeeded in creating in the minds of her uncle and aunt a desire for the society of some person of their own age and condition; at the same time representing to her mother a residence in the country, during the hot summer months, in such glowing colours,—that her plan eventually succeeded, and Madame von Berka, to the satisfaction of all parties, became an inmate of the castle of Troy.

Albert passed three days of seclusion in a very gloomy state. Jealousy, backed by offended pride, aroused the bitterness of his

heart against Helen. The recollection of her beauty, and his desire for its possession, struggled with these emotions. His fancy exhausted itself in attempting to account, in a less suspicious way, for the events of that night; but his reason was dissatisfied with the result, although he had witnessed, it is true, no recurrence of the scene.

In this conflict, his pride gained the mastery; but though he abstained from visiting Troy, he felt exceedingly unhappy, and the only soothing thought whereon his mind could repose, was of the tranquil evening he had spent in his own garden.

One morning he received a visit from his friend Wulden, who, after a short preamble, introduced the object of his call, which was to state, that every one at Troy was greatly astonished at not having seen Albert for so long a time. "The old baroness had inquired after his health with the affectionate solicitude of a mother, while Helen was sensibly hurt at his absence, and had expressed herself on the subject with evident mortification."

“ Leopold !” said Albert, “ you know what you related to me yourself ; and what I heard from Predetten : how, then, can you possibly think or speak of my visiting Troy ?”

“ Do you seriously intend to go there no more ?”

“ Helen has some secret connexion,” said Waldstein, evading the question ; “ of whatever nature it may be, it does not become her, to whom I had devoted my heart, and who might one day have borne my name.”

“ You consider this, *now*, as quite evident, do you ?”

“ The matter certainly has, since we last spoke of it, appeared to me in such a light as to determine me, at all events, to absent myself.”

“ This appears singular : but as you please ! I will not persuade you to continue an affair which I never thought suitable for you.”

“ And why not ?” inquired Waldstein.

“ Because Helen is too fond of power and coquetry, and is much too variable in

her temper, to render any man happy; and least of all, a *sensitive* man like you."

"You think, probably, that *you* would suit her better," said Waldstein, with a forced smile.

"Why not?" replied Wulden. "I should remain perfectly unmoved by all the humours and whims that might crowd her pretty head! But, to change the subject,—we shall see you to-morrow at the banquet of Count Martinitz?"

"I have been invited, but"—

"All the principal nobility in Prague and its neighbourhood will be there, as the Count celebrates the anniversary of his preservation, together with his appointment as Governor. Report says that it will be a most brilliant festival."

"The Baroness von Zelstow and Helen will be present, I presume?"

"Very probably."

"Then I must stand excused."

"Nonsense," said Leopold. "Do not show this proud beauty so much homage, or

set so high a price on her infidelity as to withdraw yourself, on her account, from a pleasant engagement." Waldstein, however, was inflexible; and, at length, his friend desisted from further entreaty.

The disquiet of our hero's mind was increased by this conversation. Helen had remarked his absence, had seemed offended thereat, and had expressed a wish to see him. How was all this to be reconciled with any other connexion of a tender nature? And supposing he might have wronged her—supposing that, in the dim moonlight, or in the dawn of morning, he might have mistaken another for her—or, as he could scarcely bring himself to disbelieve the evidence of his senses—even admitting her to hold meetings, were they *necessarily* guilty ones?

In this manner Waldstein tormented himself the whole day. In restless mood, he wandered about the streets of the city, now calling on an acquaintance, and now taking refuge in the seclusion of his study. But he

still remained firm in his resolve not to go to Troy, much as his heart beat when the hour arrived at which he had usually accustomed himself to ride thither.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE close of the long summer's day came at last; and, as the sun sank behind the western hills, Albert hurried toward the bridge, to disburthen himself of such a load of uneasy thoughts; where the beauty of the evening; the serene aspect of the heavens, along which the golden clouds sped in airy flight; the sparkling stream, covered with vessels slowly gliding along; the activity on each shore; all combined to present an agreeable and diversified scene. Waldstein stood and enjoyed the exhilarating prospect, delighted with his native land, until her former state rushed upon his mind—what she might have been—and what she now was! Gloomy ideas again floated, like the

clouds across the firmament, over his mind, which had scarcely tasted of the reviving calm, when suddenly, as he looked to the right, he perceived, across the Moldavia, that spot where, a week before, he had stood, in a far more mournful state of mind than he was in even to-day, and where first the soft voice and sylph-like figure of Joanna had beneficially impressed him. With delight did he retrace that circumstance, together with the evening spent at the Friedland palace, which had quietly terminated so tempestuous a day. It now occurred to him that the scenes of his cheerful boyhood, and the innocent society of Joanna, might again tranquillize him; and, with this idea, he proceeded hastily across the bridge and through the streets toward his solitary palace.

He found the gate locked, and the court and garden deserted, as they had usually been since his uncle's death; but, having obtained entrance, he perceived Joanna seated in the hall at a small table, whereon lay some needle-work. She was not, how-

ever, working at that moment, but supporting her head upon her hand, with her back toward the entrance, and, consequently, toward Waldstein. She was apparently gazing, lost in thought, on something which she held before her. Waldstein drew nearer, but Joanna heard him not: her eyes were directed, with a mournful expression, toward the object alluded to, which was apparently a relic-case, or a portrait; and Albert even thought he could distinguish that she had been weeping.

At this moment, she raised her head, and became aware of the presence of Waldstein; on seeing whom, she sprang up, blushing deeply, and hastily concealing that which she held. Albert greeted her kindly, but could not help remarking that he had surprised her in deep thought. She endeavoured to excuse herself by pleading the heat of the day, which, she said, rendered it quite impossible to keep constantly at work, and but too effectually invited either to repose or reverie. At this moment, Bertram advanced;

and Joanna, retiring a few paces, employed herself in giving the birds in the aviary their evening meal.

After awhile, the trio pursued their walk over the grounds, and, at every turn, some fresh object presented itself which had formerly communicated enjoyment—sympathetic enjoyment—to Albert and Joanna. Thus, when they arrived at the lake, the boat, as it had been so many years before, was found tied to a post upon the bank; and the darkening sky was studded with stars, whose reflected images smiled peacefully on them once again, from out the blue waters. Waldstein requested Joanna to step into the little bark, and said he would row her, as in former times, along the lake. Bertram offered his assistance, but it was declined. “We will be children once more, Joanna,” exclaimed Waldstein, “and fancy ourselves still at that period when every sport could please.”

Joanna stood a moment hesitating on the shore, whilst undefined feelings arose within

her breast. On her father's loosening the boat, however, she took the extended hand of Waldstein, who helped her in, and regarded her with some surprise as he felt the trembling of hers. "What!" he asked, "are you afraid to trust yourself upon the water?"

"Oh, no," interposed Bertram; adding, with a laugh, "she often rows, herself."

"Well, then, perhaps she feels no confidence in *my* ability," observed Waldstein, smiling in his turn.

"Indeed I do!" cried Joanna, hastily, seating herself straitway in the boat; "I am *not* afraid; on the contrary, I enjoy the pleasure of the excursion, and feel very grateful to you for it."

They now glided along the calm surface of the water, while Bertram remained standing upon the shore, gazing on them with a peculiar expression of countenance. A pleasant conversation ensued between the young people: the beauty of the evening, the reflection of the Heavens in the clear waters—

the agreeable contiguity of the well-kept gardens, which, viewed from the end of the lake, seemed to blend, in pleasing deception, with the distant trees of the Lawrence-hill—these, together with the memory of former hours, and the enjoyment of the present, all combined to silence and to subdue the disquiet which had seized on Albert during the preceding part of the day. After so many years had passed, it gave him singular pleasure to row the playmate of his youth over the same lake, and to behold her graceful form in blooming womanhood floating along in the dancing vessel to the efforts of his vigorous arm.

Their little excursion finished, Bertram proceeded to secure the boat, and in doing so scratched his hand. Joanna perceiving blood to flow, was alarmed, and suddenly drawing forth her handkerchief, the gold case she had so hastily concealed rolled out upon the ground. Waldstein, with a mingled feeling of gallantry and curiosity, immediately stooped to pick it up, before Joanna

was aware of the circumstance. In its fall the case had sprung open—revealing the portrait of a man with auburn hair and noble features.

On turning and seeing the case open in the Count's hand, Joanna uttered a faint cry. Waldstein presented her with the portrait, saying, in a stiff and somewhat gloomy tone: "May I ask who this is intended to represent?" The girl blushed and hesitated, at the same time hastily taking the case from Waldstein's hand:—"It is a gift of my mother's;" she at last replied, in a voice scarcely audible. "O enough, enough," interrupted Albert: "I have no right to dive into your secrets." Much agitated, Joanna replied, "Most certainly, my Lord, it ought to be no secret to you: if"—and here she stopped.

"Farewell, Joanna! Good night, Bertram!" and so saying, Waldstein took his hat and departed. Joanna stood a moment, as if debating within herself: she then determined that the Count should not remain impressed

with any suspicion, and therefore followed him through the court yard.

“ My Lord,” she said, “ hear me but one word.” Waldstein turned round, and looked on her with surprise. “ Would it be agreeable to you, my Lord,” she pursued, “ to take the trouble to come here again to morrow afternoon, and favour me with an hour’s audience? You shall then learn”—

“ What are you about, Joanna?” whispered her father, coming up: — “ Consider your promise to me!”

“ I know, father; but I could not then foresee such an occurrence as the present. I place the utmost confidence in Count Waldstein’s honour.”

“ No,” answered Albert, “ I wish not to have your secret. I, also, have confidence in *you*; you *can* have nothing to keep secret, Joanna, for which you need blush.”

“ And therefore, my Lord, it is, that I repeat my request for your audience to-morrow. You shall know all: and *you* will be able to distinguish between weakness and guilt.”

Waldstein was silent. Joanna's last words had excited within him a host of surmises. It should seem, beyond a doubt, that she entertained an unfortunate passion for the original of the picture, and this conviction pained our hero, without his exactly knowing why. He promised to come however; but added, with a smile, "I am not solicitous to hear your confessions, Joanna. Think, therefore, for your own peace, that you have promised nothing—farewell!" A conversation now ensued between the father and daughter, as to the propriety of the intended disclosure, which ended by Bertram telling Joanna that she was a wilful child, and hoping no harm would come of it. His ill humour, however, if he displayed any, was soon dispelled by the smiles and endearments of the affectionate girl.

Waldstein continued to muse upon the circumstance that had just occurred. Had this maid likewise already confided her sympathies to another? Was she, like Helen, involved in some mysterious intrigue? But

what imported it to him if she were? Alas, so little was Waldstein's self-knowledge, that he forbore to trace this anxiety to its only legitimate source. In such a mood, he strolled on, until, at a solitary spot near the Convent of the Capuchins, his abstraction was dissipated by a confused sound of voices and clashing arms. Astonished, he paused, listening attentively, and then hurried toward the spot from whence the noise proceeded. He found a man wrapped in a mantle, his back against the wall, defending himself with a drawn sword against three antagonists; and it should seem that he gave them all enough to do, although using only his left arm.

“What is the matter here?” cried Waldstein, as with unsheathed sword he suddenly advanced upon the assailants, who appeared to belong to the garrison. “Are you not ashamed to avail yourselves of such odds?”

“He is a villain?” shouted one; “a spy!” exclaimed another; “a German dog!”

bellowed the third, at the same time redoubling his blows.

“Whoever you are, noble stranger,” cried the attacked man, with the purest Bohemian accent, “stand by me! I am assaulted by assassins.”

Waldstein did not consider long; but impetuously charging the soldiers, their intended victim was soon freed from such an unequal contest. “I thank you, Sir,” he now said, “I am an officer and a nobleman. These rascals attacked me on my way home, doubtless meaning to rob me.”

“Villain! it is not your money, but your life we want,” exclaimed one of the three—attempting, but vainly, to rally his comrades. “We had vowed your destruction long ago, ever since we first saw you sneaking about the fortress.”

“He is the servant of the Swedes,” said another of these heroes.

“He is a Swede himself,” rejoined the first speaker, again endeavouring to get at the object of his hate. At this moment, the

moon rose above the wall beside them, and illumined the whole scene.

“Ha! Count Waldstein!” exclaimed one of the assailants.

“Even so,” replied Albert; “and I am sorry to find soldiers of the Imperial army engaged in so shameful a proceeding.” The men reluctantly sheathed their weapons, and retired.

Waldstein had now an opportunity to examine the person of the stranger. He was a man of tall, robust figure, and apparently of middle age. His hat had fallen off in the conflict, and the moon shone brightly on his strongly marked countenance. His thick mustachios and animated eyes, with the profusion of raven hair that fell down either side of the laced collar of his doublet, presented a striking, though not a very pleasing *tout ensemble*. A disagreeable but vague feeling agitated Albert, as the stranger stooped to pick up his hat and returned his sword into its scabbard.

The silence was broken by the rescued

man :—“ I am most happy, my Lord, that this fortunate accident has not only made me eternally your debtor, but has also acquainted me with the name of my noble-minded deliverer. Believe me, you have not obliged an ungrateful man.”

“ May I ask,” said Waldstein, in reply, “ with whom I have the honour to converse ?”

“ My name is Berka von Duba.”

“ Berka von Duba ?” repeated Albert, slowly and with emotion.

“ Is it known to you ?” inquired the other, a peculiar smile playing about his lips.

“ It is the name of one of our oldest families,” replied Albert. “ You are an officer, it appears.”

“ I once was so: but you see,” and he drew back his mantle, as he spoke, “ what has happened to my right arm. Such is the result of my service, and my reward has been — a discharge.”

“ Ay ! that is a melancholy fate which you share in common with many others.”

“ True ; such are the thanks awarded by

the mighty everywhere. Were it permitted me to illustrate small things by a reference to great, I should quote the instance of your glorious uncle. Like him, I have served my country to the best of my power, and like him, too, have I been *rewarded*. The great Friedland was treated with shameful ingratitude—the guilt imputed to him, never proved.”

“ Sir!” interrupted Albert, “ be pleased to spare any further comment on my uncle. The subject you allude to I have resolutely forbidden myself to touch upon.”

“ It is well if you *can* forbear; but fortune has smiled upon *you*, while on *me* her frown has been unceasing. My small possessions, the scanty remains of my paternal estate, (the greatest part of which I staked during the war in Austria,) have been plundered and fired by the Swedes; and here I stand, at once abandoned by my native country and a sufferer from the oppression of the enemy.”

“ Have you not tried to awaken the notice of the Emperor? Ferdinand is kind and just, and I doubt not ——.”

“ I have introduced myself to Field Marshal Colloredo. He encouraged me with hopes that, upon the settlement of peace, (which he trusts is near at hand) all demands would be fully satisfied. A notable consolation, truly! soon pronounced, and costing nothing to the giver. But, farewell, my Lord! I see, we have reached the Palace-square. Your path probably is toward Königsburg or your palace in the city; mine lies in another direction. Accept again the thanks of an old soldier—not so much for his life, which you have saved, but for the joy I feel in finding the nephew of a great hero, the inheritor of his generous and noble mind.” They exchanged courtesies and parted.

How had this stranger styled himself? was he indeed a relation of Helen? If so, how was it he had never been heard of before? Did not every circumstance, all which the soldiers had said, all he had himself communicated—lead Waldstein to a contrary conclusion? to the presumption that he was that

very Odowalsky spoken of in the letter from the holy father of the monastery of Tepel? Upon further reflection, how many painful recollections were awakened by the stranger's appearance! Did not his figure, his whole bearing, recal to mind the fatal image of the unknown in the boat, on the Moldavia shore, and—in Helen's arms!

But if he were actually a relation of Helen, might not that fact remove altogether the offensive character of their meetings? Perplexed and confounded, he knew not what to think, but lost himself in a labyrinth of suppositions, of doubts, and fears. Again he passed an anxious and sleepless night, but persevered in his resolution not to appear at the governor's festival; and, in short, to avoid Helen altogether until the equivocal nature of her position should be cleared up.

Whilst in Prague, some few excepted, they were unapprehensive of danger from the Swedes, nourishing the hope of peace and enjoying the rare moments of tranquillity, the Swedes themselves were in Pilsen, where

Königsmark now gradually drew together his whole force. All the regiments were soon united, and they were only waiting the arrival of Colonel Cobby, the commander at Eger, who was to join with a detachment of cavalry.

Odowalsky was likewise expected. He had been constantly busy of late in going to and fro between Prague and Eger. His former acquaintanceship with the country; his connexions, in Prague and its environs, with men of various ranks; his dexterity in assuming different disguises; all conspired to procure him the opportunity of collecting various information, and of putting himself in possession, as well through his own observation as from sources to be depended on, of the most complete knowledge of the situation of things. Thus did he turn to account his connexion with Helen; whilst she was happy to serve her beloved friend, and to aid in the grand plan which, as far as he considered necessary, he had revealed to her.

The day and hour were now determined on. Helen knew it; indeed, her intelligence had contributed much toward this determination, for she it was who had, long before the festival, given intimation of its taking place to Odowalsky, and had likewise communicated to him all the arrangements;—as that, after the banquet, there was to be dancing, and, on the approach of night, a display of fireworks in the palace-garden. The greatest part of the nobility and the principal inhabitants of Prague had been invited; and it was to be supposed that both the higher and lower classes would banish apprehension, and that the military regulations around the palace would be less strictly attended to. This night, therefore, was selected by Odowalsky for the execution of his plan; and, two days previously, he proceeded to Pilsen, in order to make the final arrangements with Count Königsmark, with whom he had not, as yet, personally communicated.

Königsmark's head-quarters were fixed at the council-house in Pilsen. The arrival of

Odowalsky was immediately announced to him, and a nephew of Königsmark conducted him to the General.

It was in the same house in which, many years before, the Duke of Friedland had, a short time previous to his tragical end, summoned his generals about him: and as Odowalsky stepped into the ancient hall, with its lofty arched windows, decorated with captured banners, figures of ancient Bohemian princes, &c. the scene exhibited on the former occasion recurred to his mind, and agitated him greatly. He was now, in effect, preparing to do that of which Friedland had been accused, and for which he had so dreadfully suffered.

He soon overcame this involuntary feeling, however, and approached the General, who was standing at the other end of the hall, surrounded by several officers, at a table covered with maps and plans, amongst which, Odowalsky recognised several representing Prague and its environs. The General advanced from behind the table: he was a man be-

tween forty and fifty, of a tall and powerful figure, with broad chest and shoulders. Around his high forehead his auburn hair fell in profuse but disordered locks; a broadsword hung in a blue scarf at his side. A large aquiline nose, and lips covered with thick mustachios, gave to his countenance an expression of haughtiness, nay, almost of scorn.

“ You are the imperial officer,” he began, as he returned Odowalsky’s salutation with a slight inclination of the head, “ who engages to deliver Prague into our hands ?”

Odowalsky bowed assent.

“ Have you well weighed and examined every thing connected with this enterprise ?”

“ I would not else venture to appear before your Excellency.”

“ It is a hazardous game. We are not strong enough to attempt a regular siege of the city; and, therefore, what is to take place must be in the shape of a coup-de-main.”

“ That is precisely what I intend. The

situation of things is well known to me ; and I have not calculated on success, in ignorance of the chances both for and against it."

" You promise largely, Colonel Odowalsky."

" My honour rests upon the issue—perhaps my life. These pledges"—

" However great, do not exceed the risk I run in trusting my troops, myself, and the fame of this undertaking, to the word of a man who—excuse me, Colonel—has not been uniform in his fidelity."

Odowalsky, with difficulty, bridled his impetuous feelings whilst he replied, " Your Excellency, perhaps, may think it troublesome to occupy yourself with the motives of one comparatively obscure ; otherwise, it might easily be shown that the unheard-of ingratitude wherewith I have been treated suffices to dissolve every tie of country ; whilst to you I am bound by the most sacred obligations. I am a Protestant."

Königsmark replied nothing to this ; but

there played about the corner of his mouth an expression of incredulity. "In what manner," he inquired, at length, "do you propose to carry your plan into execution?"

"For some time past, the walls of the fortification have been undergoing repair. The work, as there are several breaches, proceeds but slowly; and, at these points, it would be easy to introduce a body of men."

"Yes, if they leave the breaches unguarded," interrupted Königsmark; "but that is scarcely to be expected."

"The garrison of Prague," answered the Colonel, "is small, and barely sufficient to supply all the posts of so large a city. I have, besides, acquaintances amongst the officers—friends and fellow-believers. It will not be difficult—in fact, it is already agreed, that the watch-posts behind the palace and onward toward the Loretto-square should be placed in the hands of men upon whose attachment to our cause I may safely depend.

A troop presenting themselves in this quarter, and giving the proper word, would find no resistance."

"That may do," said Königsmark, thoughtfully: "go on, sir."

"The day after to-morrow, the Governor, Count Martinitz, gives a grand festival, to which the whole of the nobility in Prague are invited. After dinner will follow a ball, and, at night, a display of fireworks. These entertainments at an end, the good wine will doubtless dispose every one to sound slumber—and our time will arrive."

Königsmark remained silent some moments and then replied, "Your scheme is not bad. We will consider it, and acquaint you with our determination. For the present, farewell, Colonel von Odowalsky!" He motioned with his hand, and Odowalsky retired, accompanied by Königsmark's nephew, who, perceiving that his uncle's manner had offended the stranger, sought, by friendly converse, to efface the unpleasant impression. They were talking together respecting the present

situation of Prague and the feelings of the people, when suddenly the sound of trumpets and the loud prancing of steeds announced the arrival of cavalry. They hurried to the window, and found it was Colonel Cobby, who had arrived, with his regiment, from Eger. Young Königsmark went directly to announce this intelligence to his uncle ; and, meanwhile, the Colonel had dismounted, and was working his way up stairs under the weight of his huge military cloak. Odowalsky advanced to meet him, and was greeted with a hearty and vigorous shake of the hand.

“ Already here, Colonel?” said he : “ but how is this? you seem out of humour. Has not the General closed with your proposition?”

“ The General has received me in a very strange way—as a petitioner suing for a favour, instead of a man who is on the point, with great sacrifices and personal danger, of rendering to the crown of Sweden, and the new creed, a service of the greatest importance.”

“ Never mind that, man!” cried Cobby ;

“ We all know the General. He is proud, terribly proud. His ancient house, and the important part which his ancestors have acted in Brandenburg and Sweden render him haughty. He does not regard us lesser nobles as at all his equals. We must excuse these pretences in him, for he possesses the qualities of a soldier and general in the highest degree.”

“ I acknowledge his merit ; I bow to his rank ; and will allow, too, that his ancestors may accidentally have had more opportunity of distinguishing themselves than mine. But, as to every thing else, we are equals. It was not that feeling, however ; it was not pride of ancestry which prompted him to behave to me in a manner I might almost term inimical. It looked rather like personal antipathy.”

“ Do not believe it ! The Count well knows how to estimate your services, and I can assure you considers your proposal as extremely welcome and highly important, expressing himself in strong terms of your courage and activity.”

At this moment the door of the inner apartment opened, and young Königsmark came to summon Colonel Cobby to an audience, at the same time bringing Odowalsky an invitation to dinner.

Before the commencement of that meal, the General held a short council of war, upon the subject of the intended expedition.

At table, an air of hilarity was universally diffused, and the conversation grew animated; yet it was felt that the presence of the General operated as a restraint, and it was only when, on the excuse of business, he retired, that the officers took free scope. The intended march to Prague, which, according to the decision of the council of war, was fixed for the next day, was the principal topic. Inspired by wine and reckless gallantry, each expressed himself in his own way on the subject. Some looked upon it as extremely hazardous, while others regarded it as mere child's-play. Some of the elder officers thought it shewed rather too great precipitancy to break up on the morrow for Rakonitz, as

was the order—conceiving that more minute information should have been previously obtained.

“What!” exclaimed Colonel Coppy, “stop and risk the receiving news of peace before we have done with Prague?”

“There is little fear of that,” interrupted a young major; “the diplomatists, sojourning together at Osnabrück, are too slow in their movements. Depend on it, ere they have weighed out by the ounce each advantage and disadvantage of the contending parties, we shall have time enough to take possession of all Bohemia.”

“The matter,” said Odowalsky, “must not be imagined quite so easy. The taking of Prague may, indeed, be facilitated by the measures already concerted, and by the prudent management of circumstances; but, gentlemen, the Bohemians will not be so quickly vanquished as you seem to think. Our nation is valiant, as has been proved more than once, to the terror of the world.”

“I do not mean to dispute that, Colonel,”

replied the Swede, "but we have not to do with the Bohemians as a nation"—

"Alas, that is but too true," whispered Odowalsky to himself.

"But with the Emperor's army," continued the other, "which, as every one knows, is weak in number, and at present unprovided with any commander of eminence. The happy times of your country are past. Your Tilly and Waldstein exist no longer, while with us an unfading race of heroes has arisen in succession since the death of the great Gustavus Adolphus."

Odowalsky, after a moment's silence, replied, "Bohemia does not want for similar spirits, but faction and envy have driven them from their proper spheres."

"Well, well, Gentlemen, pray let us have no disputation," cried Coppy; "of what use is this war of words? *Our* argument should be the sword, and our eloquence, thunder from our artillery;—rhetoric which, I trust, will prove convincing the day after to-morrow,

when we arrive at Prague. Come, here's success to our enterprise."

The officers all rose, and, amidst loud acclamations, the toast was drunk; Odowalsky joining, with the uneasy dissatisfied feeling of a man conscious that he is not in his proper place, nor sharing in a sentiment honourable to him. He sought to repress this consciousness by vociferation:—"The capture of Prague," said he, "will benefit the good cause in various ways. In losing that city, Ferdinand loses the whole kingdom: his ambassadors at the congress will be forced to lower their tone, and thus the protestant states, particularly the Swedes, will be enabled to enforce their just demands. To any one capable of taking a wide survey of things, it must be evident that the capture of Prague is not only important as a single military enterprise, but as having an influence on the general state of political relation all over Europe."

"That seems," observed the major, "giving your native land too commanding an attitude."

“Not at all!” interrupted Odowalsky. “In Bohemia the first spark of the thirty years’ war was kindled; and in Bohemia, and nowhere else, it can and will be extinguished. It has been the cradle both of the war and the Reformation, and the birth-place of Huss.”

“In the name of good-fellowship,” again interposed Coppy, “what have we to do with either Huss or Luther? Let us be silent respecting those whom we do not know, and rather think how we shall enjoy ourselves in Prague. That city is extremely beautiful, I have been informed.”

“Have you never visited it?” asked Odowalsky.

“No, but I have heard much of its magnificence, and of the beauty of its palaces and churches.”

Their copious libations had now worked deeply upon these worthies, and they proceeded, in the intoxication of the moment, to draw out a list of the finest mansions in the devoted city, and cast lots for their possession.

Odowalsky, as he had previously intimated, though half in joke, to Helen, made choice of the Waldstein palace.

But this wild scheme of appropriation quickly gave birth to sharp and angry cavillings. Some who had been backward in fixing their choice, were inclined to regard the whole matter as a frolic, while others professed themselves serious in abiding by their selection, and maintained that they would resent the interference even of the General himself. Thus at length they separated, half merry, half disputatious, and almost wholly intoxicated.

Odowalsky wished to return to Prague, where some matters were, he said, still to be arranged. With difficulty he obtained permission from Königsmark ; and he could not but feel that the portion of confidence placed in him by that chief was very small. Having given his word of honour to return next morning, he hastened, in a sufficiently gloomy mood, to Prague, where he was desirous, if possible, to have an interview with Helen

before the decisive moment. He wished to make final arrangements for the safety of herself and her relations, as well as to gather fresh courage from the contemplation of her charms, and the consciousness of her love to him.

The length of the way, however, from Pilsen to Prague, and the many affairs he had to attend to there, with other circumstances, prevented him from satisfying these desires. He was forced to content himself with informing Helen by letter of what was necessary to be done, and to leave the rest to chance.

It was on the evening of this very uneasy and busy day, that, in the course of his wandering about the fortifications, (where he was anxious to seek out the most advantageous point for the entry of the Swedish troops on the following night,) he was attacked, first by the reproaches and then by the swords of some soldiers of the garrison, and forced to draw for his liberty and life. Waldstein's intervention, as we have seen, saved him ; and,

out of temper, and discouraged by all that had passed during the last two days, the apostate Bohemian set out an hour after that encounter on his way to Rakonitz.

Early next morning he arrived at Pilnitz, where the Swedes were already encamped. They had marched all night, and Königsmark had taken every precaution that prudence and energy could suggest, to keep their arrival as secret as possible. The place was surrounded by cavalry, who allowed none, under any pretence, either to quit or enter the town. All the couriers were detained, as were even the people who had been found in the fields during the march. Thus was the near approach of so strong a force to the capital concealed, and that blow silently prepared which, in the succeeding night, was to crush unsuspecting Prague.

CHAPTER IX.

ON the morning of the fated day, whilst the swords of the Swedes were sharpening, and their fire-arms loading, the gardens and apartments of the royal palace in Prague were filled with preparations for the approaching festival, and almost all the citizens displaying holiday faces and holiday garments. At Troy, also, the family were about to take part in this general gala. Arms and accoutrements for man and horse were furbishing in the court-yard. A committee of taste was in deep deliberation in the ladies' apartments, deciding on the various merits of silk and velvet—pearl and diamond: all, in fact, betokened gaiety.

Helen's breast alone was tormented by

anxious forebodings; her active imagination figured a thousand scenes of bloodshed, terror, and distress, in which her friends and her lover were equally involved. The greater her outward endeavours to assist, (according to Odowalsky's wish,) in diffusing among those around a spirit of unconcern and of perfect devotion to the pleasures of the moment, so much the greater, also, her inward consciousness and struggle to maintain her presence of mind.

Her mother, it is true, was safe. But, almost in spite of herself, there was another person whose impending fate she could not look on with any portion of steadiness—Albert von Waldstein. The idea of his being awakened from unsuspecting slumbers, unarmed and surrounded by a ferocious enemy, bloody, disfigured—perhaps, mortally wounded—and thinking of her in his latest moments!—this idea was intolerable, and ceased not to haunt her fancy all that restless night and morning.

No! she could not think of seeing her ge-

nerous-minded friend perish. She was bent on his rescue ; she knew her unbounded influence over him, and resolved to take advantage of it, to save him, without, at the same time, violating those obligations of secrecy under which she lay. She doubted not but he would be present at the banquet, when she would summon every attraction, both of mind and person, in order to draw from him the reason of his unaccountably long absence, and to prevail on him, under some plausible pretext, to escort her out of Prague in the evening and pass the night in the castle of his relations, where he would be secure from the attack of the Swedes. She trusted that the execution of this little plot would not prove difficult. She knew that the festival was to be prolonged until midnight, and that her uncle, who was no friend of late hours, would return home early.—This resolution, and the preparation for proceeding to the festival, tended to restore her mind to some degree of tranquillity. She dressed herself to the utmost advantage ; and as it happened

to be Sunday, it was determined that the cavalcade should set out somewhat earlier than would be otherwise necessary, in order first to attend mass at the cathedral.

Waldstein had awakened early that morning from unpleasant slumbers, in which the events of the preceding day were strangely mingled. The scene with Joanna,—her manner, which he had thought at times was tinged with a tender feeling toward himself,—the contradiction to this suggested by the affair of the portrait, and her tears while gazing upon it:—then the meeting with the stranger, and the notion that he had, perhaps, saved the life of his rival:—lastly, the intelligence communicated by Wulden, of Helen's desire to see him—all crowded confusedly into his mind; still, the resolution to avoid her presence till one objectionable point was set at rest, continued predominant, and fixed him in the determination to be absent from the palace of the Governor. He dressed himself, therefore, in his usual manner; and after despatching some affairs at home, proceeded on

a visit of business across the bridge. A few hours after, when returning by the same road, he saw at a little distance a train of several persons on horseback, and the people on the bridge gazing intently thereon. As the cavalcade advanced, he perceived, by the liveries of the attendants, before he could discern the features of the parties, that it was the family of Baron von Zelstow. He stood aside, to suffer the equestrians to pass; and although desirous of escaping notice, found himself irresistibly impelled to seek the glance of Helen. She saw him at once, and checking her beautiful palfrey, saluted him by name, thus compelling him to advance beside her.

He had now a full view of the elegance of her attire. The high laced collar, turned back from the edge of the boddice, gave to view her lovely neck and alabaster shoulders, and closed in front upon the robe of dark satin which sparkled above her white underdress; whilst her dark hair, disposed in ringlets, played at liberty about her face and neck.

“Count Waldstein!” said the lovely young woman, “do we at length see you once more? and even now, it is *accident* that throws you in our way!”

Albert’s face, at these words, was covered with crimson, and he stammered out something about business and pressing engagements.

“These excuses cannot be admitted,” interposed Helen, with a smile; “surely, one hour might have been found to prove to your friends that you had not quite forgotten them.”

“Who could ever forget *you*?” said Waldstein, almost involuntarily.

“I presume you intend to be present at the festival, Count?” inquired the Baroness—for Albert was now walking beside the horses.

“I fear it will not be in my power,” answered Waldstein.

“I am sorry to hear that,” observed the old Baron, gravely: “Count Martinitz will probably take offence at your absence.”

“Oh!” exclaimed Helen, half smilingly,

half authoritatively, " he will come — he *must*," and she put her hand playfully on his shoulder.

The touch thrilled like electricity through the whole frame of our hero, who could have sunk on his knees before the fascinating young beauty, despite his deeply-rooted misgivings. Scarce conscious of what he did, he bowed assent to the soliciting looks of his friends, who now again urged on their steeds, and waved their hands in token of brief farewell. His eye followed them as long as possible, and then turned slowly away, in utter abstraction.

What should he think—what do? *Could* he now preserve his intention of stopping away from the festival, after his implied promise to attend it? And, then, the kindness as well as the resistless fascinations of Helen! He still seemed to hear the music of her voice, as it uttered those flattering expressions, insensibility to which would have required a more than stoical frigidity. What if, after all, he held the chief place in her affections? What, if she might have it in her

power to explain away all enigmatical appearances?

Just at this moment he was met by Wulden, attended by a servant in rich livery, and dressed in a splendid suit of yellow trunk-hose, with corresponding doublet: his blue mantle, which hung over his right arm, was decorated with pale gold embroidery, whilst his long and highly-polished sword was held under his left. He had been seeking Albert, in order to obtain his company, and now joyfully hailed him.

“What!” exclaimed Waldstein, “are you, too, come to inveigle me to a place which I have but slight inclination to visit? Well, I suppose it would be to little purpose to hold out; so pray come into my house, wait while I make my toilette, and I will try to be as gay as the rest of you.”

Albert dressed himself, with great care, in white doublet and hose; the ample sleeves of the former were slashed in front, and richly embroidered with green and silver, as was likewise his mantle;—and his Damascus sword,

with a silver basket-hilt, hung from a green sash by his side. His boots were short, with silver tassels; and his bright auburn locks, which fell profusely over his shoulders, shaded well the contour of his noble countenance.

“What a fool I must be,” exclaimed Wulden, laughing, as he eyed his friend’s *tout ensemble*, “to take you with me! You completely eclipse me in every respect. Why, you are a very Adonis! Is this elaborate display meant for the eyes of the fair Helen of Troy?”

As they were about crossing the Italian square, in order to ascend the Hradschin, there stepped forth a very pretty, neatly-dressed girl, of the middling class, from one of the gardens in front of the houses. She remained standing at a respectful distance, and blushed as she curtsied to both the gentlemen. Waldstein recognised in her Joanna, and it did not escape Leopold that his cheek was suffused with a deeper crimson. Both saluted the lovely girl in the most friendly manner. Waldstein would fain have stopped

a moment to remind her of her promise for this evening; but he did not wish to cause her the slightest embarrassment, particularly before the observing eye of his friend;—he therefore contented himself with casting a significant look at her as they passed on, unconscious whether or not she comprehended it.

“ Who was that lovely maiden ?” inquired Leopold of his friend.

“ The daughter of the steward and inspector of my house and gardens,” replied Waldstein briefly.

“ You seem to understand each other extremely well.”

“ It is natural we should do so, since we were brought up together as playmates.”

“ But why need you blush about it ?”

“ Blush ! You are dreaming,” cried Waldstein,—and his cheek coloured again.

“ Well, well,” said Leopold, laughing, as he looked into his friend’s face, “ never mind, I can hold my tongue ; the proud beauty shall not learn any thing from me.”

In this interchange of banter and depreca-

tion, the friends proceeded to the palace, where, received by a train of richly-attired servants, they were led through various chambers, and at length the heavy folding-doors of the saloon were thrown open, and displayed the whole assembly already collected.

Count Martinitz, a venerable and majestic looking man, who bore his seventy years (which had been to him a period full of trouble) with unabated vigour, advanced a few steps to meet them, and gave a kind and hearty welcome; whilst many of the youthful part of the company gathered about the new-comers.

Waldstein's eye soon sought the object of his thoughts, whom he discovered in the centre of a crowd of ladies, among whom her beautiful form and elegant dress were readily distinguished. Helen also quickly perceived him, and a friendly salutation was returned to his respectful bow, showing that his presence was a source of gratification. As he was considering how he should approach her, and

measuring with his eye the wide space between them, the folding-doors again opened, and the House-marshal, with his silver staff, accompanied by numerous attendants, appeared in the anti-room, to announce that the banquet was ready.

All were now in motion. The governor presented his arm to the lady of highest rank, and they were followed by the rest of the company, in due gradation. As they paced through the long line of apartments and galleries, Waldstein succeeded in approaching Helen, and in whispering a few words to her. She said, in reply, "you have done well thus to meet our wishes, by appearing here. Believe me, you will not repent it."

She said this, in a tone somewhat more pointed than usual. Waldstein looked at her, and perceived in her countenance an expression of uncommon kindness, together with marks of secret anxiety, which now that the glow arising from the journey was diminished, rendered her features rather paler than ordinary. This observation fell upon Albert's

heart, and excited his sympathy. What was it that weighed on Helen's mind? What had occurred to her, during the week that he had been absent from Troy? Oh! that he might remove this load from her breast! that he might give up his life, to bask in the sun-shine of those eyes! He determined that, as far as circumstances might allow, he would abide in her company during the remainder of the day; and her manner toward him appeared so kind, nay, so tender—that he flattered himself she would not pass the time disagreeably in his. At times, it is true, the vision of the stranger on that memorable night obtruded itself upon his mind; and the thought that Helen's sorrow might have its foundation in those mysterious meetings, poured more than one bitter drop into the cup of his satisfaction: but he pertinaciously drove away the suspicion, quieting himself with the uncertainty that hung over this affair, which he endeavoured to think almost as easily admitted a favourable as an unfavourable interpretation.

The throne-room had, an account of its

large dimensions, been selected for the banquet on the present occasion. The imposing size of this apartment, and its elegant, bold-vaulted roof, (the pointed arches of which rose to a considerable height,) could not fail to strike the spectator:—from those parts where the cluster of gothic pillars met above, hung heavy chandeliers with rich gilt branches. Upon both sides of the long saloon, huge sideboards were placed, whereon stood innumerable bottles containing wines of the most costly and varied sorts, which sparkled invitingly when poured into the goblets of beautiful Bohemian glass. At the upper end of the saloon, the cloth was laid upon a table of horse-shoe shape; over which, at that part where the seat of the governor was, the Bohemian Lion was blazoned in a red field. In the centre of the table was a fountain, which, spouting forth a clear stream of rose-water, most agreeably perfumed the Saloon. Over the entrance-doors, opposite this table, a gallery was contrived, in which a band of musicians were stationed, in order to enter-

tain the guests during their meal with music, (which as natives of Bohemia, a land so rich in melody, they well understood,) and also to give *éclat* to the healths about to be given during the banquet.

The loud flourish sounded for the first time, as the guests, the governor at their head, entered the saloon, led by the marshal, with his silver staff; who had no easy task in arranging them according to rank and dignity. At length, however, he succeeded in his endeavours; the crowd, which had swarmed around the table, settled into order as soon as the principal guests had taken possession of their seats, and the younger part of the company suited themselves as best they might.

Silence being established, the door opened again; and a long train of richly clothed domestics advanced, two by two, bearing the immense silver dishes which contained the viands. At the head of all, marched the carver, in a state-dress completely covered with gold, the mantle, the buskins (opening

at the knees), and the doublet, being embroidered with gold-lace, as were also the short tasselled boots.

With great adroitness did the servants pilot the important dishes each to its proper destination, according to a sign from the carver, who stood by armed, like a general, with his baton of command.

These good things sufficiently occupied the greatest part of the assembly ; still, however, there were some who were too much taken up in other ways to pay any great attention thereto ; such, for instance, as, like Waldstein, found themselves in the society of their hearts' idols ; or such as, like Helen, were absorbed by indwelling anxiety, which not even the surrounding gaiety could dissipate.

To our hero, the beautiful young woman beside him had never appeared so beautiful, for she had never looked so kindly on him. All the fascinations exerted by her to win him during their first intercourse were again called into play ; and yielding at once both his senses and his understanding to the deli-

cious influence, every jealous doubt was banished, and for awhile the desponding misgiving Albert seemed and was among the happiest of created beings.

As regarded Helen, however, all was but seeming. The consciousness of what was to take place that night, and the solicitude with which this consciousness filled her, was indeed often so painfully powerful, that she was scarce able to maintain the necessary self-possession, and was in danger of publicly betraying her inward confusion. In addition to this were her fears for Waldstein, and the desire to bring him to decide upon leaving Prague with her that night. How many times when she looked at him—when she gazed on that noble countenance, in which was reflected a still more noble mind,—did she picture to herself those youthful limbs streaming with blood, and that eye sunken in death! As these wayward fancies crossed her imagination, she was seized with an inward shuddering, turned pale, and faltered in the midst of her speech; and Waldstein, who had no

suspicion of what was passing within her. She still more attracted by these mysterious indications.

Count Martinet ~~glanced~~ ~~at~~ ~~her~~ ~~with~~ ~~an~~ ~~air~~ ~~of~~ ~~equal~~ ~~dignity~~ ~~and~~ ~~politeness~~. ~~He~~ ~~then~~ ~~was~~ ~~given~~; ~~the~~ ~~guests~~ ~~immediately~~ ~~started~~ ~~to~~ ~~re-~~ ~~plenish~~; ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~large~~ ~~glasses~~ ~~repeatedly~~ ~~filled~~ ~~and~~ ~~emptied~~. ~~The~~ ~~first~~ ~~speech~~ ~~ever~~ ~~was~~ ~~that~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~Emperor~~ ~~Frederick~~ ~~in~~ ~~reply~~ ~~in~~ ~~proposing~~ ~~which~~. ~~Martinet~~ ~~rose~~ ~~from~~ ~~his~~ ~~seat~~, ~~and~~ ~~leaving~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~first~~ ~~time~~ ~~in~~ ~~his~~ ~~life~~ ~~pronounced~~ ~~the~~ ~~name~~ ~~with~~ ~~respect~~. ~~All~~ ~~the~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~turned~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~moment~~ ~~and~~ ~~for~~ ~~some~~ ~~minutes~~ ~~he~~ ~~with~~ ~~a~~ ~~flourish~~ ~~of~~ ~~trumpets~~ ~~and~~ ~~drums~~. "Oh true Bohemians!" ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~exclamation~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~Emperor~~ ~~and~~ ~~Count~~ ~~Martinet~~ ~~glanced~~ ~~at~~ ~~each~~ ~~other~~ ~~satisfactorily~~ ~~down~~ ~~both~~ ~~sides~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~long~~ ~~table~~ ~~his~~ ~~looks~~ ~~encountering~~ ~~only~~ ~~well~~ ~~known~~ ~~and~~ ~~trusty~~ ~~persons~~, ~~whose~~ ~~fidelity~~ ~~around~~ ~~their~~ ~~prince~~ ~~and~~ ~~their~~ ~~faith~~ ~~was~~ ~~above~~ ~~suspicion~~. "Heaven has granted me," ~~continued~~ ~~he~~ ~~after~~ ~~the~~ ~~appearance~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~Emperor~~ ~~and~~ ~~his~~ ~~what~~ ~~abated~~, "for the first time in this exalted situation, which, through the favour of

my sovereign I hold, to celebrate once more that festival which you have honoured me by attending for so many years."

Loud exclamations interrupted the venerable speaker, whose health, together with the memory of his wonderful preservation, was enthusiastically drunk. Visibly affected, the Count could scarcely, for awhile, gather voice to proceed, which at length, however, he did as follows: "How many seasons have revolved since that preservation! And what numerous changes have taken place!"

"Yes, indeed," returned the elder Wulden, who was seated near Martinitz; "and how few besides ourselves are now alive, who witnessed that scene!"

"I look around me," said the Count, "and behold mostly the children of those who, with me, stood the first brunt of that storm. My companion in misfortune, Slavata, is long since dead; and of those who were then my colleagues as imperial functionaries, scarcely two are now living. Your father, Sternberg," he added, turning toward one of the young

men, "was at that time what I am now, Governor-General. We often disputed with each other; it being, in his opinion, better to accommodate all parties by gentleness and moderation. I proved to him, however, that such a system would be as unavailing as the endeavours of boys to stem the force of a torrent by the barrier of a few small stones."

"I know," said old Wulden, smiling, "you were always for force and violence; and so you were made to fly out of the window—while Sternberg escaped."

"Well, and what harm has it done me?" returned the stout old warrior: "I am proud of it; and if the Kolowrates may be proud of their Beness, who, in the murderous attack at Pisa, saved the life of the Emperor our sovereign King Charles, so shall my descendants, at a future period, look back with satisfaction upon my memory. I also have staked my life for my rightful sovereign and the faith of my fathers."

"Heaven grant us, at last, repose, after

so many tempestuous years!" said the old Baron von Reizan.

"It is reported, and I have letters from Vienna to the same effect," said the Governor, "that peace is now very near."

"Nevertheless, there are numerous and equivocal movements," observed old Wulden, "in the Eger district. The Swedes are drawing all their troops together; and Wrangel has even, it is said, detached a couple of regiments from the Upper Palatinate thither."

"I have heard the same thing," said Reizan; "but what does one not hear?"

"Report is very busy, no doubt," said the Governor. "Fear and hope often change and magnify an unimportant circumstance beyond its due proportion. The Swedes are unquestionably concentrating themselves; they have levied contributions, and Wrangel is moving in the Upper Palatinate. The Palatine, and presumptive heir to the throne of the learned Swedish queen,

is also advancing, with a numerous body of troops, through Saxony, and, as it is said, intends taking up his quarters near Leipsic. But it is considered, by intelligent people, (and their opinion I cannot help joining,) that these movements mean nothing further than a mere concentration of the Swedish forces."

"Granted: but what can they intend by *that!*" inquired another guest.

"I really do not know," said Martinitz, shrugging his shoulders; "certainly nothing good for Germany and the imperial party. Still, we have every ground to hope that the conclusion of peace will put an end to fresh projects of offence, if any such are forming; and therefore, gentlemen, let us not, by untimely anxiety, interrupt our present happiness, but drink with me—'Success to the imperial arms, and destruction to the Swedes and all their friends!'"

Helen had been listening, during this speech, with the greatest attention, which she strove to conceal. At the last words of

the Governor, however, (not very *pacifactory*, it must be allowed,) to which, as before, the whole company did honour with loud huzzas, she put down, instead of raising the glass to her lips—and that so hastily as to attract the attention of Waldstein, who viewed her demeanour with agitation, and could hardly repress a host of gloomy thoughts. “You do not honour the toast, Helen!” he remarked, as he replaced his empty glass.

“I cannot endure,” replied she, recovering her self-possession, “to see intolerance grow so hot as to mingle even in the social circle, and embitter the hours of hilarity.”

“And so you think it *intolerant*,” said he, mournfully, “for a true Bohemian to hate the Swedes—those terrible enemies, who have now, for eighteen years, been devastating Germany and the countries bordering it?”

“For my part,” answered the fair objecter, “the old Count may do with the Swedes what he pleases. But does he not also mean, by the conclusion of his speech,

to denounce the poor remains of the feeble Utraquists and Protestants, who are continually held in suspicion of an understanding with their fellow-believers, and are grudged even the very air they breathe?"

"I scarcely believe," replied Albert, "that Count Martinitz now entertains such hostile feelings: but, even were it so, can you well blame a man who has, from his youth upward, struggled and fought against this party, and suffered so much from it?"

The pursuance of their conversation was stopped by the banquet being at an end. The noisy music ceased; the wine had spread cheerfulness among the guests; and, in the happiest humour, the younger portion of them left the banqueting for the ball room.

CHAPTER X.

MEANWHILE, fresh parties had arrived, who had not joined in the festivities of the dinner, but, after regaling themselves with potations of wine, were anxiously awaiting the commencement of the dance. Among these was our old acquaintance Baron Predden, who put on a waggish smile as he perceived Albert leading Helen into the saloon. He greeted Waldstein, however, with great respect, and began to talk with him about the adventure of the preceding night behind the Capuchin-Church. Helen's attention was fixed by the mention of this occurrence. Waldstein wished to break off the discourse; but Leopold, who was with them, requested further explanation of

Predetten, who then related that Waldstein had, the evening before, drawn his sword, like a brave knight, in defence of one who was hard pressed.

“ Indeed !” cried Leopold : then, turning to Waldstein, “ you told me nothing of this.”

“ It was not worth speaking about,” replied our hero.

“ Nay, but it was,” continued Predetten : “ the combat was pretty warm, and the person very probably had been lost, but for your interposition.”

“ You have saved a human being’s life !” exclaimed Helen ; “ that was noble, generous !”

“ It was both,” said Predetten ; “ whether it was *wise* or not, will appear hereafter.”

“ What mean you by that observation, Baron ?” asked Albert : “ and how comes it you are so well informed of all which happened to me last night ?”

“ I learnt it from the most efficient sources,” replied the other : “ from the

soldiers out of whose hands you extricated the unknown. They recognized you."

"True," said Waldstein; "one of them called out my name."

"They would not, for the whole world, have turned their swords against the nephew of their former General, even had he not proved himself so brave and resolute as, according to their mutual evidence, you did."

"Well, then, who was the unknown?" asked Leopold.

"Ay, that is the point," said Predetten; "respecting which I should be almost inclined to begin a war with Count Waldstein. My people (for these men belong to my regiment) had traced the fellow's footsteps some days before. He is most certainly a Swedish spy, or something like one; for he was always seen sneaking about the fortifications, writing or drawing upon his tablets."

"Then why was he not long since seized?" asked Wulden.

"There was not sufficient *proof* against him," answered the Baron. "He wears

the imperial uniform, and is said to be a discharged officer, calling himself Odowalsky."

"At these words, Helen, who had hitherto listened with marked attention, suddenly changed colour, and her agitation was so observable, that Predetten inquired, with a tone somewhat sarcastic, if she were unwell? Not adverting to the real cause of her confusion, she ascribed it to a giddiness resulting, perhaps, from the heat of the room, at the same time struggling hardly and visibly to regain her self-possession.

Waldstein's eye rested gloomily upon his fair companion, and the conviction of the very lively interest she took in this Odowalsky fell with icy coldness on the warm spring of his reviving hopes.

"He gave me another name," remarked he, eyeing Helen attentively.

"Oh! I can readily believe that," cried Predetten; "the rascal gives himself sundry appellations, representing himself at one time as a Swede, and at another as a Saxon; he pretends, with our generals, to be a zealous

Catholic, while, with the Swedes, he rails at confession and the mass! In a word, he acts any character that may suit his immediate purpose."

"And what do you imagine to be his *real* object?" inquired Leopold.

"How should I know?" exclaimed the Baron, "some villany, no doubt."

"Is not that going rather too far, sir?" cried Helen, almost trembling with suppressed emotion; "is it quite fair, when an absent man's proceedings and motives are confessedly *unknown*, at once to pronounce them *villanous*?"

"Madam!" said the officer, bowing, "pardon me when I say, you now speak on subjects scarcely to be submitted to a lady's judgement. In order, particularly during such boisterous times as these, to charge a person with the infamy of espionage, it is not necessary to be his father-confessor."

Helen maintained for a moment an indignant silence, and then replied: "As appearances go, Baron Predetten, you may be

right: I have no knowledge of the individual alluded to; but I know that much depends upon the point of view from which we contemplate persons, or their actions. Much will be commended in the Swedish camp that is execrated here, and *vice versa*."

"But why, if I may be so bold as to ask," returned the Baron, evading Helen's remark, "are you the advocate of a man, *suspicious* at least, and whom *you do not know*?"

"Because," answered Helen, proudly, "it is unjust to sit in judgement on the absent; and because I *feel* that a person's real character is often either misconceived or misinterpreted."

"Oh! your interposition proceeds, then, purely from Christian charity! Well, this Odowalsky is a truly fortunate youth; and you are really a most generous couple," and he bowed laughingly to Waldstein and Helen: "one takes his part with sword, and the other with tongue."

Waldstein had been buried in abstraction: he now, however, roused himself, and cried,

“ Baron von Predetten, have the kindness to be sparing of these jests :—they are unbecoming and offensive ; I see nothing in this affair to excite laughter.”

“ But after all this random talk,” interrupted Leopold, “ I scarcely yet know what the affair really was. Come, Predetten, you shall give me the particulars ;” and seizing the Baron’s arm, he led him to the saloon, glad to put an end to conversation which appeared taking a very unpleasant turn.

Waldstein and Helen were now left standing together alone ; the former bent his eyes gloomily on the ground, for Helen’s true principles had now shown themselves, nor could he longer for a moment doubt that her secret friend and the person he had rescued were one and the same.

“ Accept my thanks, dear Waldstein,” cried the lady ; and, at that moment, her eye met the changed expression of his, and sank before it.

“ For what ?” asked Albert, abruptly.

“ I thank you,” replied she, with a con-

strained tone, "in the name of every friend of humanity, for your embracing the cause of an overborne stranger."

"Your interest, Helen, persuades me that he is no stranger to *you!*"

"My interest springs from the recital of the story; surely that may suffice, without seeking far and wide for other causes:" and the fair girl added, with perhaps too full an impression of her power, "Come, Waldstein! moody in a lady's society! and after so long an absence, too!" and, as she spoke, she extended to him her ivory fingers.

But the spell, however potent it might have been, was broken. Albert was profoundly mortified: his sensitive nature had undergone a heavy shock;—and, with the tear of chagrin and sorrow glistening in his eye, he bowed, and strode hastily away.

Helen stood in mute astonishment, not unmingled with alarm. She watched the graceful figure of her first admirer as he hurried through the crowd to the other end of the saloon; when, on a sudden, the sound of

horns and other music struck up loudly, and the ball commenced. She started from her abstraction, and, at the same moment, Leopold, accosting her with all the chivalrous reverence of the period, requested the honour of her hand in the dance. Her thoughts were confused—she would fain have had a few moments of quiet, in order to recover herself; but recollected that she dared not refuse Wulden, if she wished subsequently to dance with Waldstein, who, she did not doubt, would return and ask her, and who now assumed, in her regard, altogether a different character from that he formerly held—a change which at once stimulated her interest and respect:—giving Leopold, therefore, her hand, she followed him, almost unconsciously, to the immediate scene of festivity.

“Where are your thoughts, lady?” asked her partner, with a smile, after having witnessed several marks of absence and confusion: “Do you miss any one?”

“O, no!” exclaimed she, quickly and out of humour; “it is so sultry here; and,

in fact, to dance at all on a summer's afternoon is a mad idea! What I miss is coolness and air."

"Do you wish me to understand that you would prefer dancing no longer?"

"If you will permit me the choice, I certainly should."

"Then let me offer you my arm, that you may breathe the fresh air of the adjacent room."

"Thank you, sir!" said Helen, glad to have got away so easily, particularly as Waldstein was no longer in the saloon.

They stepped into the adjoining apartment, which was lofty and supported by pillars, and the high narrow windows of which gave little admittance to the warm air. Here, in the silence and comparative gloom, Albert had taken refuge, and had thrown himself along a couch. His arm resting upon a projection of the wall, and his head leaning upon his hand, he did not observe the passers-by, nor did he perceive even when Helen and Leopold came up. The former, however, saw

him directly, and her eye beamed with delight.

“ Look, there is our friend, Count Waldstein,” said she to Wulden: “ But what can be the matter with him? He is not ill, I hope!”

“ I hope not,” said her companion, stepping toward Albert, and laying his hand upon his shoulder. The latter immediately started up, and gazed at both without speaking. Helen inquired if he was unwell, seating herself as she did so upon the couch, and playfully inviting the young men to take their places beside her. She foresaw, in fact, no other such favourable opportunity for putting in execution her plan of securing Albert’s company back to Troy.

The discourse soon became lively, at least between Helen and Leopold. Waldstein, alone, relapsed every now and then into gloom and abstraction. The lady was cautious not to touch upon the preceding day’s adventure, for the ferment it had created within Albert’s breast was but too evident.

Gradually she introduced the subject of her wishes: she expressed her belief that the ball and fireworks would last until midnight—that her uncle would not stay so long, but would ride back again to Troy earlier, with a part of the escort; and that (she must confess it to her shame) she could not keep off a certain emotion of fear at returning to the castle with the small residue of the domestics, who consisted chiefly of old and superannuated servants, and who, besides, would be rendered still more powerless by the effects of the wine they had taken. “The roads are so unsafe, even round Prague,” she concluded at length, “and I know also that my aunt is very apprehensive.”

The hint, however conspicuous, was not taken in the quarter intended for its reception. Waldstein remained silent; but Leopold quickly replied, “May I offer you and your aunt my escort to Troy? Surely you will not scorn to accept me as your knight upon this little journey?”

This proposition, although neither antici-

pated nor sought, could not well be rejected, and indeed interfered not with the lady's scheme. Upon receiving it, she turned, with inimitable address, to Count Albert, and said, in playful tone, " *You* silent, Waldstein! Your friend is so kind as to bear us company; will not you do the same?"

Our hero's irritated feelings saw nothing in this plain appeal but the vanity of the proud beauty, who, while her heart glowed in secret for another, wished to yoke to her triumphant car as many slaves as possible. At the same time, he first recollected his appointment with Joanna, and how cruelly he should deceive her, if he allowed himself to be moved by Helen's flatteries. He replied, therefore, that he had a pressing affair to attend to this evening, which, since his friend had volunteered his attendance on the ladies, he should not feel warranted in neglecting.

"A pressing affair?" repeated Helen; "and to-day—on such a day! O, Count Waldstein!" cried she, somewhat reproachfully, "this is scarcely credible."

“ Could not your pressing affair be adjusted by means of a messenger ?” asked Wulden.

“ I have promised to go myself,” said Waldstein, gravely, “ and I hold my promises sacred.”

“ This really looks suspicious,” cried Leopold, laughing : “ what can it mean ?”

“ Give yourself no trouble about it ;” interrupted Waldstein ; “ the affair is a very simple one, and cannot, in the eyes of the world, be of any importance.” He thought, at that moment, on Joanna. Her sweet features, her gentle demeanour, floated before his mind, and he felt composed by the remembrance,—until all at once the mysterious portrait presented itself, and he relapsed into his former dejection.

“ Let us return to the saloon,” exclaimed Helen, springing up, and adding, with ludicrous inconsistency, “ it is so *cold* here !” Leopold offered his arm, whilst Waldstein mechanically followed.

“ What’s the matter with your friend ?”

inquired Helen, as they re-entered the saloon.

“ I really cannot comprehend him,” replied Leopold ; “ he is completely metamorphosed within the last hour.”

As the gay dancers flew past, Leopold pointed to them, with significant looks ; and Helen, comprehending his meaning, gave him her hand, casting, at the same time, a proud glance toward Albert.

Waldstein allowed all this to pass without notice. Bitter pain at his deception and blindness filled his soul. Helen’s falsehood toward him,—her unprincipled trifling with his heart, whilst her own was devoted to another, roused his feelings into the most violent commotion. Nor even in his thoughts of Joanna did he, as heretofore, find repose. He had an indefinite dread of evil to come, as well as past ; and feared that the evening would bring some terrible disclosure. Buried in these gloomy meditations, he stood in the middle of the saloon, hardly conscious that a

crowd of revellers were around him, and that the ball was now at its height. Dance followed dance—all were, or appeared to be, happy, and the individual whose bosom was so torn seemed lost amid the joyous throng.

Gradually, however, evening advanced, and tapers were lighted in the various branches on the walls. Thus approached night—*that* night which was to bring with it so much terror and sorrow;—and yet Helen had found no means of persuading her friend to retire from the devoted city! Her situation was the more afflicting, since she dared not explain to Waldstein her real motives for desiring his company; and these circumstances had combined to unfold to her another secret, namely, that the indifference of Waldstein was by no means matter of indifference to her—so waywardly are the elements of our strange nature mixed and mingled together!

Her anxiety increased with every moment; and the appearance of the lights raised it into mortal terror. She resolved at length, after some consideration, that, let Waldstein think

of her as he might, she would address him once more, and *solicit* his escort. A favourable accident having led him near when the dance she had taken part in had ceased, she called him to her, invited him to a seat by her side, and again tried all her eloquence to lure from him the wished-for promise. The importance which she seemed to attach to his consent—the anxious eagerness displayed in her features, which Waldstein could scarcely attribute to fear at the dangers of the road—the soft entreating tone of her voice—her eye, which shone with a restrained tear,—altogether began, not, indeed, to affect Albert's heart, but to interest his curiosity and sympathy. It is true, he did not conceal his surprise at this seeming timidity, but was wavering in his resolution when the old Baron came up, and gallantly addressing Helen, announced his intention of accommodating his hour to theirs, and awaiting the conclusion of the entertainments. No excuse now remained for pressing Waldstein's escort, and Helen was forced to lock within her own breast her

terror and solicitude. Immediately afterward, the whole of the company got in motion—the gathering darkness now allowing the display of the fireworks; and, amidst the confusion which resulted, Waldstein withdrew from his party, and left the assembly altogether.

On leaving the saloon, Helen was informed of this fact by Wulden, who said that their friend's altered demeanour had filled him with surprise,—adding some gallant expressions to the lady, of which she took no heed; her mind was now, indeed, quite absorbed by the idea of what was at hand. In the blaze and crackling of the fireworks, she heard and saw nothing but the report of the Swedish cannon, and often—very often—did these feelings threaten almost to overwhelm her! Nothing, in fact, but her love for Odowalsky, and the heroic pride which she had so frequently admired, and felt herself called on to display, could preserve the terrible secret upon which, as she supposed, her lover's and her country's happiness depended.

Meanwhile, glad to escape into the open air, Waldstein, attended by two servants with torches, passed across the palace-square, hastily descended the hill, and entered the city, now quite dark and silent. The noise from the gardens sounded fainter and fainter, as he descended into the deserted streets; and in like manner did the partial excitement which the scene had afforded fade away, and leave him utterly miserable. It seemed to him as if every one had found a congenial spirit except himself, and that there was no one whose bosom beat responsive to the feelings of his own! This forlorn sensation is perhaps the most wretched that can be endured.

Amidst such thoughts he arrived at his mansion. The outer gate was already locked; the servant knocked, and it was opened. Waldstein advanced with hasty steps toward the garden; this also was locked. He reflected that it was rather late, and that Joanna had perhaps given up all hopes of seeing him. With the greater haste did he proceed to her

father's apartments. He opened the first—all was dark and silent; he stepped into the second—and here he found Bertram, alone, seated in his arm-chair, reading by the light of a lamp. He sprang up quickly, as the door opened, and seeing his lord before him, drew the velvet cap from off his grey hairs.

“Where is your daughter?” was the question with which our hero replied to the old man's greetings.

“Not at home, my Lord,” answered he, bowing: “she has”—

“Not at home!” exclaimed Waldstein, in a tone of surprise: “She requested me to come—she promised”—

“I know all,” replied the old man, bowing still lower: “but an indispensable duty”—

“A duty! and toward whom? Where is she?”

“At St. Margaret's, with her mother's sister, who has been, on the sudden, taken dangerously ill, my Lord, and has sent for her.”

“Who is this mother's sister?”

“The widow of the governor of the monastery of St. Margaret,—a good woman, who, after the decease of my wife, discharged the duties of a parent toward my child.”

“And she was suddenly taken ill *to-day*?” said Waldstein, in a doubting tone: “this is singular!”

“The news came about noon; Joanna was dreadfully terrified, first on account of her aunt, and then from fear of your Lordship’s displeasure. Indeed, had I not presumed that you were at the banquet, I should have sought you, to prevent your coming.”

“And does not Joanna return to-night?” inquired Waldstein, somewhat softened.

“I expect her every moment, and fear, from her stay, that matters go badly at St. Margaret’s.”

“She will not come home alone, surely, in the middle of the night?”

“I believe her cousin will accompany her home.”

“Her *cousin*! who is *he*?” asked Waldstein, jumping at a conclusion.

“The son of my sister-in-law.”

“Indeed! a *young* man, probably?”

“Yes, my Lord.”

“I shall wait a little,” said the Count, at last: “unlock the garden-gates for me.—Perhaps Joanna may still come; and the night is most beautiful.”

Bertram obeyed, conjecturing within himself all manner of things about his Lord;—while Waldstein stepped into the garden, which was dark and balmy, and, sending back the old man, gave himself up, surrounded by silence, solitude, and night, to his thoughts and recollections.

In the Castle and its royal gardens all the lights were gradually vanishing; the guests had retired; and quiet darkness sank refreshingly, after the noise of the day, on the heads of the wearied partakers in the festival.

CHAPTER XI.

IN this silent hour, whilst the inhabitants of Prague gave themselves up to careless slumber, a storm was preparing, which was soon to burst. Under the cover of night, the Swedish troops were approaching from Rakonitz, and were now at a small distance only from the town. They had marched the whole day with the greatest caution; preventing every possible communication whereby the Bohemian capital might have been apprised of their advance.

Toward night the words were given, "God be with us!" and each soldier received orders to stick a green sprig of birch-wood in his cap, in order to be recognized in the darkness. The troops then broke up, and the march was so calculated as to make them reach Prague in the depth of night.

Odowalsky had the vanguard under his orders; Colonel Cobby followed with one thousand horse, and Königsmark brought up the rear with the main body, consisting of cavalry and infantry, which latter he had mounted in the baggage waggons, and upon the horses of the baggage and artillery. Odowalsky well knew that it was mistrust which had induced Königsmark so to arrange: and this feeling was productive of any thing but complacency; but he was forced to submit, and therefore rode slowly along toward the capital of his native country, which he was on the point of delivering over to strangers, and of spreading bloodshed, plunder, and misery amidst his fellow-citizens. At times there arose within his breast a strong feeling of horror at this idea; and the unfavorable opinion which even the Swedes seemed to entertain of him (whilst they reaped all the advantages of his treachery) increased that heavy consciousness. Manning himself, however, for the enterprize, he shook off the unwelcome feeling as a prejudice derived from inexpe-

rienced youth; and, thinking on all that he had endured, tried to overcome his better judgement. Amidst the visions of a brilliant destiny which the future seemed to open to him, and the enjoyments of long-wished for wealth, arose the lovely figure of Helen, whom her relations could not refuse him, when—rendered illustrious by success—he appeared as a victorious general before them and demanded the hand of their niece. Thus did he push his regards, across massacre, treachery, and terror, toward the object of his desire, striving to silence the voice of conscience—which, however, became more and more audible the nearer he approached the walls of Prague, whose towers he could now recognize by the pale starlight.

They had reached the Abbey of St. Margaret, when suddenly the bells of the tower sounded, and were at the same moment echoed by an answering peal from those in the city. The Swedish troops halted in utter astonishment: and the adjutant-general, springing forward, demanded, almost breath-

less, of Odowalsky, what was the meaning of this ringing?—whilst Königsmark, continually suspicious of the man who had broken faith with his own prince, imagined that he discovered herein some fresh instance of treachery, preconcerted with the Bohemian authorities.

“What does that ringing mean?” said Odowalsky, ironically, while the shades of night concealed from young Königsmark the smile of mockery which played on his features; “truly, nought but the chorus of the monks! They are ringing for service in the various monasteries. The pious souls announce to the world their intention to pray for themselves and others, whilst we meantime surprise the city. It is the most innocent ringing that can be imagined; pray, say as much to the Count, your uncle.”

The adjutant was silent, but still hesitated. In the mean time Colonel Cobby rode up, to whom the halting and discourse in the vanguard had appeared singular. He inquired what was the matter, and Odowalsky told

him all, not however without adding several ironical remarks. Cobby had formerly passed some time in Catholic countries; he therefore knew the custom, and confirmed Odowalsky's statement.

Young Königsmark, with provoking pertinacity, shook his head at this explanation, and rode back to his uncle, whilst the troops were once more put in motion; but he soon returned, and stationed himself beside Colonel Cobby, with whom he carried on an earnest conversation in an under tone. Odowalsky observed this, and was at no loss to interpret its meaning: Cobby was doubtless receiving orders to be on his guard, and not to lose sight of the suspicious guide. Several times did the heart of the latter feel incensed against the Swedes, who, although necessary to the attainment of his object, he in reality detested. Several times did the thought rise within him of meriting their suspicions;—of springing forward, and raising the alarm at the city gates. This thought, however much it proceeded from mixed motives, was at least

patriotic, and seemed to be the last effort of his better angel : but pride overcame, and he remained true to his purpose. Consequently, the troops arrived unobserved, under cover of the darkness, close to the walls of the fortification. This, according to the agreed plan, was the point of separation. Königs-mark intended to halt with his corps ; whilst Odowalsky and Copsy—with pioneers bearing the instruments necessary to break open the gates,—marching across to the left toward the Hradschin, were to seek out that unguarded point of the fortification already provided with a bribed picquet,—to press in, and open the Strahöwer-gate to the Swedes waiting outside.

Every thing was carried on in the greatest order and deepest silence. At a certain distance, outside the gate, Königs-mark drew up with the cavalry. Odowalsky, however, and Copsy dismounted their party, and approached the Hradschin on foot. Here every thing was found as Odowalsky had prepared it ; the words—“ God be with us,” were given :

the sentry made round to the right toward the city-gate; the Swedes proceeded without interruption through the unguarded opening in the wall, and arrived at the Hradschin-square, from whence they speedily proceeded to the Strahöwer-gate. But here Odowalsky had not been able to succeed: it was occupied by trusty soldiers. As the Swedes approached, the sentry challenged in vain, and found they were enemies; they gave fire, but fell immediately after—the sacrifice to their fidelity—beneath the blows of Odowalsky and his party. Previously, however, two or three men had been despatched by the officer on guard, to the citadel; for the purpose of giving the alarm, and informing the commandant in all possible haste of the attack of the enemy. He then, with the small number of his troops, protracted an heroic resistance as long as he could, convinced that every moment gained was so much lost to the enemy; nor was it till after himself and his small troop had fallen, that the Swedes (whom this delay had enraged) succeeded in forcing

open the gate, which at length gave way to the strokes of the pioneers, and falling, displayed an uninterrupted prospect to the Swedish cavalry, who were waiting without, and who immediately sprang forward, and galloped straight toward the Hradschin-square, where they drew up in order.

With feelings of great triumph, Königsmark saw himself so far advanced, and he now no longer doubted but that he should, in a short time, be master of all Prague. He acknowledged that Odowalsky had guided him faithfully; and as a proof of his confidence, ordered him to hasten with a select body through the city to the bridge, in order to ensure a passage into the Old Town.

But the engagement at the Strahöwergate, and the firing of several shots, had already alarmed a part of the neighbouring inhabitants. Confused and terrified, the people sprang from their beds: they beheld hostile troops amid the streets of the Hradschin, and fell as soon as they appeared,—for, even before they could plan any scheme

of resistance, they were pierced by Swedish bullets—the enemy's troops having received orders to fire at every one they might see in the streets or at the windows.

The alarm soon spread to the royal palace. Sentinels cried out, shots were fired, and the inhabitants awoke in terror out of the confusion of their first sleep, after a day passed in intoxicating pleasure. Count Martinitz was one of the first who, shaking off the trammels of slumber, seized his arms before he well knew the cause of the tumult. At this moment his servant rushed into his bed-room, exclaiming: "Save yourself, my Lord! The Swedes are in the Palace!"—The Count was roused at this; for he imagined that fear or intoxication had made the man exaggerate an accidental tumult into the presence of the enemy, who, according to his own opinion, were yet many miles distant. He was therefore still angrily disputing with the servant, who, maintaining his assertion, was endeavouring to persuade the Count to immediate flight, when one of his daughters, pale as

death, rushing into the room, repeated the news, and immediately afterward an officer of the guard entered with the information—“that the Swedes, in some inconceivable way, had surprised the city, and their cavalry, even now, were stationed in the Hradschin-square.”

“Well, let us drive them out!” exclaimed the old man, seizing his sword: and ordering his servants to reach down his pistols quickly, he desired the officer to occupy all the entrances in the best possible manner.

“That is already attended to, your Excellency,” replied the officer; “but I fear it will not prove of much use; our number is but small, and the enemy is strong.”

“Send down into the town, then, for a reinforcement!” At this moment a terrible noise was heard close at hand; doors were burst open, shots fired, and cries of terror and despair resounded through the apartments. “They are *here!*” exclaimed the Count’s secretary, who with some others of

the household rushed in from a back door ;
“ save yourself, my Lord !”

— “ Not I, in truth !” exclaimed Martinitz ;
“ the heretics shall never say that the Upper
Burgraf of Bohemia fled before them. The
Emperor has entrusted to me the station and
the palace. I *dare* not stir from my post.
Stand by me, friends !” exclaimed he, placing
himself so advantageously as he spoke, that
the first Swedes who pressed forward through
the forcibly opened door met with a warm
reception from himself and his armed com-
panions. But the struggle did not last long ;
through every passage the Swedes poured in,
finding here and there amongst the menials
of the palace but too faithful guides ! Re-
sistance, therefore, was mere idleness, parti-
cularly as a Swede, enraged at the Count's
furious attack, aimed a heavy stroke at his
head, which stretched the old man senseless
on the ground.

Upon this, all surrendered, stipulating only
for themselves and for the safety of the per-
sons of their lord and his family, all which

was granted by the Swedish leader. The Count was placed upon his couch: his lamenting daughter, together with several attendants, provided him with every necessary aid, and, drowned in their own distresses, they troubled themselves less about the wild horde, who now, at the command of their leader, (leaving the chamber of the wounded Count, whom they declared to be their prisoner of war,) ransacked the rest of the apartments in the palace, slew all who opposed them, and seized whatever they took a fancy to.

From the palace and the Hradschin-square the noise and terror now spread farther into the city. As yet, however, the greatness of the danger and its real nature was not known, until the voice of the messenger who had hastened from the Strahöwer-gate into the town, with the cry of terror—"The Swedes are in the city!"—awoke likewise the inhabitants of the other districts. The women screamed, and the men sprang to their weapons, hurrying disorderly into the streets.

Small bodies soon collected here and there, but were deficient in a knowledge of the true state of things, as well as in presence of mind. The facts, however, became gradually known in every direction: the drums were beat, and a corps of regular troops (summoned by the messenger formerly alluded to) marched up the steep leading to the Hradschin.—At last the tumult penetrated into that solitary part of the town wherein was situated the Waldstein-palace.

Albert had not left it. Joanna not having yet arrived, he wandered up and down the moonlit walks of the garden, and having just reached the small lake, whereon he had yesterday enjoyed such a happy tour, was thinking of their water excursion,—of the silent delight which beamed from Joanna's eyes, and the mind displayed in all her expressions. How amiable seemed her confidence evinced (even against her father's will) toward him!

At that moment he heard shots at a distance; but supposing them to be indicative of some innocent amusement or continuation

of the pleasures of the day, he took no further notice. The reports, however, were renewed, stronger and more frequent. At the same time it appeared to him as if he heard, in the adjacent streets, cries and tumult. He hurried, therefore, quickly through the garden into the house, where he was met by Bertram, full of terror.

“What noise is that?” cried Waldstein.

“Alas, my Lord, I know not; I fear it is some tumult”—

“Open the gate—I will see.”

“Oh, for heaven’s sake, my Lord, do not! You might, perchance, encounter the rioters. It is no doubt some drunken people coming from the festival.”

“No, no,” returned Waldstein, “this is no drunken fray. Do you not hear the tread of cavalry descending from the Hradschin?”

“It is the patrol—they have been summoned, no doubt.”

“It is the heavy tread of horses. Good heavens!” continued he, after a moment’s

thought, "can it be *the Swedes*? Hark! they are sounding the alarm bells!"

Just then, indeed, the alarm was really heard from the bells of St. Thomas, which were answered by the other towers.

"It is the Swedes!" pursued Waldstein; "my fears are true. Open the gate, Bertram, I must get out. Do you hear the drums? Our troops are in motion—open the gate!"—but the poor attached old man hesitated.

Meantime the household had collected together in the court in a state of terror. With various exclamations they surrounded their young lord; whilst without the noise became louder and the ringing of the bells more violent. Bertram saw and understood his master's peremptory look and motion; the gate was unbarred, and the nephew of the great Friedland, sword in hand, rushed forth.

"Oh, my daughter!" cried Bertram, in a voice of anguish, "in this night of terror where can she be!"

"Where we all are—in the hands of God!"

exclaimed Waldstein, turning round once more; "if I can be His instrument in saving her it will render me happy!" With these words he flew away, whilst his people remained standing in a kind of stupor at the gate.

As Waldstein approached one of the squares, he plainly heard the sound of swords clashing and the report of muskets. It was a sign that the enemy was at the same time in different parts of the city, whilst here in the square they were already engaged hand to hand. From out several houses was heard the cry of lamentation, where, perhaps, some Swedes had penetrated, or one of the inhabitants had been killed. Straggling dark forms fled along close to the walls, in order to escape unobserved from the enemy—loud alarms re-echoed from every side—and the darkness of the night increased the amount of uncertainty and terror.

By the light of torches, Waldstein recognised a body of men with the Swedish uniform, and was now convinced there must

have been some monstrous act of treachery perpetrated to deliver Prague into the hands of the enemy. He quickly guessed at the intention of the Swedes to proceed to the bridge, and secure the passage to the Old Town.

It was Odowalsky, with his corps, to whom a small body of Imperialists was just now opposed. The idea of warning the Old Town flashed through Albert's mind. Like an arrow, he darted along the houses toward the Bridge-street; at the top of which, his progress was intercepted by a wounded person, who was groaning, and slowly dragging himself along. Compassion induced our hero to assist this unfortunate being; whilst, on the other hand, his object demanded the greatest haste.

The reflection of a passing light in the hands of a fugitive fell upon Waldstein's figure; and the wounded man calling out his name, Albert recognised poor Predetten, who, at that moment, fell down, expiring.

“Heavens! is it you?” exclaimed Wald-

stein, as he bent over his unfortunate friend. Predetten reached out his hand to him: "It is all over with me," he feebly ejaculated; "hasten to the Old Town—I wished to give the alarm—but now—tell them to occupy the bridge strongly, and they may yet save the two other districts. Hasten, hasten, Waldstein—God be with you!" and he sank back exhausted.

Waldstein could not leave the unhappy man to lie helpless here, where the foot of the coming enemy might trample upon him. He lifted him up, therefore, and laid him under the nearest gate-way. He no longer exhibited signs of motion. Had he fainted, or was he dead? To ascertain this point, Waldstein had no time. He seized the hat and dark mantle of the once-gay Predetten, wrapped himself up therein, and, leaving his own rich dress, (which might have betrayed him,) with the dying man, hastened on, profoundly agitated at all the horrors which he had witnessed, toward the gate of the Kleinseite, in order to execute his original

plan—that which Predetten had vainly desired to accomplish. He was already in sight of the river, when the unequal fight in the square having terminated, he heard the enemy advancing, and redoubled his speed. Beyond the middle of the bridge, he was rendering up his ardent prayer to all the saints whose images he was flying past, for the preservation of his native city, when the Swedes pressed also through the first bridge-tower, and gained upon him. Some not unfamiliar voice exclaimed “Fire!” and Albert felt a ball enter his shoulder. The blood flowed copiously; — but he regarded not that, hastening on as fast as his wound would permit. The pain was scarcely felt, but the loss of blood began to weaken him; and, while anxiety urged him on, faintness checked his steps. Thus he reached, at length, the bridge-tower on the side of the Old Town. The alarm-bells had already awakened the terrified garrison. One body had formed itself in the Ring; another marched, in double quick time, up the Jesuit-

street, (which leads to the bridge,) and was near the Tower when Albert reached it. Pale and bleeding, he hurried toward the soldiers, and crying out, "The Swedes are in Prague! save the Old Town!" he sank, fainting, at the feet of the officer who commanded the detachment.

The Swedish troops, in considerable force, were now seen advancing, and soon recognised as enemies, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, by their general appearance and the birch-boughs in their caps. They had already passed the central arch of the bridge, and presented a speedy confirmation of the shouts of the wounded man, who, meanwhile, had been conveyed, in a senseless state, to a more secure place. The gate leading to the bridge was shut in great haste, the guard mounted, and the Austrians ready to repel force by force. The assailants rushed toward the gate, but found it shut, and their attempt to force it was answered by a volley of musket-shot.

Thrice did they renew the attack, and as

many times were they repulsed by the fire of the Imperial troops. At last, Odowalsky perceived that, for the present, very little could be done without heavy artillery. He, therefore, sullenly retreated to the Kleinseite, not without annoyance from the bullets of the Austrians, which harassed his men as long as they were within reach. He left, however, part of his regiment behind, to occupy the bridge-works.

He had no doubt but that the single fugitive whom he had recognised making full speed toward the Old Town, had been the cause of his disappointment. He was therefore extremely desirous to know who that fugitive might be, in order to be revenged upon him in the event of his getting possession of the remainder of the town, of which he entertained no doubt.

Dejected, and out of humour, he proceeded with his soldiers along the bridge-road, toward the Kleinseitner-Ring, meeting every where Swedish troops, both infantry and cavalry, moving through the streets,—

a sign that the Kleinseite had surrendered without any farther struggle or resistance. But quite at the end of the street, and before they arrived at the Ring, (which was occupied by Swedish cavalry), two of the soldiers stumbled against a dead body that lay close to a house; and a richly embroidered cloak, together with a magnificent cap with white nodding plumes, showed that the young man—for they could so far distinguish his features in the dark—must have been of rank and fortune. The soldiers greedily stripped off the splendid uniform, and then began to quarrel about their spoil, every one preferring the cloak to the cap: but, on minute examination, a rich button and loop, set with brilliants, was discovered upon the latter, which gave things another turn, amply satisfying the discontent appropriators. This splendid beginning, indeed, afforded bright prospects of the wealth to be anticipated from the taking of a town that had been, for so many centuries past, and until very lately, the residence of emperors and kings, as well as of

an opulent nobility. Yet the men were obliged to check their impatience and avarice for the present, as Königsmark's strict command prohibited any one from leaving the ranks. Each had orders to remain with his company; and night, coupled with their total ignorance of the place, and the possibility of being surprised by the enemy, rendered this precaution highly necessary.

The Swedish troops, therefore, after having silenced the weak resistance opposed to them in the castle, and in various parts of the Kleinseite, remained under arms all night. Few of the inhabitants were to be seen in the streets; and those who did venture forth paid for their temerity with loss of life. Thus, the city which had, a short time before, been so gay, was now become still and solitary as the grave; and this horrible silence was only interrupted, at intervals, by lamentations uttered over the couch of the dead or mortally wounded—or by the sentinels challenging each other upon their posts. How much is the apparent duration of time affected by

circumstance ! This short summer's night seemed as if it would have no end !

When, at length, the first ray of morning, so anxiously longed for by many a heart, beamed over Prague, it only seemed to lend its light to the enemy, and to renew and complete the horrors of the night. For, as soon as Königsmark found himself, after strict inquiry, secure from every possible danger, and that all necessary measures had been taken against unexpected attack, he permitted his troops, who had hitherto kept together in considerable numbers, to disperse, sent them into quarters, and gave them leave to plunder.

Now began the fears and horrors of an hostile attack, in another and even more terrific manner. The Swedes broke into the houses. Harsh treatment, nay, all sorts of cruelty was committed ; whoever offered resistance was put to the sword ; many, especially of the most eminent and opulent citizens, were made close prisoners, in order either to use them as hostages or to extort

enormous sums of money for their ransom. The churches were plundered and profaned; even the unoffending often wantonly knocked down or killed; and the greater part of those valuables which had either remained or been again collected together after the action near the Weisse Berg, (which had already cost Prague the greatest share of its treasures,) now became the prey of an insolent enemy. For, though the two other parts were spared, the Kleinseite, owing to its vast number of gorgeous edifices, including the royal palace and the arsenal of the Hradschin, (which were in direct communication with it,) was decidedly the most important and richest quarter of the whole city.

CHAPTER XII.

WE will now return to the inmates of the Castle of Troy, who reached home on this eventful night in perfect safety, though unaccompanied by any one save their usual attendants; for, however gallantly Leopold had offered himself to Helen as long as there seemed a necessity for his services, he did not press them when that necessity appeared to vanish. He therefore took leave of the family at the threshold of the Palace, and amused himself, as he returned home over the bridge (at that time still quiet), with speculations on the singular behaviour of Albert and Helen.

The latter, on reaching her apartment, found her mother, who jointly occupied it, still awake; and, alarmed at Helen's pale looks

hear the firing? I thought you had been long awake, and wished to know if any thing could be seen as well as heard, from hence."

Madame de Berka, slowly shaking off the stupor of sleep, assured the Baron that she had rested quietly, until a few minutes since; —and, on saying this, she went toward the window, followed by the Baron, and both were terrified, as if by a ghost, at the sight of the young lady sitting there pale and motionless, her eyes immoveably directed to the window.

"Helen!" cried her mother, "what ails you?"

The sound of her name, together with the sight of her uncle and mother, in some measure restored Helen to her senses. With uplifted hands, but without being able as yet to utter a tone, she pointed to Prague; and the old people thought they were to understand by this that the terror of the firing had alarmed her. On opening the window, it did not admit of a doubt but that something extremely serious must be going on in the

city: and the Baron, after having looked awhile and made his observations, resolved to send an express thither by way of Lieben, as the shorter road by water would, owing to the darkness of the night, have been attended with too many difficulties.

He left the room. Madame de Berka remained a little longer at the window, and Helen with her, still terribly agitated. The firing began to subside by degrees, and at length, after having lasted about an hour, dropped entirely.

“Now 'tis all over,” said Helen, with a deep sigh, “and what is done—is done!” At these words she rose with difficulty from her chair, and tottered toward her bed, shivering as if from a fit of the ague. Her mother hastened to her assistance; the old lady was herself much agitated and perplexed, both by the state in which she saw her daughter, and by anxiety to learn the cause of the commotion; she rang for the maid, ordered some strengthening medicines, and wished to persuade Helen to take them; who, how-

ever, obstinately refused. "The morrow will decide all," said she, in an inward tone.

"Will decide what?" asked her mother.

"Between life and death," continued Helen, still speaking and looking as if utterly abstracted.

"Good God!" exclaimed the old lady, "between life and death? Do you feel so very ill, then? Tell me now, my own girl, what has happened? I fear your spirits are over-strained, what with the noise of the festivity and these unlooked-for horrors!"

Helen answered not; her conflicting emotions, in fact, almost deprived her of utterance. In vain did her mother endeavour to administer consolation; the only reply she could obtain was—"If you love me, leave me alone; I am unable to speak to you at present."

Madame de Berka shook her head, as she obeyed and laid herself down; but the gentle sleep returned not to her. With a mother's anxiety she watched each breath of her beloved child, and this immediate cause of her

apprehension banished from her thoughts every thing that concerned the strange doings in Prague.

At last, morning dawned on these wretched beings ; but the express whom Baron von Zelstow had despatched to Prague was not yet returned. This delay seemed incomprehensible ; but the worst was soon confirmed, when some peasants entered the Castle much alarmed, and reported that the Swedes had surprised the Kleinseite in the night, and put all the inhabitants to the sword, so that scarcely any one survived the slaughter,—and that the streets were running with blood ! Such exaggerations, however, being common, the Baron and his family knew that great allowances were to be made ; still, it was plain that the story must be but too well founded in fact, and could no longer be doubted, as all the reports agreed in this point, that the Swedes had made themselves masters of the town.

What was to be hoped for, what to be feared, by the inhabitants of the environs ?

These were the thoughts that now suggested themselves to every one, and the former courage of the Baron, who had once fought under Tilly, revived. He examined the Castle, carefully inspected the preparations for defence, ordered all his people to make themselves familiar with their arms, and assigned to the women the task of supplying the Castle with provision.

With the first ray of morning Helen hastily rose, and went into the garden, in spite of all the remonstrances of her mother, who thought her dangerously ill. But she expected the report which Odowalsky had promised her, and which she could only receive in private. At length her faithful maid appeared with a note in *his* hand-writing, which alone sufficed to lighten her heart of a very heavy load. It contained but a few lines, written in terms unintelligible save to themselves. Their purport was:—that her friend had mainly succeeded in his enterprise, unhurt by either bullet or sword. The entrance into the town had been effected with trifling

loss. He was now expecting an ample recompense—not so much from Königsmark as from Christiana herself, whom he looked on as his future sovereign. He hoped shortly to see Helen, and verbally communicate to her farther details.

Trembling with mixed sensations of anxiety and delight, the young lady was scarcely able to read the note. When she had finished, she thanked God in fervent prayer for the fulfilment of her fondest wishes, and then endeavouring to calm her agitated spirits, (that she might not attract observation in the Castle,) retired to her chamber. If her mother was before astonished at the ghastly looks of her daughter, she was now no less so at the expression of cheerfulness and gaiety which beamed on her features. But it was still in vain to ask her any questions. Helen persisted in saying that she felt to-day exactly as she had done yesterday, and that, with the exception of the sudden fright, nothing had ailed her.

At length the Baron's messenger returned.

He had not been able to proceed farther than to the Altstadt, and had remained no longer than was necessary to receive authentic intelligence. His account partly confirmed what was already known; the Kleinseite was in the hands of the enemy, though the other two quarters of the town had not yet capitulated. But the report brought by the messenger, of the horrors, pillaging and murders, which the Swedes had been guilty of, both on the night of the attack, and the following morning, was truly heart-rending to those who had so many friends and relations in the town. Neither sex nor age had been spared: the Governor of the Castle was imprisoned, as was likewise the greater part of the persons of rank and consideration. Field Marshal Count Colloredo, the Commander-in-Chief, had, however, made his escape, though not without imminent danger, over the Moldavia, in a small boat. The despairing inhabitants of the Kleinseite were seen on the roofs of their houses, and on the steeples, ringing their hands, and imploring assistance from the

inhabitants of the two other quarters of the town—who, helpless and perplexed, had enough to do to defend themselves, as the enemy, having drawn the pieces of artillery out of the arsenal of the Hradschin, had planted them on the ramparts opposite the Altstadt, and now began to bombard the districts which had hitherto escaped.

It was wise to anticipate the speedy arrival of the unwelcome visitors at Troy. None of them, however, made their appearance during the whole of this day. They were indeed busily employed between the distribution of the troops at head-quarters, and the pillage of the town, which lasted three whole days. Odowalsky meanwhile, together with every one of his soldiers, had orders not to remove to any distance from the Kleinseite,—because Königsmark kept them strictly together, from fear of treachery, and distrust of his own good fortune. It was not till the third day, and after being thoroughly convinced that there was no reasonable ground for alarm, that he began to think of diminish-

ing the garrison and stationing some of his troops in the surrounding country, of which he was anxious to secure possession.

At the same time, some recompense was thought of for Odowalsky. He had waited for it with much impatience, and found it below his expectation, when Königsmark, in presence of all the officers of the regiment, delivered to him the commission of a colonel of dragoons, and likewise a patent of Swedish nobility, with the title of De Streitberg—a name which he had formerly assumed. In addition to this, a considerable part of the booty had, it is true, fallen to his share. But his wishes were more aspiring, and more consonant to the important services which he thought he had rendered the Swedish army. Indeed it appeared to him that he had not only just claims to the rank of a general, and to the property of the palace of Waldstein, but likewise to other estates and domains, in the event of Prague and the greater part of Bohemia coming into undisputed possession of the Swedes. He had found means to acquaint

Königsmark with these pretensions, through the medium of Coppy, who was his friend and greatly esteemed by Königsmark,—who, nevertheless, had taken no notice of it; and thus, his late promotion, however honourable and important, seemed of little value to the ambitious mind of Odowalsky.

On the second day after the taking of the town, preparations were made by the enemy to extend themselves. A bridge was thrown over the river, near Lieben, in order to afford means of attacking the places on the opposite shore by land, as likewise to secure communication with the neighbourhood. The inhabitants of Troy were not ignorant of these movements, and considered the time when the Swedes would pay them a visit as very near. Gloomy expectation, discontent, and fear took possession of the minds of all. Helen was the only person who appeared calm, and she was even gay, for which circumstance, together with her conduct on the eventful night, her uncle could in no other way account, but by that peculiarity of cha-

racter which is intimidated only by uncertainty, but boldly looks positive danger in the face. He was pleased hereat ; since, in his arrangements, he derived great assistance from this sensible girl.

Meantime, night came on ; and just as the family was assembled in the apartments of the Baroness, they suddenly heard the sound of Swedish trumpets in the village behind the castle ;—the enemy was there.

This sound re-echoed in every heart, and filled all but one with terror. Helen's bosom alone beat with joyful expectation. Could it be he ? She could hardly doubt it ; she estimated the extent of his services as entitling him to every recompense, much more to the trifling distinction of choosing his own headquarters. At the same moment a servant entered and brought the news—that a Swedish colonel with a detachment of cavalry was in the village, to take up his quarters there, and wished to wait on the Lord of the Castle.

“ A Colonel of the enemy ? And wishes

to wait on me?" said Zelstow surprised: "He surely must be a prodigy of good-breeding! Don't you know his name?"

"De Streitberg," replied the servant.

"De Streitberg?—Streitberg?—That's a German name," said the Baron—adding, as he turned to the domestic, "I will receive the Colonel. He does me much *honour*; I dare say it is one of those Germans," continued he, "who lend their arms and blood to the enemy, in order to make their countrymen miserable. Well, let us go to meet the fellow!" And, so saying, he rose from his seat and proceeded to the great saloon which led into the grounds of the Castle.

He had scarcely reached the balcony, when he perceived the Colonel,—a tall, stately man, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, with some others of his staff—coming toward the foot of the stair-case. The Swedish leader stopt a moment, probably to see whether Baron von Zelstow would not come down to him; but when the latter, politely bowing,

remained where he was, he ascended the steps, saluted his host, and announced to him, that he was come to quarter his troops in the village, but for his own person and suite begged permission to take up his residence in the Castle.

Now, this language from a Swedish officer, who stood there as a conqueror, was complaisant enough. Baron von Zelstow thought as much, and immediately gave the necessary orders, after which he was requested by the Colonel to introduce him to his family. This request, made on so short an acquaintance, much surprised the Baron; for he had intended to keep them as completely as possible from all intercourse with the rude soldiery. However, there was nothing to be done but to comply; and, accordingly, the Baron sent over to the ladies, that they might be prepared for the intended visit.

The two elder ladies were terribly frightened, whilst in Helen's heart all was sunshine. *It was he!* The very name of Streitberg sounded familiar to her ears. One

crimson blush rapidly succeeded another on her blooming cheek, her eyes beamed with transport, and, but for the consternation of her mother and the Baroness, they must needs have noticed the evident marks of rapture on Helen's features. She soon recovered her self-possession, however,—reflecting that she had still a part to play, and must not allow her relations to suspect that she and Colonel Streitberg were old acquaintances.

“I'm resolved not to receive him in my own rooms,” said Madam von Zelstow; “cousin Berka, and you, Helen, have the kindness to follow me into the saloon!”

The exchange of glances between Odowalsky and Helen sufficed to convince both of their mutual love, of their happiness, and of secrecy. Madame von Zelstow received the Swedish colonel with dignified politeness; and Odowalsky, or rather Streitberg, as he was now called, had sufficient self-command to behave modestly enough for a victorious enemy.

The forms of introduction having been gone

had become of him. But having been informed of the favourable turn affairs in Prague had taken, she had no farther apprehensions as to his personal safety:—for the Altstadt had been hitherto spared by the enemy, and it was there that Waldstein dwelt. In the first undisturbed interview with her lover, however, she intended to obtain conclusive information on this subject,—the only speck that partially clouded the bright horizon of her happiness. She would not, indeed, venture to originate the mention of Waldstein's name before Odowalsky, lest it should excite in him a feeling of jealousy; but she felt sure, somehow or other, that he would himself advert to it.

During the remainder of this evening, the lovers could find no opportunity for a *tête-à-tête*. The domestic affairs of the house, and the public business, respectively afforded constant occupation both to Helen and the Colonel. Thus the time of supper and of retiring succeeded each other, but not without

means having been found to agree upon an early meeting next morning in a secluded part of the gardens of the castle.

The interview took place. While most of the inmates were yet asleep, Helen, fresh and blooming as the morning, which was beginning to dawn upon the cheerful landscape, tripped down stairs, and Odowalsky soon followed by a different road through the shady walks of the garden; and even supposing they had been observed by any one, who could put an improper construction upon the *accidental* meeting of the young lady and the Colonel?

As soon as he saw her at a distance, and was convinced they were unnoticed, he sprang forward, pressed her to his breast, and was for some minutes deprived of utterance by joyful emotion. Helen rioted in the delightful thought of being thus faithfully and ardently beloved by a hero. She, too, was unable to speak; but tears expressed her feelings more eloquently than words could have done; and, gently putting aside her curling locks, Odowalsky kissed off the pearls

that chased each other down his mistress's rosy cheeks. The storm of sensibility subsided by degrees, and transport yielded to more level emotions. Helen made several inquiries as to the events of the last days; and in answer, Odowalsky related to her what the reader already knows.

Helen soon saw that all he had hitherto attained failed to satisfy her friend; and feeling much hurt at this discovery, she concurred with him in deeming the Swedish court ungrateful, Königsmark meanly envious, and the rest of the Swedes insolent and hateful barbarians. As to her own hopes, Odowalsky seemed to think their fulfilment remote. He neither could nor would offer her his hand but in the character of a general. He considered neither his honours nor riches as yet sufficient to insure to his wife that splendour which, in his mind, was the due of her beauty and accomplishments. The distribution of houses in Prague, that had been planned at Pilsen—partly in jest, partly in earnest—had been rejected by Königsmark, who rationally alleged its impracticability, unless they

were possessed of the two other parts of the town.

“ But don't be uneasy !” added Odowalsky : “ I shall still thwart these proud, cold-hearted Swedes. Only let these two quarters of the town be taken, (an event which cannot be delayed much longer, for I know they are greatly in want of troops and arms)—then, as soon as the Count Palatine arrives, I both can and will hold another language.”

“ And do you really believe,” asked Helen, “ that both quarters of the town will so easily surrender ?”

“ They must. How would it be possible for them to hold out ? General Wurtemberg and the Prince are on their march hither. To these I shall make known who I am, and the services I have rendered. I have already paved the way to the Count Palatine's favour ; and through him Christiana shall be acquainted with the true state of things.”

“ But what can Königsmark harbour in his mind against you ?”

“ That which all inferior minds entertain in reference to higher ones—envy and jea-

to account for it, in a manner which I can never forgive."

"How so?"

"A fellow ran just before us across the bridge.—I sent a few shots after him, and one of them must have hit him, for we found in his track the marks of fresh blood."

"O, the unhappy wretch!" exclaimed Helen involuntarily.

"Say rather, the scoundrel! He deprived me of the greatest part of my fame and advantage. Had the Altstadt not been warned, had they not barricadoed the bridge when we were not so much as two hundred paces distant from it—the whole of Prague would have been ours."

"Yet do not call him *scoundrel*. The man has at least rendered an important service to his native place."

"It may at first sight appear so; but in reality it is different. They must now endure the siege, and have yet to undergo all the fright and horror which would otherwise by this time have been over."

Helen made no reply. The image of the

unknown, who, for the sake of his country, valued not his blood,—who hurried on though severely wounded, and perhaps sacrificed his life by his undaunted resolution, constantly intruded itself on her mind, and she could not help admiring him. Odowalsky continued bitterly to complain of Königs-mark and the Swedes in general, till the sound of the trumpets announced to him that his soldiers were collecting. They now settled how and when they should meet again, and then separated ;—the Colonel proceeding to the village where his troops were assembled, and Helen to her domestic occupations in the castle.

But the rapture wherewith she was animated in the morning had now given place to all kinds of melancholy thoughts. She felt indeed the blessing of her friend being still alive, and under the same roof, but there were many disagreeable feelings mixed up with her satisfaction ; nor did she feel pleased with Odowalsky that he had eluded all mention of his having been saved by Waldstein, the consciousness of which service, however,

appeared to influence his manner when alluding to him.

A few hours after her return, as she was walking through the saloon, she heard a loud conversation that seemed likely to terminate in a quarrel, and which induced her to look out from the balcony. Here she saw some privates belonging to the squadron of the Colonel, standing below and seemingly offering for sale to the servants several valuable jewels and articles of wearing apparel,—most probably booty from the unfortunate town. Among other things, Helen observed a very handsome mantle of green velvet, richly embroidered, which one of the soldiers was showing to the Steward. The colour and pattern of the embroidery appeared not unknown to her, and as she was looking at it more attentively, one of the dragoons observed her, and in an instant was on the stairs, requesting her to look at an article of jewellery he possessed, “and which,” said the man, with that license unfortunately too common under similar circumstances, “is worthy of being placed in such lovely hands.”

Helen looked very grave on receiving this compliment; but the Swede, by no means daunted, pulled from his bosom a button and loop of great value and exquisite workmanship, which he presented to her. It was a kind of bouquet worked after the fashion of those times, and a Bohemian garnet of uncommon size, tastefully set with brilliants, formed the centre of it. Helen examined the trinket with much circumspection. The more she looked at it, the more familiar did it appear; and suddenly, like a flash of lightning the thought occurred to her, that it was the clasp she had two days before seen in Waldstein's cap. She was horror-struck, and instantly recognized the mantle likewise; it was Waldstein's, which he had worn when he appeared at the entertainment of the Upper Burgraf. A dreadful conjecture rushed through her mind, for she now distinctly saw spots of blood on the green velvet of the mantle. She trembled so as to be obliged to support herself by the ballustrade, nor was it without the greatest effort that she asked the dragoon, how they came by the mantle?

The latter, addressing himself to his comrade, who was standing below, said:—
“What passed respecting that man you found lying in the street? Come up, Biörn, and tell the lady all about it: you know I was not present.”

The dragoon accordingly ascended the steps, and reported to Helen that they had found the mantle the night before last, wrapped round a corpse, upon the road leading to the Moldavia bridge.

“A corpse?” repeated Helen, trembling, and scarce able to support herself.

“Yes, lady; as far as we could perceive in the dark that of a young man, rather slim and tall. Both cloak and cap lay near him. I took the mantle, and Olaf, my comrade, the cap.”

“And are you Olaf?” inquired Helen, turning to the other soldier.

“No, Madam: Olaf let me have the cap and ornament in lieu of some linen which I took from a house on the Hradschin.”

“And the young man was *dead*?” reiterated Helen, in faltering accents.

“Even already cold,” answered the first speaker.

“It is well,” said she, turning, as she spoke, toward the saloon.

“But, my lady,” cried the soldier, stepping after her, “wo’n’t you buy my ornament?”

Helen paused. She took the clasp, and as she looked at it, the tears were ready to break forth. The image of Waldstein stood before her as he had been—invested with youth and manly beauty. He was dead! and she—what part had she borne in a consummation so grievous? This idea, rapidly passing through her agitated bosom, was succeeded by that of rescuing these dear remains from profane hands.

The Swede named his price. “But I will not take the ornament unless you let me have the mantle also,” said Helen.” The other man hastened to fetch it: the bargain was soon concluded; and Helen, in possession of her relics—for such she considered them—hastened to her apartment, where, bursting into tears, she sank on a chair, and involun-

tarily recalled all the passages of her intercourse with the nephew of Friedland.

Odowalsky dreamt not of all this. His military duties, together with his private affairs, threatened to prevent him from enjoying Helen's company during the day; but in the evening he passed over to Troy, and the family could not well refuse his desire of spending an hour in their company before supper, especially as he expressed this wish very politely; and the conduct of "Colonel Streitberg" was such generally as no member of the household could possibly object to. Even the Baron himself would have willingly conversed with his travelled, well-informed guest, (who was a thorough man of the world,) had he not been a Swede.

In this manner some days past, tolerably quiet, considering the turbulent period. The Colonel maintained the strictest discipline among his soldiers, and the Baron took care they should be supplied with every thing requisite. The only cloud that now hung over Troy, and disturbed its tranquillity, arose from the intelligence occasionally received

from Prague—the news of some friend or acquaintance who had lost either life or fortune—the details of so many scenes of bloodshed—and, finally, the certainty of the Swedes being about to besiege the other parts of the city. It was not a little distressing to the feelings of the Baron to be obliged to lodge a body of these Swedes in his house—nay, to receive the officers at his own table, and thence to be under the painful necessity of keeping a strict watch over his expressions. There are, perhaps, many now living in Germany who know, by experience, the weight of such a necessity—with this distinction, however, that less refined times and manners, and, above all, difference of religion, which had then a more powerful influence on the actions of men, rendered the restraint more severe.

Nor had Streitberg thought it necessary, after the first few days of his stay, to observe any longer that studied reserve which he and Helen had hitherto assumed before her relatives. It weighed upon his heart, and he therefore threw it off, perfectly unconcerned

as to what the world might think. He seemed to imagine, indeed, that he was the proper master of the castle, and that his concessions were solely to be placed to Helen's account. The young lady's aunt and mother, as well as the Baron, soon discovered that the Swedish colonel was by no means insensible to the charms of the beautiful Helen. It did not, indeed, strike any one that they had known and loved each other before ; but even the discovery that was made was by no means agreeable to the family, and Helen herself wished that Odowalsky had made his approaches less obviously.

She ventured, in their solitary meetings, to touch, though tenderly, upon this point, entreating her lover to proceed with more caution. But here the proud renegade's anger broke forth, and he plainly told her that he saw no reason whatever why the *conqueror* should suffer himself to be under constraint in the presence of the *conquered*. He interrupted Helen's request, in fact, as one resulting merely from affectation or indifference ; and she, piqued at this, immediately gave it up.

The power exercised over her by his stern, resolute mind, was indeed so great, that she was inclined to regard whatever course he dictated as right and praiseworthy.

Meanwhile, there was good store of uneasiness fermenting in the fair damsel's breast. The declared hostility of her friends to the Colonel's attachment—the undecided state of things in Prague, where the unreduced districts were making every preparation for a gallant defence—and, especially, the supposed fate of Albert—all conspired to unhinge and depress her. Waldstein's image constantly hovered around her steps, and would not be bidden away! Every word—every look of his, on the last day they had spent together, recurred to her thoughts; she could not doubt that he had ardently loved her, and the very unaccountableness of his subsequent behaviour heightened the interest she took in his fate. Had he not, likewise, rescued her lover from imminent peril at his own risk?

Odowalsky's conduct, in reference to this latter circumstance, suffered considerably from contrast with Albert's. Helen could

not approve of his continued silence, particularly as the softened tone in which he spoke of the youth manifested that he felt the force of the obligation. It also surprised her greatly that he never touched upon the fact of Waldstein's death; indeed, in all the news they received from the Kleinseite, wherein the plunder or bodily hurt of some old companion was constantly included, no mention was ever made of Waldstein.

Gladly, oh, how gladly would she have nursed the hope, which these circumstances seemed to warrant, that he yet lived,—did not the apparent evidences of his death which she held in her possession forbid its indulgence!

END OF VOL. I.

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WALDSTEIN;

... ..

SWEDES IN PRAGUE.

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✓ *T. 1820*
WALDSTEIN;

OR, THE

SWEDES IN PRAGUE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MADAME C. PICHLER,

BY J. D. ROSENTHAL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

T. RODWELL, NEW BOND-STREET.

1828.

WALDSTEIN.

CHAPTER I.

WE have now, like Helen, for some time lost sight of our hero,—though not, like her, hopelessly. We left him lying in a senseless condition in a street beyond the contested bridge, whence he was conveyed, by order of the commanding officer, to a place of help and safety. From his regimentals, he had been at first taken for the ill-starred Predetten; nor was he recognised, till, on the soldiers lifting him from the ground, his hat fell off, and disclosed his exuberant curling locks, and fine Waldstein features.

While Odowalsky was furiously storming the watch-tower with his Swedes, determined to make a breach, some Bohemian soldiers, headed by an officer, were thus carrying Albert to his residence near the Clementinum, where Father Plachy (who, roused by the noise, had been induced to leave his room,) met them at the gate, where he was struck with terror and consternation on perceiving his beloved pupil in such a state. The reverend Father instantly dismissed all thoughts of curiosity, his mind being solely occupied with the danger of his charge. He caused him to be taken to his room, and laid in bed with the utmost care; a surgeon was immediately summoned, and Plachy's anxiety during the examination of the wound was extreme. It was most interesting to see the marked features of the stern ecclesiastic relaxing into affectionate solicitude, and subsequently warming into admiration, as he learned, that, in all probability, Albert had been the saving genius of the Old-Town of Prague. To his inexpressible joy, the surgeon proclaimed the

hurt to be not at all dangerous; the ball had not penetrated deep, and Waldstein's exhaustion had proceeded chiefly from over-exertion and loss of blood.

Our hero, on the recovery of his consciousness, became gradually aware of the circumstances under which he was placed, and of the persons by whom he was surrounded. His first question was, whether the bridge had been closed, and the Swedes checked?—and on this being answered in the affirmative, his eyes beamed with joy. He now wished to enter into particulars, and was about to relate what had taken place at the *Kleinseite*, but the surgeon interposed, and prescribed silence and quiet as being the only things his patient had need of. Plachy then received his instructions, and the room was cleared of all superfluous visitors. The Father took his place by the bed-side of his pupil. Waldstein looked at him with smiles. The thought that at least one half of his native place had been saved, and that he had been the instru-

ment of rescuing it, tranquillized his heart ; and, after awhile, he fell asleep.

For some time the reverend Father watched him ; and, when he felt convinced that there was no further ground for alarm, and that sleep must necessarily contribute to the speedy recovery of the patient, he ordered one of the servants to remain by the Count's bed-side, while he went out to inform himself of the precise state of things. Plachy knew several of the officers, and was allowed by them to ascend the steps of the bridge-tower. The earliest beam of the following morning found him again at the bed-side of his pupil ; and, as soon as the latter opened his eyes, they met those of his friend,—he might almost say, of his *father*,—so earnest and unremitting was Plachy's affection.

Albert, although he still felt weak, was evidently much improved : but his reflections did not tend to compose him.—What strange occurrences had taken place within the narrow space of a few hours !—from the time when he had met Helen upon the bridge !—

and what had become of *her* amidst these scenes of consternation and horror? Was she safe in Troy? Did the waters of the Moldavia afford sufficient shelter against the incursions of the enemy? He could not but see that this was hardly to be hoped; and the anxiety he felt on the point was so intense as to spread a hectic over his pale cheeks, and manifest itself in a shock which agitated his whole frame. At the same moment, Joanna too, by a singular though not unnatural association of ideas, crossed his mind. She had been to Margarethen; — the Swedes had chosen that road to Prague; had, perhaps, found the girl in the street; — and, if so — what nameless consequences might have ensued! — Thus was he hurled about by tormenting doubts and fears, and Plachy was apprehensive of his relapsing into severe illness, when a voice was heard exclaiming, “Is he still alive?” The door was opened, and Leopold entered. The alarm painted in his countenance, and the questions he had put to the servants, indicated what he had

feared. He was in an instant beside the couch of Albert, whose hand he seized, although unable, from excess of joy, to speak. "Dear Leopold!" at length cried Waldstein, "Did you, then, imagine I was dead?"

"You cannot possibly form an idea," replied Wulden, "of my consternation, when I was told, half an hour ago, that you were severely wounded, and not expected to live. I could not account for it in any way, the enemy not having succeeded in crossing the bridge,—nor did I hear your name mentioned when the ringing of the alarm-bells, and the cannonading, roused us first from our sleep.—Thank Heaven, you are spared to us!"

Father Plachy now interposed, enjoining Leopold to maintain quiet and silence, as much as possible, while he remained, since excitement was greatly to be dreaded on the part of the invalid; and having received the young men's promises to this effect, availed himself of Leopold's visit to go and perform his customary duty of reading the earliest mass at his church.

No sooner, however, had the worthy ecclesiastic quitted the sick chamber, than both youths forgot their promise, and after some explanation of the way in which he got his wound had been given by our hero, he proceeded to urge on his warm-hearted friend the fulfilment of two requests.—The first was, to procure some information about Helen and the castle of Troy.

“There will be no great difficulty in that,” said Leopold. “The communication is free at present, and I do not think the Swedes are yet on that side the water. Troy and its inhabitants must certainly be quite safe up to this time.”

“Do you think so?” exclaimed Albert, with sparkling eyes; “promise me, however, to ascertain not only what *is*, but what is likely to come. Were I not wounded, I would fly there myself.”

“Depend on it,” answered Wulden, “I will bring you a true and faithful account.—But you had something else upon your mind?”

Albert paused a few seconds, and then said, "Leopold, you are my friend; you know me, and therefore will not misunderstand me." What is coming now?—thought the gay visitor, as his friend delivered this strange exordium. Waldstein resumed: "The daughter of my house-steward on the Kleinseite—"

"Oh!" interrupted Wulden, "the pretty girl we yesterday met on the circus?"

"The same. She spent the whole of yesterday with a sick aunt in the Convent of St. Margaret, and was to return to Prague in the evening."

"Yesterday in the evening?" exclaimed Leopold, starting: "*yesterday!*—whilst the Swedes were marching on that road?"

"You now see the reasonableness of my anxiety. She had not returned at a late hour."

"How know you that?"

"Because," replied Waldstein, whilst a faint blush passed across his cheek, "because I happened to be with her father in the park when the Swedes broke in."

“Ho! ho!” cried Wulden: but a glance at that pale and anxious countenance sufficed to repress his intended raillery, and he observed, as if to himself, “It may have fared ill with the poor girl, should she have fallen in with the enemy.”

“Exactly: and you will perceive that I estimate your wish to oblige me highly, when I ask you to endeavour to find out what has become of her.”

“Hem!” muttered Wulden, “This is no easy task, either in the supposition that she remains at Margarethen, or has returned to Prague; for the Swedes closely occupy all that neighbourhood.—Yet, Albert, the effort shall be made. You shall have”—and his disposition to the jocular, spite of himself, burst forth—“as much information of both the rival beauties—of Helen of Troy, and the gardener’s daughter, as can, under existing circumstances, be obtained.”

The young men went on conversing upon passing events, until Plachy returned, his

sparkling eyes and animated features announcing some important news.—He had been to see the Primate Turck, who was in the greatest activity, preparing for the defence and provisioning of the town. The names of all persons able to bear arms were entered, and were to be mustered. The students of the Carolinum and Ferdinand Colleges were animated by one and the same feeling, and anxious to be supplied with muskets. But to procure these was no easy matter at the present crisis. The arsenal on the Hradschin had fallen into the hands of the Swedes. "Still," exclaimed Plachy, "brave hands, even without muskets, are better than a well-supplied arsenal without hands to wield them! We shall soon procure arms!"

"Yes!" cried Wulden: "nor shall willing hearts and lusty sinews be wanting."

"And I must lie crippled here!" exclaimed Waldstein.

"Patience, my son!" said Plachy: "you will be well before the struggle is ended. We shall have very hard work yet; and will cer-

tainly give the Swedes a reception which they have not bargained for."

During this conversation, the surgeon arrived. Wulden and Plachy fixed their looks on him, as he examined the wound; but the placid cheerfulness of his aspect imparted confidence to theirs, and at length the son of *Æsculapius* said, oracularly: "There is scarcely any need of dressing this wound afresh; youth has done more than art, and it is fast closing. I wish you joy, Count Waldstein! you may leave your bed."

"And the house also?" hastily interrogated our hero.

"Not just yet," answered the other. "In a few days."

"In a few days!" echoed Albert: "I shall at least be well enough to-morrow."

"You must allow me to be the best judge of that," answered the surgeon, as he took his hat: "To-morrow I will see you again."—He departed, and was soon followed by Leopold, after that ardent youth had interchanged congratulations, and felicitated his

friend on the prospect of their marching against the enemy together.

Waldstein spent the remainder of the day in his room, impatient on account of the confinement, and with a beating heart; whilst Plachy occasionally went out to gather intelligence, and returned with it to the invalid.

An undaunted spirit animated all the inhabitants of Prague. The remembrance of their former fame in arms, the memory of so many heroes of their nation, together with hatred against the Swedes, combined in persuading them to consolidate every effort toward a bold resistance. Muskets and other fire-arms in the possession of merchants or private individuals were put in requisition. This enabled them to accommodate several hundred persons, but still left a huge crowd of candidates unprovided, so that every offensive weapon was collected,—such as halberts, battle-axes, clubs, &c. Plachy, in whom a military spirit was now awakened, assembled the students of the theological and philosophical classes, and, going to the Provost,

offered to take the command of this corps. The Provost joyfully accepted his proposal, thinking it justified by the occasion;—and when the students in civil law and medicine, in the Carolinum, heard of the circumstance, all jealousy betwixt the two colleges was quickly at an end. Every youth felt only that he was a Bohemian, and that his country was in danger.

Early the next morning, they were all to meet in the Carolinum, and Plachy prepared to address them. Waldstein was highly delighted on hearing this. He, as well as Wulden, eagerly wished to attack the hateful invaders. —“We are no longer students,” said Albert; “yet I trust you will receive us into your ranks, Reverend Father! Let us make a first trial of our arms under your auspices!” Plachy cheerfully consented to this arrangement, and rejoiced in anticipation of the complete success of which so good a beginning, and such brave recruits, seemed to warrant the expectation.

It was in vain, on the following morning,

for the surgeon to remonstrate against Albert's going forth. In fact, the patient was nigh convalescent, and would scarcely yield to a few measures of precaution. His wounded arm was fortunately the left one. In other respects, he (as well as his two friends) made a soldier-like appearance, and wore a sword which his uncle had often used in battle, and had made him a present of, not without a feeling of mingled exaltation and melancholy. Plachy had still several arrangements to make, which Leopold beheld with considerable impatience, for he would have given the world to have a moment's private conversation with Waldstein, to whom he had some very important communications to make. At last Plachy went away, and, in a moment, Wulden was at the side of his friend, and whispered to him, "I have an answer to both your questions of yesterday."

"I guessed as much," replied Albert; "pray communicate them!"

"Know then, in the first place, that Joanna

returned yesterday morning in safety to her father."

"God be praised! But who conducted her back?"

"That's more than I can tell you; suffice it, that she is at home and quite well. My second account is of more moment.—Do you know that the town has been *betrayed* to the Swedes?"

"I *suspected* it," replied Albert; "for how could the sudden attack on the one part, and the total ignorance on the other, be else accounted for?"

"And do you know who the villain is, that has thus basely stabbed his country?—That very Odowalsky, whom you saved from the hands of the soldiery the day before yesterday!"

"Odowalsky!" reiterated Waldstein,—a host of dark and painful thoughts rushing on his mind: "He!—was it? Then it *was* his voice that gave the word of command to fire, as I was hurrying over the bridge. I thought I recognised the sound."

"He has handsomely requited you."

“ He did not know me. I should not wish to think so badly of him as that.”

“ And why not? What can be esteemed too villainous for the apostate to his country and his Sovereign?”

“ You are right; and yet there is something within me that resists the belief of his being utterly despicable.”

“ Indeed!” said Leopold, significantly; and fixing an enquiring look on Waldstein, he continued, “ And what will you say, when I tell you still more?—This fellow, whom the Swedes instantaneously rewarded for his treachery, by appointing him to the rank of Colonel and giving him a patent of nobility—this *fellow*, I say, has contrived to induce Königsmark to grant him the favour of being sent to Troy with his squadron, for the purpose, as he pretends, of occupying the surrounding country.”

At these words Albert could no longer contain his rage. He sprang from his seat, and endeavoured to grasp his sword, when the paleness of death succeeded the sudden flush on his cheek, and gnashing his teeth in

bitterness, he threw himself down again, exhausted, and without uttering a syllable.

After awhile, his feelings found vent in words; and he exclaimed, in a mournful tone, "Odowalsky in Troy, and Helen with him! Now all is indeed accomplished."

"I shall feel happy," said his friend, "if this change of things will restore peace to you, Albert! Depend on it, this Helen is a heartless girl, and Odowalsky just the man to treat her as she deserves."

"You are possibly right; still, an attachment rooted so deeply cannot be quickly subdued—at least, not in *my* bosom. I feel that it will be some time before I recover from this shock. But I *shall* recover from it,—and, meanwhile," added he, rising with a resolved air, "my heart and hand are devoted to the service of my country!"

As he spoke, Father Plachy re-entered the room, and desired both youths to follow him to the Carolinum. In the Jesuit-street, they found every body in motion, and occupied with the preparations suggested by the pres-

sure of the moment. There was a great crowd about the town-hall, so that the three friends could only move on very slowly, Leopold giving his arm to Waldstein, who was surprised to observe, that many a person unknown to him greeted him in friendly guise. He soon, however, found the meaning of this, on arriving in the quadrangle of the Carolinum, where several hundred students in all the different branches of science, with their professors, both lay and ecclesiastic, were assembled. As soon as those next the entrance saw Plachy's tall figure, and recognised Waldstein, who, still looking pale, with his arm in a sling, followed together with Walden, they welcomed the saviour of the city with loud cheers, which ran like electric fluid through the crowd. Waldstein, overcome by his feelings, was at once rejoiced and abashed. He hastily uncovered, and bowed in return for their kindness. A second cheer was now sent up by the students, for their gallant, although reverend commander, who, obtaining an elevated ground in the square, made a

sign that he was desirous of addressing them. Order was accordingly restored, and Plachy began his speech, in which he called on the students bravely to hasten to the assistance of their distressed native town, to repel the insolent enemy (who had to thank an unworthy son of Bohemia for his advantages) from the walls of those districts not yet subdued,—to be mindful of the former national glory of the land; and to show themselves, in early youth, the worthy descendants of their illustrious ancestors!

The Father's barangue was received with tumultuous acclamations; and the business of the day continued, by the choice of subordinate officers, in which choice both Waldstein and Wulden were unanimously included, each being appointed to the rank of captain. They were, with Plachy and others, to meet the officers of the regular troops in the afternoon in the town-hall, where General Count Colloredo would appear, in order to direct the proper distribution of the soldiers, and inspect the preparations for defence.

The commotion visible in every part of a town circumstanced as Prague now was, had occasioned a great crowd to collect around that fine old building, whose ancient spire, elaborately carved windows, and immense clock, combined to render it so conspicuous. Whilst they were waiting to get in, Plachy drew the attention of his young friends to the various works of art on all sides, including both painting and sculpture,—particularly to the celebrated clock already mentioned, constructed by the ingenious master Hanusch, at the close of the fifteenth century, representing the course of the sun, the stars, the seasons, and the moveable festivals, and indicating the hours in the German and Italian manner, while a figure of death, moving on with solemn gesture, pointed to that one immediately and irretrievably past.

At length, the entrance being once more free, Plachy led the young men into the hall, and up the small stair-case, into the anti-chamber, which receives its light by a tastefully cut

window with this inscription : *Praga caput regni*. Here they found several of the Professors and other respectable citizens, who were likewise eager to offer their services, as well as the officers of the line. This anti-chamber, too, led by a few steps to the great assembly-room, whose doors soon opened, and a messenger respectfully desired the gentlemen to advance. This room of state was spacious and splendidly ornamented ; and its imposing appearance, aided by the numerous and respectable company, struck both our youths with surprise. Behind the long table, at which Wulden recognised his father and several of the most distinguished inhabitants of Prague, sat in a velvet arm-chair, the Grand Prior of the Maltese order, Field-Marshal Count Colloredo, a venerable old man, in a full general's uniform, with the Maltese cross on his breast-place.

When all were assembled, the Marshal rose from his seat, and addressing the audience, endeavoured to explain the real state of things,

and to impress on the minds of all the necessity of the most vigorous mode of acting. He then proceeded in detail to the measures of defence; and, lastly, appointed commanders to the respective corps, assigning to each its position. Plachy, in conformity with the wishes of the Carolinum, was of course duly invested with the command of the body of students; the nominations of Waldstein and Wulden were confirmed; and officers of the line appointed to their corps, and to all the rest, for the purpose of instructing them. They then received their colours, and accompanied the Field-Marshal with loud acclamations, as he left the town-hall, when he mounted his horse, in order to ride with his aide-de-camp through the other parts of Prague, and personally to inspect the various preparations.

The island in the Moldavia, commonly called Little Venice, was garrisoned with the few pieces of artillery they possessed; and the students were entrusted with the defence of a

place called the Tummelplatz, extending from the bridge downward to the right bank of the Moldavia, as likewise with that of the watch-tower on the bridge, of which Waldstein (who, by his gallant conduct, had saved it,) was appointed commander, whilst Wulden was to have the command of the Tummelplatz,—both, of course, under Plachy.

CHAPTER II.

THE Swedes soon felt the effects of this bold spirit, and of the judicious mode of defence adopted by the besieged. In vain did they direct the stolen artillery from the Hradschin against the two other parts of Prague. In vain did they bombard the city with red-hot balls; the inhabitants seemed to disregard these attacks. The first shell that fell in Plattner-street was extinguished, and brought to the town-house, where it was consecrated by the priests with great solemnity, and afterward buried in the church-yard of St. Michael. Whether it was this religious rite that drew down the protection of heaven, or the vigilance, prudence and activity of the inhabitants, (especially those of the Jewish nation,

to whose care was confided the apparatus for extinguishing the fires,) or whether it was both causes combined—certain is it, that none of the bombs did material damage, and thus every frustrated attempt to destroy Prague by fire only served to heighten the confidence of its brave population.

Königsmark was greatly astonished at the obstinate resistance of a place which, according to the report of Odowalsky and others, was totally without means of defence, and even inclined to favor a change in its civil and religious government. His irritable temper was therefore excited with increased bitterness against the unhappy inhabitants of that part of Prague which was in his power, and the extortions and cruelties exercised both by officers and privates in the Kleinseite were connived at, because Königsmark was incensed against the other districts. He would have preferred besieging them in form, had he thought his forces sufficient for that purpose: as it was, he felt compelled to confine himself to bombarding, from the height

of the Hradschin, the Brücken and Wasserthurm, as well as the Tummelplatz, (where Wulden and his students had securely intrenched themselves,) impatiently awaiting the arrival of General Würtemberg, who was to join him with a considerable reinforcement.

The impatience with which Königsmark bore, not only this delay, but also the evident arrival of fresh succour to the garrison of Prague, naturally operated on those about him, particularly on Odowalsky, to whom he never was favorably inclined. Indeed, there were moments when his gloomy mind still misgave him that this unexpected resistance was a second treachery, *against* the Swedes;—and the consequence of this feeling was, the closest scrutiny of all Odowalsky's movements.

That officer himself was by no means slow in penetrating these sentiments; and thus he and his new commander were mutually jealous of each other.—When, after a day of fatigue or danger, which he had perhaps spent either on the intrenchments, or in some affair with the enemy, (without the gratifica-

tion of seeing his services acknowledged,) he returned in the evening to Troy, he generally made all about him, even including Helen, suffer for the depression of spirits occasioned by Königsmark. He loved Helen with that ardour natural to his temperament; and the very idea of losing her, or her love, was almost sufficient to drive him mad. He, therefore, watched her conduct with great minuteness, and nothing but the paramount wish (suggested to him by his vanity) of surrounding the object of his attachment with a splendour becoming her who called herself his wife, induced him to postpone the formal offer of his hand to the period when the conquest of all Prague should establish his wealth and glory upon a solid foundation, and the rank of General should place him high in the estimation of the world. Yet, in spite of all this love, and pride in its object, his rough manners and habitual reserve were not restrained in the presence of his mistress, whom he treated harshly whenever under the influence of ill humour. He had intercourse

with people of the most opposite character; he received and dispatched letters; he had secret connections, and, no doubt, some secret aim also. Helen, meanwhile, remained ignorant of the meaning of all this. Her questions and ingenious allusions were unable to elicit from this determined spirit more than an ironical smile, or a coarse joke, which clearly convinced her, that, although the object of his ardent passion, she possessed neither his confidence nor loftier esteem.

The consciousness of this hurt her very much, and affected her, where she was most vulnerable, on the side of her vanity. She had flattered herself that she should stand in a very different relation with her friend and hero! She had fancied that he would never undertake any thing without her privity, but make her the confidant of all his thoughts, and the active sharer in their execution. She had hoped, with him and through him, to become one day, to Prague and to Bohemia, a kind of second *Libussa*;—and now she found herself regarded in no other light than as a

pretty fascinating girl, in whose arms he rested from the fatigues of the day, who was to amuse and divert him, and whom, at the utmost, he would make the confidant of his complaints and of the vexations caused him by others.

Thus, the worm was in the gourd—the gnawing worm of discontent and disappointment. She began likewise to perceive, in her lover, an essential difference as to their relative manner of feeling and acting. Daily intercourse brought out the sense of this difference, which had been unobserved during those interviews they held when surrounded by danger and veiled in secrecy. Helen grew consequently out of humour, reserved and thoughtful; and in these moods, the image of Waldstein, whom she believed lost, arose upon her mind invested with every amiable and graceful attribute.

It was a fine evening in the beginning of autumn. A storm was just over, and the sultry heat of day had subsided into a refreshing coolness. The elder ladies were seated at

their embroidery in the great hall, but Helen had stolen away to her own room, where she sat on a window commanding a view of the Hradschin. She looked upon the landscape below. The sun was sinking behind the distant hills, his beams still radiant in majestic splendour. The Moldavia rolled peacefully its limpid stream through the plain, and all nature seemed to repose. It happened that on this afternoon the sound of the Swedish artillery was nowhere heard. The Hradschin, with its gorgeous edifices, stood, apparently undamaged, in towering pride—and yet, war raged within its walls, and perhaps the body of many a brave man was now hurried down by the tide of the Moldavia!

Helen was immersed in deep meditation respecting the probable changes and chances of her wayward destiny, when her uncle entered the room. A cloud was on his brow; and to Helen's remark on the beauty of the evening, he replied, "Yes, all inanimate nature seems to revive. But when shall we poor oppressed beings feel as happy as the trees and grass

do after the storm is gone by? We should each one join in praying for the expulsion of these accursed Swedes."

Helen cast her eyes in silence on the ground; and the old Baron, stedfastly regarding her, continued—"But to *you*, perhaps, their departure would be less welcome than their stay."

He paused again; and Helen, as if feeling it necessary to speak, said, "What mean you, Sir?"

"Streitberg,—or Odowalsky—or whatever his hateful name, pays you not unacceptable attentions."

"The mere, thoughtless gallantry of a soldier."

"I fear it is much more. That my niece, the daughter of my companion in arms, should bestow her regards upon a Swede—the enemy of her father's nation and religion—were grievous: but that her affections should decline upon an apostate—a traitor—neither Swede nor any longer Bohemian—is indeed sufficient to wrap my

heart in tenfold gloom—a gloom brightened only by my conviction that the invaders' triumph will be as transient as it is partial."

"Do you indeed feel such conviction?" asked Helen, both interested in the question, and anxious to change in any way the previous course of conversation.

"Do I not know what my countrymen are able to perform? Have I not seen the state of forwardness in which the fortifications are? All the students have taken up arms; the citizens emulate each other in the defence of the ramparts; and even the clergy grasp the sword to expel the common enemy, the detested heretics."

Helen was again silent.

"And who, think you," resumed the Baron, "has, at the imminent hazard of his life, saved the Old-Town of Prague?"

"I heard that a man succeeded in effecting his escape over the bridge in spite of the enemy's bullets; but I know not—"

"That man was—Waldstein! my cousin, the gallant Albert!"

“Albert!” repeated Helen, her whole frame in agitation—“I thought he was dead!”

“God be praised, he is alive! He was wounded indeed, but very slightly. He is now captain of a company of students, and, displaying the utmost gallantry and decision of character, commands the same bridge-tower which his resolution saved.”

At this moment, the voice of Odowalsky was heard in the corridor, chiding his servants; and at the sound of the ungrateful accents, the Baron hastily rose and departed by another door.

Helen had scarce any time for reflection upon the strange and unexpected news her uncle had communicated. It had occasioned a revulsion in her whole frame, and the visit of Odowalsky was particularly ill-timed. Indeed, she decided on avoiding him by following the Baron, and was in the act of shutting the door behind her, when Odowalsky came in from the opposite one.

He entered in a great passion, and perceiving the last fold of her gown within the closing door, muttered to himself, "How! Hurry away, when she hears me coming! This is strange!" As he spoke, he strode across the apartment, threw open the door by which the young lady was making her egress, and found her standing undecided whether to go on or return.

"What means this?" said he.

"I am unwell," replied she, in a low tone: "I beseech you, spare me."

"That is a curious reason for quitting your own apartments," observed Odowalsky, with an ironical smile; and the expression of his countenance immediately changing, he pursued:—"Helen! Helen! Are my fondest hopes disappointed *here* too? Will the relentless hand of destiny never cease to persecute me?"

She raised her eyes, and beheld in his features a shade of the deepest sorrow.

"I understand you not," faltered she.

“Tell me! Whose is that green velvet mantle, and that button and loop, which you bought of the soldiers?”

“Odowalsky,” cried she, “you are my friend, and betrothed to me;—but I recognise not your claim to put such questions as these.”

“What!” exclaimed he: “Has the future husband no right to enquire into the cause which induces his bride to purchase a splendid plunder—the looking at which makes her alternately blush and turn pale, and fills her eyes with tears!—I *insist*,” continued he vehemently, “on knowing the name of the individual to whom these *relics* belong—or rather belonged—for they are become yours, and I fear their former owner has eluded me, and is already beyond the touch of mortal retribution.”

He had led her back into the apartment, where she sank into a chair, and her boisterous lover now stood awhile silent before her.—At length his mood changed, again and he

exclaimed in a mournful tone :—“ Have you then, Helen, loved another besides your Ernest?”

This appeal Helen was unable to withstand. She started up, threw herself on his bosom, and her agitated feelings found vent in silent sobs.

Odowalsky pressed her to his heart. “ O Helen! Helen!” cried he, “ You know not that you are my all; that I have only faith in you; and that I could not survive even the idea of your being false!”

“ I have no wish to conceal any thing from you,” said she, in reply :—“ it was not the question so much as the tone that wounded me. It is true, I did recognise the cloak and aigrette, and therefore chose not to leave them in the hands of the dragoons.”

“ And whose were they?” demanded he hastily, as if striving to keep under his perturbation.

“ They belong to a relation and old acquaintance,—to a man whom I sufficiently

esteem, to treat with respect every thing that once was his. They are the mantle and aigrette of Waldstein."

"Of Waldstein!" reiterated Odowalsky, with a tone of returning bitterness.

"I knew them at a distance, when your dragoons exposed them for sale in the garden. It was the dress in which I had seen him but twenty-four hours before, at the Governor's banquet. Spots of blood were visible upon the garment; I was told it had been taken from a dead body—probably it was the blood of my cousin. Is it to be wondered at, or am I to blame, if such a sight made me shudder?—If the thought, that he, whom I yesterday saw in the gay enjoyment of life, was now no more, should have chilled the blood in my veins?"

"That was natural enough," muttered Odowalsky.

"And was it not equally so, that I should not wish to leave the property of a relation in the hands of soldiers, who made it the subject of their vulgar jokes? Now," concluded she,

"you have the whole story, and see what your suspicions have made of it!"

Odowalsky paused a few moments. "Waldstein!" said he, half inwardly,— "He has loved you, *that* you have confessed. Helen! Helen!" continued he, with increasing energy, "If this indeed were *all*,—if——" he checked himself. Helen, as with inward trepidation she stood beside him, felt her conscience upbraid her, as it always will, when any species of equivocation and double-dealing is practised.— "Give me the cloak," cried he, at length.

"And for what purpose?"

"Because *you* must not keep it. I know no peace while it is in your hands."

"This demand offends me, Sir, since it proves how little confidence you repose in me."

"I love you passionately, exclusively! I have experienced quite enough of failure and disappointment in life. Here ——" and he pointed to her as he spoke—"I could not endure them, and live. You must be *entirely*

mine; mine, both mentally and bodily; and no relative, no living, or even departed being, must hold a share in your love. If you are so minded, if *you* love *me* exclusively, then deliver over to me what you possess of Waldstein:—it can, or *ought* to be of no value to you.”

Helen answered not: her joy at knowing she was so ardently beloved struggled with her mortified vanity, and with her respect for the memory of Waldstein.

“You do not answer!” said he, more vehemently; “but, indeed, you *have* answered. You love me not!”

“Odowalsky, how am I to believe that you think me worthy of your affection, when I experience from you an utter want of confidence? You have confederates of whom I know nothing. You are pursuing measures equally unknown to me, and have projects I am not allowed to share. If I am to participate in your fate,—and joyfully will I do so, however matters turn out,—I must know you and your plans. Put trust in me, and every

thing I possess of Waldstein shall, in a moment, be at your feet."

"So, you want to make a bargain with *me*, as well as with my soldiers? You mean to *sell* me your affection! Either your curiosity or your pride is stronger than your love. My confederates are, and must be, men!—We are separated!"—He went toward the anti-chamber, and, on opening the door, one of his dragoons approached. "My horse!" exclaimed he: "Give the word to mount!" The man withdrew.

"For God's sake!" cried the terrified girl, "one moment longer!" She seized his hand, and felt it tremble; she looked into his face, and perceived his lips quiver with emotion.

"What do you desire?" asked he: "I am recovered from my dream. *You* wish to govern; to become the confidant, nay, the guider of my actions and views; whilst *I* seek but an affectionate wife."

"And that I will be to you, Ernest!" exclaimed she, quite overcome; "I will ask for nothing but your love, and will bring you all

I have of Waldstein's." She embraced, and held him fast in her arms. Without any reply, he at first gave himself up to her caresses; by degrees his anger vanished, and Helen, in her tears and resignation, was found to be too charming an object. At length he raised his arm, gently pressed her toward him, and then stooping, his lips touched her forehead. In another moment, she went to fetch the mantle, the button and loop;—Waldstein was *not* dead, and the melancholy charm of this possession no longer existed. She laid them down, on her return, by the side of Odowalsky, without uttering a word;—his plans and his connections were no longer talked of, and harmony once more reigned between the lovers.

CHAPTER III.

To the great joy of the Swedes and all who were of their party, General Würtemberg at last arrived with a considerable reinforcement, to join Königsmark in the siege of Prague. A council of war was forthwith held, and Odowalsky succeeded in carrying a project, from which he, and most of the field-officers, promised themselves the accomplishment of their wishes—the entire capture of the city.

Prague is surrounded by an irregular country, forming a lovely interchange of hill and dale. Some of the hills lie indeed within the circuit of the town, such as the Laurenzios-hill, the Hradschin, and the Wischerad on the other side of the Moldavia; whilst others

are encircled by brushwood and vineyards,—interspersed at present with elegant country-seats. On the Ziskaberg hill, (which was anciently called by a less renowned name,) Ziska de Trocznow, General of the Hussites, the hero of sundry legends and the object of many proud recollections of the Bohemians, had pitched his camp opposite the royal residence, that was wholly commanded from this position, which itself defied all hostile attack.

The prospect from this hill was, as may be imagined, charming, extending over both the Old and New-Town, with their numberless spires, the royal Hradschin opposite, and the course of the river with its fertile shores. Thence, therefore, Würtemberg (having intrenched himself, and raised batteries,) began to bombard the New-Town.

The inhabitants of Prague were now obliged to divide their attention and to increase their efforts, and the garrison had new duties to fulfil. To Waldstein all this presented a new world. He had learnt his

military duties from the officers of the line, and taught them, in turn, to his corps of students. His post on the bridge-tower kept him constantly employed, and he soon acquired that clear perception of things which enabled him to penetrate, at a single glance, the designs of the enemy, and to foresee the wants of his own party.

Plachy evinced the same intelligent ardor, heightened in its results by his superior general experience. He was the soul of all the measures in progress. In fact, the perilous situation of his country, and hatred of its oppressors, had transformed for awhile the pious divine into a bold warrior—the calm speculator at the observatory, into a vigorous chieftain. He exposed himself to the most evident dangers, and preserved, under the pressure of every adverse circumstance, an uninterrupted cheerfulness, by which, as well as by his military arrangements, he inspired confidence and stimulated courage in those under his command.

Thus passed a week in unremitting exer-

tion. Waldstein found no time to give way to his moody thoughts. The bridge-tower, it is true, had not been molested for several days: yet did not our hero abate his attention; on the contrary, he used this short interval in making new intrenchments on both sides of it. As is generally the case, employment afforded him pleasurable excitement, and blunted the arrows that had been fixed in his bosom by Helen's faithlessness and anxiety respecting Joanna.

* Meanwhile, to the increasing astonishment of the besieged, not a single shot was fired from the Kleinseite; nay, it was even perceived that the Swedes had carried off again some of the cannon they had originally mounted on the hills opposite the Old-Town. On the other hand, they doubled their strength and attacks upon the opposite side. Würtemberg seemed resolved upon taking the Neu-Thor (new-gate) by storm; and the inhabitants of Prague thought they perceived that both the artillery and troops which had before been particularly active on the Hrad-

schin and Lorenzberg, were now employed in the batteries of the Ziskaberg.

General Conti caused several lines of intrenchment to be formed in succession, behind each other. He ordered arms to be manufactured, and the bells to be melted into cannon-shot; whilst Marshal Colloredo directed all the soldiers that could be spared, including the corps of students, to pass over to the New-Town. Thus Waldstein and Wulden had now but little duty to perform, and began to long for a share in the more active scene going on upon the opposite side, where encounters daily occurred, and where the gallant inhabitants of Prague not only successfully repelled every attack of the enemy upon their gates, but even attempted several sallies, to drive the Swedes from their advantageous position on the Ziskaberg.

One morning, an orderly entered, and announced to Captain Waldstein the arrival of a peasant from Gitschin, who had fortunately found his way through the Swedish posts, and

professed to bring the Count important intelligence from his estates.

“A peasant from Gitschin?” cried Albert: “And what can have happened there, of such importance as to induce the man to venture his liberty, if not his life, in search of me? Show him in!”

A short figure, in a coarse farmer’s frock, entered, his face covered with black hair, that hung down from his head, and hindered any one from recognising his features.

“You are from Gitschin?” asked Waldstein.

“Yes, please your Lordship,” said a voice which seemed familiar to our hero.

“Well, and what news do you bring me from thence?”

The fellow looked round him embarrassed. Waldstein turned to Leopold, who was standing by, and requested him to withdraw awhile.

No sooner had that officer left the room, than the peasant, after one more anxious

look around, tore off the false black hair, threw aside the farmer's frock, and disclosed to his astonished master the person of Bertram.

"How did you get here?" exclaimed Waldstein.

Bertram laid his finger on his mouth, approached the Count, and said: "I have an important communication to make to you."

"From whom?"

The old man paused, as if half unwilling to name the individual. At length he said, "From my daughter."

"From Joanna!" exclaimed Waldstein, his eyes brightening: "Where is she?"

"She is at home, my honoured lord, and, thank Heaven, well.—But for my mission;" continued the old man, evidently so much occupied with the importance of that, as to overlook the Count's obvious perturbation. "Joanna sends you word, that you must be on your guard respecting the bridge-tower.—All seems quiet there at present:—but this is an artifice—one which must surely

have emanated from a demon in human form—and that demon is Odowalsky."

"Odowalsky—Joanna!" exclaimed Waldstein, as the two names were thus mentioned to him in unison: "how can they possibly have come into collision?—Tell me, old man! what does your daughter know of Odowalsky or his plans?"

"Sir," answered Bertram, surprised at his master's warmth, "whatever she knows is the combined result of accident and her own shrewdness. A certain Swedish Colonel, of the name of Coppy, is quartered at your palace, between whom and Odowalsky a close intimacy subsists."

"But Joanna!"

"Why, you see, Sir," rejoined Bertram, in a hesitating tone, "the girl is handsome, and the Swedes amorous."

"Hell and destruction!" ejaculated Albert.

"Pray restrain yourself, my lord," said Bertram, very gravely, "and do not suffer your thought to betray you for a moment into

suspicion of my virtuous, high-minded child!—The fact is, that love of her country, and desire for the well-being of her esteemed lord, have induced her to aid their patriotic efforts as extensively as an humble maiden can. In this view, she is ready at the constantly-repeated calls of the Swedish Colonels (which, by the bye, no one else dares answer), helps at the meals, and fills the glasses, patiently enduring their raillery until intoxication follows repeated draughts of your fine old hock."

"The scoundrels!" muttered Waldstein.

"Odowalsky, in particular, is most imperative, and makes himself quite at his ease. Indeed, he has pryed all over the palace, and explored every walk about the grounds, with the curiosity of a man who is taking possession of an estate.—Last night, Joanna was summoned to attendance as usual, and found the Colonels most earnest in their double occupation of drinking and talking. On her entrance, they changed the language in which they spoke, substituting the Latin tongue, not speculating on the remote chance, that a

girl in Joanna's rank of life should understand them. Thanks, however, to the tuition she received in your society during her days of childhood, she did so, and my mission is the result. It seems, that a scheme is concerted, to draw off the Swedish troops, for awhile, from the attack on the bridge-tower, and make a strong demonstration in other points:—then, when, by such a manoeuvre, the attention of the garrison is altogether abstracted from this quarter, it is proposed to return to it with overpowering force, and little doubt is entertained of the success of the *coup-de-main*; in which case, Odowalsky, who is to command the assault, will force his way into the Old-Town, and, from thence, join Würtemberg."

"And when," inquired Waldstein, "is this to take place?"

"That has not yet appeared;—but Joanna doubts not the being able to discover it by their preparations and her own sagacity. She delights old Colonel Coppy by her readiness and attention; and he, when in his cups, talks

without much circumspection.—In this way, he has disclosed to my daughter the jealousy and suspicion universally felt among the Swedes with regard to Odowalsky, who appears to be at once hated and despised, whilst his services are such as cannot be dispensed with. She is apprehensive, however, that she may possibly not obtain this information sufficiently early to communicate it to you in the ordinary way; and, therefore, begs that you will have the goodness, for the next few days, to cause a look-out to be made every evening toward the Hradschin, where the declivity begins from the Castle down to the houses of the Kleinseite. On the night preceding the attack, if you see a rocket rise from the castle-hill, you will consider it as a signal.”

“ But the Swedes will notice this signal, as well as we.”

“ Scarcely, Sir.—Few of our foreign *guests* (the old man spoke with a tone of bitterness) reside on this side the Castle. And, even, *should* they notice it—by whom, and for what purpose it was sent up would cost them more

time and trouble to ascertain than could be afforded."

"And yet," rejoined our hero, "it makes me uneasy when I think that you, or Joanna, might run a considerable risk."

"Be not alarmed, my lord," said Bertram, confidently: "Joanna will find out the day, and I will, unseen, fire the rocket:—and should the matter, as is very unlikely, be investigated,—why,—it is the frolic of some children, who have been playing with powder purloined from the Swedes."

"I will await your information, then," said Waldstein; "meanwhile, my kind, faithful Bertram, adieu!—Remember me to Joanna:—I will not trust you to say what I feel respecting her noble conduct.—Adieu!—get some refreshment, and be wary on your return."

"That was a long conversation," said Wulden, on re-entering the apartment.—"You must have found your shaggy peasant extremely interesting."

"It was no *peasant from Gitschin*," re-

plied Waldstein, smiling; "It was my faithful Bertram, my house-steward at the Kleinseite."

"Oh, the father of the beautiful Joanna!" exclaimed Wulden. "And pray, how is *she*?"

"A truce to joking, Leopold!—this message regards business." And Albert related to his friend the particulars of Bertram's communication.

"News so important deserves our best thanks!" said Leopold: "And what do you intend to do now?"

"I am going to communicate it to our Commander—at least, as far as is necessary for him to know."

"Well said—as far as is necessary for him to know; for the grand prior has no occasion to be made acquainted with the share which a pretty girl has had in the discovery of the enemy's plans."

"By the bye," said Waldstein, "it should seem that Coppy is striving to ingratiate himself with Joanna. She would not be the first

who has made a splendid match among the officers of the enemy!"

"Joanna and that old drunkard Coppy?" cried Wulden: "You must really be a little jealous, and not a little in love, too, Albert, to think of such a thing!"

"In love?" replied Waldstein, while he endeavoured to suppress a rising sigh: "No, Leopold! I neither am, nor ever shall be, in love again;—though I confess," continued he, "if Joanna were in another sphere of life, and this wounded heart of mine *could* love once more—she might perhaps induce me to forget a false, deceitful girl."

"I am quite satisfied for the present," said Leopold, laughing; "and, no doubt, Joanna would be so likewise, did she overhear our conversation. Sad pity, she is but a gardener's daughter!"

Albert smiled, or affected to smile; and both gentlemen, taking up their hats and swords, sallied forth, to pay a visit to Field-Marshal Colloredo.

Bertram had, after re-assuming his dis-

guise, succeeded in getting safely back to his house, where Joanna received him under the gateway, with breathless joy. His smiling countenance convinced her, at the first glance, that all was right, and they walked together toward Bertram's private apartments—for it was only there, they were secure from the *espions* of Odowalsky.

It probably never entered into the worthy steward's imagination, that such a thing could occur as a tender attachment between his master and his daughter: but any other observer would not fail to have construed aright the solicitude of Joanna concerning Waldstein's appearance and deportment:—
“Did he look pale from his wound? Was his arm still in a sling? Did he express confidence in the result of the siege?”—

At length the old man almost lost his patience.—“You are a silly girl!” cried he. “What matters all this to you?”

Joanna cast her eyes on the ground, and blushed.—This action caught her father's attention, and threw him into a reverie,

from which he was aroused by his daughter's inquiring whether the proper understanding had been entered into, respecting the signal, "Every thing is arranged," replied he, briefly: "but the Count feels much anxiety lest it should bring us into peril."

"And if it does, father, it is no more than what every true Bohemian is bound to risk."

In fact, the difficulty was considerable,—first, of learning the time fixed for the attack, and then, of communicating it to the garrison without exciting the invader's notice. But Joanna was resolved to risk every thing for Waldstein, and only debated *how* she might execute her design.

There was no time to be lost. On the evening of the same day, Colonel Coppy, with Odowalsky and some other officers, returned in high spirits from the Hradschin, where they had dined with Königsmark, with whom a long consultation had taken place after dinner. Coppy immediately ordered Bertram to bring wine, and to prepare a

splendid supper for him and his guests. The steward gave the orders he had received to Joanna, who immediately suspected that something was going on; for Cobby, as if anxious to secure his full share of eating and drinking before the power of indulging in those gratifications might be finally extinguished, was accustomed to preface every hazardous undertaking with a regular banquet.

Her heart palpitated as she issued the necessary directions to her assistants about the house; and she feared that the presence of the other guests would prevent her chance of gaining any intelligence from Cobby. — Whilst absorbed in these agitating reflections, and carrying some articles of plate into the great dining-room, she suddenly perceived Odowalsky standing before her. This man was particularly obnoxious to Joanna; and starting, she wished to turn back; but having seen, he ran up to her, and began teasing her with rude jokes. She answered him disdainfully, and tried to get away.

“That won't do, my pretty rustic,” said the Colonel, who had obviously been drinking a good deal. “We must improve our acquaintance.”

“I see no necessity for that, Sir!—and besides, you cannot but perceive that I am busy, and providing for the accommodation of yourself and your friends.”

“Tut, tut!” replied he, “There is a time for all things;” and so saying, he offered to salute the indignant girl.

“Stand off, Colonel Streitberg! or I will shame you before your companions. Even were you master of this house,—which, thank God! you are not—such conduct would disgrace you!”

“And if I am not, who is?” demanded he, with a sneer.

“Count Waldstein,” replied Joanna, fearlessly.

“What! the youth who was killed and brought to life again!—We shall see that, *to-morrow*.”

“To-morrow!” reiterated Joanna.

“Ay, girl,” answered Odowalsky, as if wishing to recal the word—“to-morrow, or next day, or”—— The entrance of a young Swedish officer, who came to summon the Colonel to a discussion in the court-yard, enabled Joanna to make her escape.

“Father!” exclaimed she, half sinking into his arms: “*to-morrow! to-morrow!* we have no time to lose!”

Bertram enquired the meaning of this: and having learnt from his daughter what had passed, coincided in opinion that they were on the eve of the catastrophe; but, however strong their conviction of this, they were still desirous, before giving the appointed signal (whereto so much importance would be attached) to ascertain the fact beyond possibility of doubt.

How was this to be accomplished?—For Joanna to present herself among the carousers, was not to be thought of;—and there was little chance of obtaining any opportunity of discourse with the loquacious Cobby individually. The moment for de-

cision was nevertheless arrived; and it was ultimately agreed that Bertram was to sound, as fully as possible, both officers and servants as to the time of the attack, and if asked after her, say she was unavoidably summoned to the Convent of St. Margaret.

Supper was served.—The great saloon in the palace of Waldstein,—splendidly decorated, and ornamented with pictures relating to the exploits of the deceased Duke,—was illuminated with more than a hundred tapers;—and Bertram, who, under pretext of seeing that the guests were well attended, made himself very busy about the table and buffet, could plainly perceive that Odowalsky played the part of master of the house. Nay, he even carried his assurance so far, as frequently to call Bertram, and express his dissatisfaction at the arrangements of the table, even adding that such and such a thing must be changed *in future!* Bertram dissembled his rage, and replied not; the present was not a fit moment to contradict the Colonel's assumption, although the old

man thought he could observe marks of disapprobation in the looks of some of the officers at table.

The generous wine passed freely round, and on the cloth being removed, goblets were substituted for glasses. There being now no further occasion for the ministration of the attendants, they one by one left the banqueting-room, and Bertram was at length the only domestic left among the revellers. In a retired part of the room, he lingered, hopeful every moment of hearing some allusion to the plans for the morrow, yet dreading meanwhile lest he should incur the displeasure of Cobby or Odowalsky.

His patience was not put to a very protracted test.—Soon after the conclusion of the meal, Colonel Cobby rose and proposed a bumper to the gallant stormers of the bridge-tower, which was drunk with additional acclamations of—“*May success wait on to-morrow!*” All restraint was now at an end, and the attentive Bertram gathered that Würtemberg was to commence the

attack on the New-Town, and Odowalsky, with a sufficient force, simultaneously to storm the bridge-tower, which being only defended by students, could not long, it was thought, hold out.

Satisfied with what he had heard, the old man now thought that he had better convey himself unnoticed, if possible, out of the saloon, in order to rejoin Joanna.—But in putting this measure into execution, he was not equally fortunate as he had been in gaining intelligence. As he was in the act of creeping out by a side-door, Odowalsky perceived him.

“What are you doing there, scoundrel?” cried he.

“What I have been doing ever since the commencement of the evening, Colonel,” answered Bertram stoutly;—“taking care that you are properly waited on.”

“And have you been here the whole time?” asked Odowalsky.

Bertram bowed in silence.

“Seize him,” resumed the Colonel, speak-

ing to some cadets at the bottom of the table, "and lock him up in the stable!"

"Why?" inquired Coppy, good-natured in his cups.—"What offence has he committed?"

"If you don't comprehend what offence he has committed," replied Odowalsky, sarcastically, "wiser people can:"—and he whispered in his brother-Colonel's ear, who in consequence made a signal to the officers confirmatory of Odowalsky's direction.

Bertram became alarmed.—The intention to discharge the rocket from the hill would be frustrated, should he not recover his liberty. He therefore alleged how much he should suffer by the interruption of his various duties. But all these representations were unavailing. His evident anxiety and embarrassment, which were laid to the account of personal fear, and ridiculed as such, served rather to amuse the company; and after having, for some time, indulged their ribaldry at his expense, he was compelled to submit to the escort of two privates, sum-

moned for the purpose, who were to guard him during the night in one of the lower rooms, wherein the Swedish soldiers were making merry.

Seeing the impossibility of escape, and the idleness of remonstrance, an idea struck him, that his very sentinels might, unconsciously, become the instruments of his design. He therefore sat down, apparently quite composed, talked awhile with his keepers on indifferent subjects, and, at last, said, "If we are to spend the night together, don't let us be idle. Perhaps one of you gentlemen will be so kind as to step to my daughter, and tell her to send us a few mugs of the best beer in the cellar, after which she had better retire to rest."

The Swede did not wait for a repetition of these directions. In a moment he was at the door; but Bertram, as if something else had suddenly occurred to him, called out, "Hark'ee, friend! If she hears that I am a prisoner, the girl will probably be too much frightened to understand you thoroughly,

and 'twould not do to miss the *right* stingo. I will therefore transmit my message in writing, and at the same time tell her, that I am quite well, and that there is no ground for apprehension. Cannot one of you^l give me a piece of paper and a pencil?"

These were procured, though not without difficulty: but the prospect of getting some additional drink heightened their efforts. Bertram wrote only a few words, in Bohemian, to the following effect:—" *Light your candle; all is right;*—and give the bearer a few mugs of No. 4! I am quite well."

Joanna had expected her father's return to his own apartments, with increasing apprehension. It was now getting very late, and every moment darker. She scarcely doubted in the least that the intended attack would take place next day: but the more she felt convinced of this, the more ardently did she long for her father's appearance, in order that he might proceed before midnight to fire the signal. She knew that Waldstein would expect it shortly after sun-set, and her

anxiety increased every instant. She had once before been obliged to break her word to him, when her aunt's illness delayed her coming home from the Convent of St. Margaret; and when her father, after the first attack of the Swedes, fetched her back to the palace, and she heard the contradictory reports, first of Albert's death, and then of his having been wounded, what care and solicitude had she not experienced for his fate! These sweet but dangerous emotions were nursed by her in secret; and now that she had it in her power to aid the chivalrous lord in his country's cause, with what enthusiastic delight did she not both plan and execute! She had won her father's co-operation, not without some trouble—for Bertram, though very well principled, loved his ease: but now, in the most decisive moment, she found herself left uncertain, helpless, and ignorant how to act. All at once, she heard a loud knocking at the door. A Swedish private entered, and asked for some beer, which she would find particularised in the note he had brought.

Joanna stood motionless and in silent alarm as she read it.

"Well," said the soldier impatiently, "is it not right?"

"I will give you the beer directly," replied the girl:—"but where is my father?"

"In the room with us," rejoined he: "The Colonel indeed ordered him to be locked up in the stable till morning; but we like good fellowship."

"To be locked up till morning!" exclaimed Joanna, much terrified: "On what account?"

"How should I know? But I believe it is to prevent him from speaking to any body."

"But nothing ails him, I hope?" continued she, unable to control her anxiety.

"Nothing at all; he is as well as you or I."

Joanna went into the cellar, and fetched up two mugs of the best beer, which she gave the soldier, requesting him to tell her father, that she would follow his directions implicitly.

CHAPTER IV.

ONCE more left alone, Joanna debated with herself what was to be done. Her father was confined, lest he should publish what it was desirable to conceal.—He must, therefore, have heard *something*. His confinement was not to be protracted beyond the next morning: and hence it was clear that, after that period, no further hazard was inferred from his loquacity. His directions were—to *light the candle*, for that *all was right*;—in other words, the attack *was* to take place next day, and she herself was to kindle the rocket. She was to venture out at this late hour, in the gloom of night, and on a lonely hill, where she might probably be exposed to insult from some drunken Swede!

But on the other hand, should she *not* encounter these risks, Waldstein would remain unwarned, and the bridge-tower, (the key of the Old-Town—perhaps weakly garrisoned) fall into the hands of the hateful Odowalsky.

She summoned resolution; and providing herself, in order to be prepared for whatever might happen, with a sharp knife, which, together with the rocket and a tinder-box, she carefully concealed, sallied forth, after fervently imploring the favour of heaven on her enterprise, to that part of the Hradschin most conspicuous from the Bridge, and in view of which she felt confident Waldstein would be posted.

Cautiously ascending the hill behind the houses of the Kleinseite, the heroic girl had reached that spot from whence she could distinctly see the bridge-tower of the Old-Town, and, consequently, be seen from the opposite side. She had proceeded thus far with a panting heart; every rustling leaf, every bird that moved in the bushes, terrified her, and made her look and listen in all directions.

But, save these accidental sounds, a partial breeze alone whispered through the quivering boughs, while, from beneath, the Moldavia murmured and panted. Joanna could obscurely distinguish, in the 'darkness visible' of the star-light, the outlines of the shapeless masses of building in both the Old and New-Town, with the numerous towers, which lifted their proud crests toward the studded canopy of heaven. Gradually she took heart: and, looking toward the bridge-tower, better distinguished as her eyes became more habituated to the darkness, she reflected that Waldstein was most likely even now gazing anxiously for the promised signal. Tender images crowded upon her fancy. The veil was fully withdrawn which had once hidden, even from herself, the nature of her sensations. "Alas," sighed she, "I love this noble youth!—and I feel and see that I am not indifferent to him. It is not vanity—I *think* it is not vanity that leads me to believe myself better calculated to ensure his happiness than that proud

maiden of Troy. But fate has placed us in such removed spheres, that two hearts are kept asunder, which might, under more kindly stars, have beaten in the strictest unison!"—Once more carefully looking round, to ascertain that all was still, she fixed the rocket to a tree, and ignited it. The flame rushed like an arrow, with whizzing speed, perpendicularly into the air, and soon again disappeared. At the same moment, she thought she perceived a glimmer of light opposite, at the window of the bridge-tower,—which, in like manner, immediately vanished. Her inference was direct—Waldstein had seen and understood the signal.

Her object accomplished, with a palpitating bosom and hasty step, she hurried to regain her home.—She had now more leisure to be frightened; and the night and loneliness sank upon her heart. As she moved quickly on, she thought the rustling of other footsteps than her own were upon the grass. Trembling, the poor girl retired behind a bush.

She was not mistaken ; the steps drew nearer — slowly, but firmly ; and, through the foliage, she dimly perceived the tall figure of a man approaching the spot where she stood. To escape, or to perpetuate her concealment, seemed alike impossible. With the true spirit of a heroine, she therefore laid hold of her hidden weapon, determined to repel insult or violence at any risk. But the unknown seemed to entertain no hostile intention, and, to all appearance, was not a Swede. As he drew closer, she descried a bandage round his head, and his features were those of a man far advanced in years. All this encouraged her, and she came forward voluntarily from behind the bush, preferring thus to show herself than to be discovered.

“ Who goes there ? ” cried a deep, melodious voice, in the Bohemian dialect.

“ A girl on her way home,” answered Joanna, with as much indifference of manner as she was mistress of.

“ What were you about here ? Is it you who have fired the rocket ? ”

“The rocket!”—echoed Joanna, dissembling but indifferently; “I know nothing about it.”

“You must, at least, have heard the noise, and seen the flash.”

“And suppose as much:—does it follow that I fired it?”

“Who are you, girl? Your words seem well *studied*.”

“I know not what right you have to question them,” replied Joanna; but she spoke with great mildness, for every look at the venerable old man impressed her with more confidence and respect.

“I am Count Martinitz.”

“The Governor-General!” cried she, partly alarmed, and partly rejoiced. She now recognised his noble features, and that graceful deportment which had so often inspired her with reverence.—“Then, with your Excellency, I seek to have no reserve on this subject.—It *was* I.”

“And for what purpose?”

“I am the daughter of the steward and

gardener in the house of Count Waldstein on the Kleinseite. The Count commands you—upon the bridge-tower, and my father having learned that the Swedes purpose an attack on that tower to-morrow morning, informs his master thereof by this preconcerted signal. He had meant to make it himself; but the Swedes who are quartered in our house, suspecting that he knew of their plan, have locked him up—and so he sent me in his room.”

“And had you the courage to come hither alone in the dark? Suppose one of the Swedish sentries had seen you?”

“I knew this spot to be retired and uninhabited; and,—in short, we had no alternative. There was none whom I could entrust with a commission of so much importance; and I considered it my duty not to shrink from any personal danger when no less than the preservation of our noble master and of the greater part of Prague was at stake.”

“You are a brave Bohemian girl,” answered Count Martinitz; “and I rejoice to

find, there are such courageous hearts amongst us. But what would you have done, child, if, instead of me, you *had* met with a Swede, or any other ill-minded person?"

Joanna, though reluctantly, drew forth her knife.—“See, your Excellency,” said she, “I was armed, and ready either to defend myself, or”——and her eyes fell on the ground—“to choose death in preference to a greater evil.”

Martinitz looked at her with astonishment. “So resolute?” said he, at length; “that’s nobly said!—But, come, you must not be exposed to further hazard. I will conduct you a nearer way home—through the court-yard of the castle, in which, and the adjacent grounds, (such are the chances of this turbulent time,) I have been a kind of state-prisoner since the night of the fête.”

Joanna took the Count’s offered arm, not without a passing inclination to smile at her strange escort—an inclination, however, immediately subdued when she looked upon that venerable countenance, grand in its sadness.

“You are wounded, I fear, Sir,” she said, timidly. “Is not the night-air calculated to be prejudicial to you?”

“The night is fine, my child; and I love to ramble over this spot, the scene of my former providential preservation. I know not but that I rather exceed, in so doing, the degree of freedom allowed by the enemy to my personal movements: but they may well be confident, Count Martinitz will not betray an implied trust.—But your news is important, my child!” and the Count seemed buried in reverie.

They now entered the castle through a side-door opening upon a long gallery, at the end of which a lamp burned: “Immediately beyond is the first court,” said Martinitz; “Cross it, descend the steps, and you will find your distance from home much shortened.”

They stood beneath the light; and, while the Count opened the door to give Joanna egress, she turned to thank him for his condescension. The sight of her features ap-

peared to strike the old man with some sudden and deep emotion.

“*Who* did you tell me you were?” asked he, hastily.

“My name is Joanna, Sir; and I am the daughter of Bertram Schütz, house-steward of Count Waldstein.”

“And your *mother*?”

“She died long since;—I scarcely remember her.”

“What was her maiden name?”

“Theresa Leben.”

Apparently, no token of recognition followed on the part of Count Martinitz, although his previous emotion had almost led Joanna to expect as much. He took her hand, and, kindly wishing her good night, returned through the gallery.

Our heroine (for so we think we may venture to call her) having gained her chamber in safety, strove to obtain the refreshment of a few hours' sleep, but in vain! The mingled events of the preceding day, together with anxious anticipations as to the following one,

haunted and kept her restless: and when, at length, the kindly burthen of slumber fell upon her eye-lids, they were speedily unclosed again, in consequence of an unusual noise and bustle about the house.—It was scarce day-break, but Joanna instantly rose and went to her window to ascertain the cause.

The soldiers were cleaning their arms and horses; and she shortly afterward heard Cobby's voice, bawling out obstreperously. There remained no doubt that preparations were going on for some important expedition; and Joanna thanked God for having vouchsafed her the means of giving the signal. Soon after, Cobby and some other officers came down stairs, all armed; the horses were brought, and mounted; and with great clatter the whole party galloped off.

Scarcely were they out of the court-yard, before a knock was heard at the door of Joanna's anti-room, followed by her father's voice, calling out upon her. She admitted him with a cry of joy.

“Have you—” he began.

She answered his unfinished question—
“ Yes, father, all has been done, and I trust understood.”

“ Thank God !” cried the old man ; “ now, come what will, we have done our duty, and I am hopeful for the best.”

They now both anxiously awaited the result of the assault, and a distant cannonading soon announced that it had commenced.

We will now retrograde a little, to follow the movements of our hero.—As soon as Bertram had left him, he proceeded to the commanding officer, to acquaint him with what he had heard. At first, Count Colloredo thought the whole merely an idle report, produced by fear and misunderstanding, as is frequently the case among the lower classes and in times of commotion. But other circumstances, communicated by Waldstein, at last attracted his notice, and he issued orders that the bridge-tower (whose possession was of so much importance) should be reinforced, and defended by a body of regular troops, in addition to the corps of students.

The preparations in the event of an attack, (which were to be carried on with all possible secrecy,) kept Waldstein thoroughly employed;—and thus passed the hours until the sun had sunk beneath the Hradschin, and the bustle of the town gradually subsided. Waldstein had finished the labour of the day; and, much fatigued, though quite cheerful, sat himself down with Wulden at the window facing the castle-hill, in order not to miss the signal Bertram had promised to give, in case the attack should be intended for the morrow, which, however, he did not greatly expect.

It grew darker and darker, and no signal appeared. The lights in the houses were reflected by the stream. Waldstein became very thoughtful; the conversation, just before so animated, gradually ceased; and Wulden could perceive, that thoughts and recollections unallied to the present moment occupied his friend.—In fact, the image of Joanna hovered before Albert's eyes; her devotedness to a noble object, blended as it was with

personal attachment to him, touched him deeply; and it is most probable that, at the very moment Joanna was involuntarily bewailing their wayward destiny, on the castle-hill, Waldstein pursued a train of thought precisely similar, in the guard-room of the bridge-tower.

“To what good result can these feelings tend?”—thought he.—“Ought not I, as the elder, and perhaps the wiser of the two (here he might have been mistaken) to repress such vain emotions in my bosom, and seek to discourage their development in hers?”

To his companion, this long reverie was not particularly amusing; and as if desirous to break the spell, he suddenly rose from his seat and exclaimed—“It does not seem that any thing will occur to-night: it is getting late.”

“I, at any rate, will continue on the watch,” replied Waldstein: “to suffer them possibly to incur danger, to no purpose, would indeed be grievous.” Even as he spake, the fiery

herald issued, as it were, from out the dark earth, and aspired toward heaven—the abiding-place of light.

The young men stood for one moment motionless—the next, Waldstein seized a steel that lay by, and set fire to some powder placed before the window for that purpose. The brief flash was directly swallowed up in darkness—but not before it had been observed on the castle-hill.

“To-morrow, then, is the day,” cried Leopold, delightedly:—“it is nearer than I had hoped.”

“It was *she!*” shouted Waldstein.

“She!” echoed Wulden, with a tone and look of mystification.

“It was Joanna herself!”

“What! that fired the rocket? How do you know?”

“I saw her figure by the swift-flashing light, and could not mistake it.”

The friends now once more repaired to Marshal Colloredo, and having obtained audience, made their report—the result

whereof was, that all the necessary orders were issued, and every thing in an hour or so betokened preparation. Albert and Leopold, having attended to the duties prescribed to them, sought, in brief repose, additional strength to meet the impending conflict.

As soon as daylight appeared, the first thundering of the cannon, which grew more violent and more constant, interrupted the calm of the clear, bright morning. It proceeded from the Ziskaberg, where Count Magnus de la Garde had his post, and had lasted about an hour, when suddenly a troop of soldiers issued from the gate and galloped over the bridge, led on by their commander, and provided with petards, iron bars, and all instruments requisite for forcing the bridge-tower, toward which they directed their movement.

“Now is the decisive moment!” shouted Waldstein, and every one hastened to his place. At the same time, the bells of the Old and New-Town sounded the alarm, and every man able to bear arms proceeded in

full speed to one of the ramparts of his native place. Never before had the Swedes attacked with such impetuosity and obstinacy;—but the most terrific assault was that on the side of the Old-Town. Odowalsky, who had long before learned that his rival was still living, and had caused the first storming of the Old-Town to fail, had selected this part of the duty; while Waldstein immediately recognised in the Swedish Colonel who, with haughty assurance, galloped first over the bridge, and directed the attack with equal judgment and effect, the very man whose life he had lately saved on the Hradschin. This recognition served only to increase his spirits and zeal. The struggle was long and obstinate; red-hot balls were thrown into the town, and set fire to it in several parts. But the inhabitants, regardless of the destruction that threatened their property, willingly placed it in the care of the Jews, who were employed in extinguishing the flames, and (to their honor be it mentioned) performed their duty willingly and fearlessly.

The combat, in different places, had lasted several hours. Many of the Swedish troops fell before the walls of the New-Town; and a still greater quantity, in proportion to the inferior number of the besieged, had met their death at the bridge-tower, which they found it impossible to carry, and where the students, under the command of Waldstein and Wulden, kept up such an effective fire from the intrenchments and battlements, that Odowalsky, after having been slightly grazed by a bullet on the knee, and seeing the greatest part of his troops either dead or wounded around him, at length gave signal for retreat.

Burning with rage and shame, and exasperated by the pain of his wound, he led his troops back through Bridge Street, and having inspected the residue, and ordered them to their barracks, he submitted to the investigation of his hurt, and for that purpose proceeded to the house of Waldstein, which he had not only looked upon as his occasional residence in town, but as his contingent pro-

perty,—and bit his lips from mortification when he was compelled to enter it to-day with fainter hopes than ever of ultimate possession. What was most vexatious to him was the idea, that both his strength and skill had been exerted in vain on the resistance opposed by raw and unexperienced youths, and their commander, who had thus a second time frustrated his plans. The circumstance that this commander had once saved his life sharpened the bitter sting, and produced in him a temper of mind quite intolerable.

In the midst of these sullen thoughts, he was interrupted by the arrival of Colonel Coppy, who likewise returned from his unsuccessful enterprise—the storming of the Spittel-gate, where he had been posted with his regiment under the command of Count de la Garde. The two comrades exchanged unpleasant reports, with these advantages on Coppy's side,—that he was by far the most good-natured of the two—did not feel quite so irritated, (the plan not hav-

ing emanated from him,) and had escaped with a whole skin.

They talked over the different circumstances that had distinguished the conflict, and expatiated on the singularity of the failure of their expedition. Odowalsky, on casting about in his mind for the cause of this failure, expressed his firm conviction that treachery had set the Bohemians on their guard, and induced them to strengthen the previously-neglected post of the bridge-tower.

“Likely enough, i’ faith,” answered the bluff old soldier.—“And now you speak of treachery, it reminds me of a curious circumstance which I heard to-day.”

“What is that?” inquired Odowalsky, eagerly.

“An officer in De la Garde’s regiment told me, that he saw, from the Ziskaberg, where he had been visiting a friend, a rocket rise opposite the Old-Town.”

“And did he not report upon it, or take steps to discover its meaning?”

“He reported it; but as nothing more was heard of the matter, General Würtemberg, to whom the fact was made known, deemed it unnecessary to take any further notice of it, thinking probably that it was some school-boys amusing themselves.”

“The dolt!” muttered Odowalsky; and he continued; “If others neglect their duty, I will not mine.—We will find who discharged this rocket, depend on it.”—Then, after a brief pause, during which he appeared lost in thought, he abruptly added—“Waldstein is commander of the bridge-tower, this house is his, and the people adore him. The treachery has originated *here!*”

He then rose, and prepared, leaning on one of his people—for walking was troublesome to him on account of his wound—to mount the Hradschin, and make his report to Count Königsmark,—a duty which he had scarce ever performed with so much reluctance.

The interview was long, and marked by

those feelings of suspicion on the one side and aversion on the other, which every day grew stronger, and were softened on the General's part by policy alone, and on the Colonel's by military discipline.—Odowalsky dwelt with considerable force on the circumstance that had been communicated to him respecting the rocket, and Königsmark appeared to consider it worthy of deep attention. He praised the zeal expressed by Odowalsky to discover the parties implicated in firing it, and assured him of his own co-operation to that effect.

On leaving head-quarters, the Colonel found the irritation arising from his hurt too great to admit of his walking further; and a litter having been provided, he intimated his desire to be conveyed across the Moldavia to Troy.

Helen was already informed of the unsuccessful result of the affair; she had heard too, that Odowalsky had been wounded, though so slightly, as to have returned to the Hrad-

schin on foot. She therefore anticipated his arrival with mingled feelings of joy at his preservation and annoyance at the failure of the undertaking, from the success whereof she had expected so much. She knew, too, that this failure would, according to custom, exasperate the Colonel's temper, and lead him to wreak his spleen on all around him. She had hoped, that he would send a messenger, with a more exact account: but instead of a messenger, she descried, from the castle window, (which commanded a view of the Moldavia, and whereat she had remained almost the whole afternoon,) a boat with a litter, and manned by the attendants of Odowalsky. Her knees almost refused their office as she hurried down the steps and through the garden, in order to reach the banks of the river as quickly as her trembling limbs would permit. What frightful images did her foreboding fancy picture! —Odowalsky severely wounded, dying, de-

sirous of bidding her farewell with his latest breath!

She had just reached the garden-gate, when her lover, supported, it is true, by two of his people, but otherwise looking in good health, met her. "Thank God!" cried she, "my fears exaggerated the reality."— They exchanged greetings, and Odowalsky explained the nature of his hurt.

Arrived in the drawing-room of the castle, the Colonel seated himself, dismissed his attendants, and calling Helen to him, affectionately pressed her to his bosom. "Here let me rest!" cried he: "With the exception of yourself, the whole human race is born to torment me, and by their stupidity or knavery to frustrate my best designs!"

Helen strove by tender assiduities to calm the manifest perturbation of her lover's mind, and by the provision of every requisite comfort to deaden his sense of bodily pain, which was occasionally acute. She listened in silence to his vociferous complaints of Coppy,

Königsmark and others, and even repressed the somewhat undefinable emotions that sprung up in her wayward breast when Odowalsky poured forth a string of invectives against Waldstein, the very bitterness of which tended to prove the gallantry and good conduct displayed by that noble youth.

CHAPTER V.

THE parts of Prague unoccupied by the enemy, exhibited, after the battle, a very different picture. Instead of discontent and mutual distrust, which reigned in the headquarters of the Swedes and their adherents, every heart on the other side of the Moldavia felt gay and confident. The repeated storming had been bravely repulsed; the courage and resolution of the garrison, as well as of the inhabitants, had stood a severe trial; and the loss of the enemy had been so great, as to make a long interval of rest more than probable—perhaps until the town was relieved, an event to be shortly expected, since, in the first place, Colonel Golz was collecting troops in the Circle of Budweis; and in the next, the conclusion of peace could not be at any very

great distance. The Swedes had even asked for an armistice, to enable them to carry off their wounded from before the bridge and ramparts, and to bury their dead, to which Count Colloredo willingly consented; for in the town, also, similar duties were to be performed, although to a less extent.

And here again Father Plachy showed himself active, in another way. Scarcely had he unbuckled his sword, and taken off his casque, ere, as the pious priest, he stood at the bed-side of the wounded, (particularly of the corps of students,) anxiously taking care of those whose cases admitted hope of recovery, and soothing the death-bed of such as were given over, by prayer and consolation. But nothing contributed more to his happiness than the gallant conduct of his former pupil, and the praise bestowed on him by the officers, and even by Field-Marshal Colloredo himself. As soon, therefore, as he had fulfilled those sacred duties, he hastened to Waldstein, whom he found with his friend Wulden, talking over the labours of the

day. Albert, at sight of the worthy ecclesiastic, ran toward him, pressed his hand, and endeavoured to draw it to his lips, declaring, in answer to the Father's encomiums, that all he had been able to achieve on this or any other day, resulted solely from the counsels of that excellent man, whom he considered as a second father.

"God bless you, my child!" said Plachy, much affected, "and grant that you may emulate the fair fame of your princely relative!"

The three friends sat down to take some necessary refreshment, and to "fight their battles o'er again" in cheerful converse.—The subject was enlivening, and so was the cheer; and even Waldstein's spirits rose to a joyous mood.—There was one reflection, however, which seemed to check the exuberance of his mirth, and restore in his bosom the habitual sway of anxious thought: it was connected with the danger that had possibly accrued to Bertram and Joanna, in consequence of their agency with respect to the

rocket. He had, as may be imagined, heard nothing since, either of or from them; and was fearful lest their patriotic undertaking might have subjected them to the persecution of an enraged enemy.

Nor was this apprehension groundless.—Odowalsky loudly and publicly insisting on an inquiry, Königsmark was induced to appoint a committee for the investigation of the affair, of which committee Odowalsky was himself constituted a member.—The reason assigned for this step was, the safety of the Swedish army, and the punishment of any who had dared (even from a wish to serve their fellow-citizens) to hatch treasonable projects against it:—but it was in reality subservient to Odowalsky's anxious desire to be revenged on the betrayer of his individual scheme, as well as on Waldstein, who became more hateful to him every day, and whom he hoped to mortify by the punishment of one of his most faithful dependents—for his natural sagacity had at once fixed on Bertram as the delinquent.

Königsmark, disgusted with all these proceedings, and who besides could not, after his late loss, take any decisive step without fresh succour, took advantage of the short interval of the armistice, to compliment upon his arrival in Leipsic, the Count Palatine Charles Gustavus, to whom Queen Christiana had confided the command of her whole army. This Prince had entered Germany, bringing with him a considerable reinforcement from Sweden, and was on the point of marching his troops into Bohemia, for the reduction of Prague. Königsmark therefore, naming Count Magnus de la Garde president of this commission, set out for Saxony; and Odowalsky viewed his departure with very mixed feelings; for although the General's absence gave him greater scope in the prosecution of his inquiry, he was, on the other hand, apprehensive lest Königsmark might prejudice him in the eyes of the Count Palatine, on whom he built his hopes of promotion.

Nothing came to light for some time

respecting the supposed signal. Bertram stoutly denied every thing; the other men about the house really knew nothing of the affair; and no one suspected Joanna. Another method was now therefore taken, by endeavouring to ascertain what person from the Government castle might have been on that spot at the time coinciding with the account of the Swedish officer who had noticed the signal.

And here, to the great astonishment of every member of the court, the course of the examination brought before them a person whose rank, birth, and character differed widely from those of any one hitherto scrutinised. This was Count Martinitz, Governor-General of Bohemia, the first person in the kingdom, and representative of the sovereign. He had been walking that evening—on this point all accounts agreed—quite alone, on that part of the castle-hill. His hatred to the Swedes, and to the creed which they supported in Germany, was well known; whilst his high station, and the uni-

versal attachment of the people, might well place it in his power to obtain secret information of every thing going on both in Prague and with the besieging army. Thus, all things taken into consideration, the probability of his being the culprit amounted nearly to a certainty. Count de la Garde was much inclined to put an end to an inquiry which could now lead to none but painful results; for, what measures could be adopted, in case of conviction, against a man of the governor's powerful connections and of such an advanced age, (he being nearly seventy,) that would not be extremely odious, and, possibly, in the event, disastrous to the Swedes themselves? Thus argued De la Garde, and the majority of the court concurred with him in opinion. Odowalsky, however, rose in a fury, and maintained in an energetic speech, which derived additional influence from his commanding person and melodious voice, that, far from fearing to create discontent among the inhabitants by having recourse to severe measures, they should remember that

it was these severe measures only which could ensure the safety of the Swedish troops in the middle of a people addicted to sedition and rebellion.—“ Nothing but the principle of intimidation can preserve us,” said he in conclusion, “ and these Bohemians must tremble at us, if they are not to despise, or revolt against us.”—The votes of the officers began to be divided. One part adhered to their former opinion, and wished to suppress the inquiry; whilst the other, and by far the most numerous, were induced by Odowalsky’s speech, to insist upon instituting criminal proceedings against the Governor-General.

All that the President of the Commission could obtain, was authority to interrogate Count Martinitz at his own apartments in the castle, rather than summon him before the military tribunal; and hoping to receive full exculpation from the venerable old man, he proceeded, though reluctantly, to fulfil his mission.

Count Martinitz received De la Garde

with politeness and urbanity: but when the latter went on to explain the purport of his visit, the Count, like an old tactician, shrank into silence and dogged reserve.—He knew nothing of the affair: he had neither seen the rocket nor the person who fired it; and in conclusion, begged to be excused from answering such inquisitorial questions, which he regarded as offensive to his self-respect and dignity.

De la Garde pursued his way back to the hall of inquiry with no pleasurable feelings. He reported the denial of the Governor, and urged the indelicacy of subjecting that nobleman to any further scrutiny—suggesting that it would be better to follow up their investigation in some other quarter.—This proposal was, however, vigorously contested by Odowalsky and his party; and De la Garde, overpowered by a majority of votes, was at length obliged to yield to the arrangement of Count Martinitz being confined, as a close prisoner, to his own room, until he should feel disposed to be more explicit. The old

Governor-General submitted to this fresh insult with dignified composure, and struggled manfully with his rising indignation when apprised that even the Countess, his wife, could not be suffered to hold intercourse with him unless in presence of a Swedish officer.

The news of the Governor's arrest spread through the Kleinseite, and was productive of the greatest alarm. The proceedings of the investigating committee had previously been little regarded, and their purport scarcely understood. Now, however, they were adverted to, and watched, with interest and apprehension. Exaggerated rumours, as is usual in such circumstances, flew around; and a report quickly penetrated, among other quarters, into the Waldstein palace, that the life of the honourable man was in imminent danger.

"My dear father!" cried Joanna, as soon as the friend who brought this intelligence had left the room: "My dear father! I neither can nor will be silent any longer. The life of Count Martinitz is threatened by these diabolical Swedes, because he is considered,

it seems, the author of that signal, and the head of a conspiracy against the lives of the Swedish garrison. As to the second accusation, I know not how far it may be true, although it appears to me, upon the whole, quite improbable; but, from the former, he must be cleared."

"Joanna!" exclaimed Bertram, much alarmed, "What are you thinking of? Do you wish us to become our own accusers?"

"You, father," replied she, calmly, "are not implicated in this matter. I am the delinquent; and it is, therefore, but just ——"

"O God!" cried the old man, in anguish, "You will destroy yourself without saving him!"

"Why, surely, were I to come forward and admit that it was I ——"

"They will not believe you; you will ruin yourself, and me too, without being of any use to the Governor."

"Be at peace, father,—at least as far as regards yourself. I have long considered the matter; indeed, ever since I heard this in-

quiry was pending. It was I alone who originally extorted the secret from these Swedish monsters; I alone gave the signal. You were a prisoner at the time, and they dare not touch a hair of your head!—and, as to me, it is by no means clear that they would proceed to extremities. Their object is to intimidate, not to be gratuitously cruel!”

Joanna did all in her power to re-assure her father; but, in truth, her position was of a most difficult and delicate nature. She would fain have taken the contemplated step without Bertram's knowledge; but she dreaded his subsequent interference, in that case. She endeavoured to make him feel that, sooner or later, the truth must come to light, as the Swedes would never rest till they had sifted the matter to the bottom; she represented to him how nobly the Count had behaved, preferring the exposure of his own person to unworthy and rigorous treatment, rather than betray a girl unknown to him, whom he had detected in a clandestine act; and that therefore, now his liberty and honour were threat-

ened, it became imperative on her to take the blame upon herself.

She, at length, succeeded in inducing her father to concur with her in opinion thus far. But she found it much more difficult to prevent him from participating in her confession. Bertram tenderly loved his daughter; and the idea even of dying with her appeared less afflicting, than that of seeing her exposed to danger in which he had no share. Notwithstanding, the girl found sufficient address to quiet her father's anxious solicitude on this point also,—persuading him, that the actions of a woman were far less likely to be visited with severity than those of a man; and dwelling on the high and amiable character of Count de la Garde, whom all—even the inhabitants of the Kleinseite,—united in praising for justice and humanity.

Having thus wrung from the poor old man his slow consent, and solemn promise of abstaining from interference, the Bohemian maiden, simply and modestly dressed, and attended only by a female servant, ascended

with a sorrowful heart, but firm resolve, the castle steps, timidly approached the Swedish sentries, and requested an audience of the Count de la Garde, as a citizen's daughter from the Kleinseite, who had some important communication to make to him respecting the signal given to the enemy on the eve of the storming of the bridge-tower.

She was soon admitted, and entered, covered with blushes; for there were a great number of officers with the Count, and the eyes of all were turned upon her. She paused a moment, and the striking beauty as well as innocence of her appearance induced De la Garde to advance a few steps, and suggest her adjourning into another room, where, finding herself alone with the noble Swede, she summoned all her strength of mind, and said— "I have been informed, Sir, that an inquiry has been set on foot against His Excellency, the Governor, who is accused of having fired that rocket which, in the Swedish head-quarters, has been regarded as a signal given their enemy."

“ You are right,” answered De la Garde, courteously ;—“ Have you any further details to communicate ?”

“ I have,” replied she, “ and if you, Sir, will pledge your word that Count Martinitz shall be restored to liberty, and no longer exposed to trouble and vexation, when you know the guilty person, I will disclose that person.”

“ You !”

“ Will you give me your promise ?”

“ Yes, provided the Count can be fully exculpated.”

“ He can, most fully and unreservedly.— It was *I* who fired the rocket.”

“ And do you tell me this yourself ?”

“ I cannot endure to see an innocent man, and one so universally respected, suffering for an action of my own, and of which, I candidly confess, I am proud.”

De la Garde looked at Joanna with astonishment. “ Who are you, young woman ?” asked he.

She told him her name, and explained, in

addition, the circumstances which had preceded and accompanied the discharge of the rocket, carefully suppressing, however, her encounter with Martinitz. Her father's expedition also to Waldstein, in disguise, to apprise him generally of the Swedish scheme, she appropriated to herself;—and ended, after exciting at once the astonishment and incredulity of her auditor. He listened to her with deep attention, but doubted while he listened, and when she had concluded, told her as much.—Joanna persisted, however, in her confession; and when De la Garde pointed out the evil consequences which might, and most probably would, be entailed on her thereby, she shuddered, but continued firm. At length, De la Garde, after looking at her for awhile with great interest, said: “After what has passed between us, I cannot allow you to be at large; at the same time I do not wish, for the present, to avail myself of your voluntary impeachment. A commodious room shall be assigned you, where I beg you to reflect upon what I have

said; and if you shall find, that
sity, or whatever other motive
duced you thus to screen Count
your own expense, has carried
remember, it is Count de la Ga
heard your confession, and not
of the committee."

Joanna made her obeisance, a
out emotion, thanked the Count
dour:—but not a word did she
begging that her father might be
what had happened; and then
followed a servant, who was ord
Count to conduct her to an apart
by himself.—Here, in the solitud
fined room, which, though tolerat
convenient, only received its light
grated window, the possible con
her step began gradually to unfol
At times, indeed, unused to stro
doubted that she had gone too fa
tured to herself her father's sorr
anxiety of Waldstein, were he to
situation; and yet, strange to say

thought served in some degree to comfort her. It was for his sake she had run so great a risk ; and she knew him too well, not to feel assured, that he would approve of the course she had taken, and be convinced she ought not, under all circumstances, to have acted otherwise. Thus did she endeavour to soothe her excited feelings, and ultimately awaited her fate with composure and resignation.

CHAPTER VI.

LEIPSIC, by the presence of the Count Palatine, was rendered very gay and brilliant. In spite of the distresses of war, in spite of the still visible devastations occasioned by so many battles fought in the neighbourhood, the industry and activity of the inhabitants had in a great measure restored comfort and good order; and the arrival of Prince Gustavus (the future King of Sweden) was celebrated with great splendour: the bells rang merrily, and the thunder of cannon announced the youthful hero's entrance into Leipsic, where several officers of rank (and amongst others Königsmark) awaited him.

At the town hall, a magnificent entertainment was prepared for the Prince and all

the officers of his staff; and it seemed as if similarity of religious worship, and the hopes, which, in this respect, the Protestant party had formed from their alliance with the Swedes, had induced them to forget all the hardships they had suffered for several years from this very army.

Königsmark availed himself of the first leisure moment, on the following day, to communicate to the Prince the real situation of things before Prague, and the reduced state of his army, owing to their repeated fruitless attacks, as well as to the sallies of the besieged;—and, finally, he consulted with the Prince on the measures necessary to be adopted, in order to get possession of the whole town. Gustavus did not feel at first disposed to proceed to Bohemia with the entire force that Christiana had placed under his command, desirous rather to direct his march toward Bavaria, for the purpose of supporting General Wrangel; and only to send a detachment of his army to Bohemia. But the reasons urged by Königsmark, who

represented to him the vital importance of the capture of Prague, at last prevailed, and the Count Palatine resolved to commence his military career in a brilliant manner, by the reduction of a place of so much consequence. It was therefore decided, that the Prince, with his troops, should protract their departure from Leipsic awhile longer, in order to await the junction of several regiments that had been collected in Westphalia, and then proceed by forced marches to the Bohemian capital.

Odowalsky, who had positive orders from Königsmark not to leave Prague, but who nevertheless contrived, through the medium of certain friends, to make interest with Gustavus, had by this means, at the same time that he looked forward with malicious satisfaction to the punishment of Joanna, received the promise of being promoted on the first vacancy to the rank of General. For the first time during a long period, he experienced unmingled satisfaction; and his sanguine temperament, ever tending to ex-

aggregation, led him to feel certain of the ultimate accomplishment of all his views.— In this spirit, he repaired to Troy; where, without first waiting on Helen, he requested an audience of the Baron, and in due form demanded the hand of his niece, adding that he was in hopes of wedding her in the character of a general.

The Baron had by degrees become more accustomed to Odowalsky, or Streitberg, as he was there addressed: and perceiving the decided sentiments of the young lady,—thinking, too, that the conclusion of peace would soon make them all friends,—and possibly somewhat proud at the idea of an alliance with an influential Swedish officer,—his original strong prepossessions had begun to give way. Daily intercourse, likewise, with this sensible and experienced, though irritable soldier, had done a good deal toward softening the Baron's prejudices. It afforded him amusement in his country solitude; and thus the event which he at first regarded as intolerable became gradu-

ally looked upon almost as a matter of course. The Colonel's proposal, therefore, was received at all events with complacency; and the Baron answered, that provided his niece and her mother were friendly to the union, his own consent should not be withheld.

Helen was accordingly summoned.—She was surprised to find Odowalsky with her uncle, without her having previously seen him; and this surprise was increased, when the purpose of his visit was communicated, and Odowalsky, with dignified politeness, in the presence of the Baron, demanded the honor of her hand. While smiles and blushes increased her beauty, she gave consent; and the tenderness wherewith her lover pressed her to his heart,—his features quivering with emotion, gave him a higher claim to the esteem of the Baron, while Helen was fairly enchanted. The aunt and mother now joined the family council. The former was still prejudiced against the Colonel; for, with a true woman's pertinacity, she did not forget the hopes she had entertained of her

cousin Waldstein being the object of Helen's choice. She could not, however, under the circumstances, refuse her sanction: and, as for Madame Berka, herself a Protestant, the thought of her daughter's union with a general-elect of the all-powerful Swedes, gave birth to many feelings calculated to gratify, indeed, to elate her.

The business was therefore speedily settled, and Helen was announced to the whole castle as the future bride of Odowalsky, who, after he had passed a few hours of delightful conversation with her in talking over their future arrangements, returned to the town, in triumph at the idea of being able to call the loveliest girl of Prague his own, and with the view, by proceeding in the investigation, to wreak still further vengeance upon Waldstein.

The inhabitants of the unconquered part of Prague now enjoyed tolerable repose, nothing of consequence taking place; though still every day increased the embarrassed situation of the closely-invested city. Scarce

any supplies could find admittance, every thing arriving from the country for this purpose having to encounter the greatest difficulties and danger, whilst the little on hand was insufficient to maintain much longer the great number of the inhabitants and garrison.

Forage for the horses, in particular, grew extremely scanty; and this want pressed the more severely in consequence of the arrival of Count Buchheim, with his corps, which had just advanced in the greatest haste to the aid of Field-Marshal Colloredo, and consisted chiefly of cavalry. Accordingly, a council of war was held, before which an exact statement was produced, wherefrom it appeared, that, although there was no immediate dread of want, still this state of things could not possibly continue long, and that relief, either by force or by the conclusion of peace, must be obtained. It was therefore resolved, as Generals des Souches and Golz were assembling a considerable force at Budniers, that the Buchheim corps should be dismissed from Prague, in order to join that of Golz,

and thus form an armament sufficiently strong to attack the Swedes, and force them to leave Prague at liberty.

Meanwhile, in spite of the blockade, our volatile friend, Leopold, contrived to possess himself of almost all the small-talk of the Kleinseite and other places held by the enemy; and, among these scraps of intelligence, he learnt the circumstance of Odowalsky's proposal for Helen, his acceptance, and the preparations that were making for the nuptials, which were to be celebrated on the arrival of the Count Palatine, by whom, it was expected, Odowalsky's commission, as General, would be received. Lest any undexterous tongue should charge itself with the communication of this news to Waldstein, Wulden, immediately on hearing it, sought his friend, and was commencing the disclosure in a very circuitous way, when Albert cut him short by anticipating the intelligence, and proving that he could receive it almost with indifference. In fact, the events of the last few weeks had done much to dissolve the spell in which Helen's

fascinations had originally bound our hero. He now clearly saw and felt that the woman who could hang upon this Odowalsky, and *that* Helen whom he had loved, were two beings totally distinct. He, therefore, commented on Leopold's information with calm seriousness, lamented Helen's ill fate, and united with his friend in predicting the unhappiness which so ill-assorted a marriage seemed to render certain.

And Helen thought also of Albert, though with quite different sensations. Although the stream of circumstances had carried her along with it, yet a sort of revulsion had taken place in her mind, and the betrothed of the Swedish leader, Streitberg, could not avoid sighing when she thought of the handsome young Bohemian Count who once knelt at her feet, and whom an approving word, spoken in sincerity, would have bound to her for ever. The last unsuccessful attempt of the Swedes, too, had afforded a fresh proof of his bravery and capacity.

But the die was cast; and Helen sought

abstraction from painful thoughts in contemplation of the honor and greatness which awaited her, and in making preparation for her nuptials, which were to be solemnized with becoming splendor. Odowalsky was not sparing in presents to his bride, of the most costly description: how he came by the jewels, silks, &c. which he lavished on her, (and some of which Helen actually recollected to have seen adorning the persons of old acquaintances,) it was not wise to investigate too scrupulously;—they were, in fact, the spoils of war; and, as such, we suppose he would be acquitted in a court of *honor* for their possession.

She was seated one day with her mother at the window which looked toward the city, and engaged in choosing from amongst sundry rich stuffs, laces, &c. some articles for her wedding-suit, when a boat glided across the Moldavia, and shortly after, the sound of Odowalsky's firm step was heard ascending the stairs. Helen flew to meet him, and he entered smiling, and inquiring whether she

had finished the selection of her dress :—
“ You must dispatch, ladies !” said he : “ the
Palatine will very shortly be here.”

“ We had just formed ourselves into a
committee of taste,” said Madame de Berka,
“ and we will vote you a member. Now,
what think you, Colonel, of this white dress
with the silver clasps and this ruby collar ?”

“ Dear Madam,” answered Odowalsky,
with a smile, “ I fear I am but bad authority
on these subjects. But I have ground for
confidence in knowing that my Helen will
ever be beautiful, robe herself as she may.
All I desire is, that she may be right splen-
didly attired, as becomes her own perfections,
and my bride.—But perhaps,” continued he,
“ you would have the kindness to inform my
people that they need not wait. I was so
anxious to greet my bride, that I overlooked
giving them the necessary directions.”

This rather broad hint was forthwith taken ;
and Madame Berka, good-humouredly shak-
ing her head, left the room.

The lovers were now alone ; and after some

endearments natural enough to persons so situated had passed between them, Odowalsky proceeded to unfold, much to Helen's astonishment, the history of the rocket and of Joanna. The young lady had previously been made aware of the institution of the Committee of Inquiry, and had heard that Count Martinitz had become implicated; but all was new to her respecting the daughter of Waldstein's steward, and her interest was at once fixed by some hints thrown out touching a probable *liaison* between the girl and her master.

"But if such be the case," said Odowalsky, the gleam of triumphant malice passing over his features, "I think I know how to cross their loves.—This is, however, no ordinary maiden. She has abundant resolution—and is handsome too," added he, as if willing still further to excite his hearer's attention.

"And what will become of her?" asked Helen, timidly, and half shuddering at the expression of her lover's countenance.

"That, we have not yet decided.—The

the command of Count Buchheim left the town by the Wissehrader-gate, and retired unobserved and uninterrupted along the road toward Tabor. The night favored the concealment of their retreat, and thus Buchheim got considerably the start. But by means of the country people who came into the Swedish camp, and through adherents which here and there the enemy had, it soon became known in the head-quarters of the Swedes.

Since the departure of Königsmark, the command of the Swedish army had been held by General Würtemberg, who immediately summoned his chief officers to a council of war, on hearing that a junction was projecting of the hostile corps of Golz and Buchheim. At this council, it was resolved that, all things considered, Christiana's cause would be more fully advanced by the breaking-up of the army at present lying before Prague—more especially as the Count Palatine would be able to invest it far more effectively. Würtemberg, therefore, gave orders accordingly; and the inhabitants of the besieged

city beheld with astonishment, that same morning, the sinking of the Swedish lines of tents upon the Ziskaberg and every adjacent height, the withdrawing of the cannon, and the getting into motion of the Würtemberg corps. Overjoyed, they exchanged congratulations with each other respecting this unlooked-for release, the occasion whereof seemed at first almost miraculous: communication with the country around was re-established, and provisions became once more tolerably plentiful.

But these happy feelings were soon suspended, when the road the Würtemberg corps had taken became known; and the citizens were again in a state of anxiety as to what would befall them, in case the Swedish General succeeded in getting up with Buchheim before his junction with Golz. Still, the long-debarred liberty of getting outside the gates, and renewing intercourse with friends and relatives, was a positive source of present delight, and freely indulged.

CHAPTER VII.

WALDSTEIN, in the mean time, had been a prey to many anxious thoughts. He had heard that the Swedes had dared to draw within their detested web his noble friend, Count Martinitz,—the information of which fact was accompanied by a number of different rumours.—Some said that the Count had given a signal to Field-Marshal Colloredo, from the Palace-garden; others, that he had sent to him a disguised messenger; others again pretended to have seen the rocket ascend, not from the Palace-garden, but the vicinity of the Pyramid which commemorated the former escape of the Governor. All these contradictory reports—each of which contained a little substratum of truth, (as Albert,

and he alone, well knew,) filled his heart with immediate fear for Count Martinitz and remote apprehensions concerning Joanna, over whom he saw the sword hanging as it were by a thread. Willingly, therefore, did he avail himself of the new state of things, and accompanied Wulden to a garden situated before the Korn-gate, the fresh verdure whereof most gently wooed their senses after so much confinement.

Hither came, in common with many of the inhabitants of Prague and individuals attached to the garrison, several Swedish officers belonging to the corps left in possession of the Kleinseite; for the place was at present regarded (by a sort of tacit compact) as neutral ground. By these means, our hero hoped to learn, in an indirect way, something about the affair in which he was so deeply interested, and respecting which he was withheld from direct inquiry by the fear of betraying Joanna.

He sat down at a table where a couple of Swedes had already seated themselves, and

whom Leopold had engaged in conversation. The discourse for a time turned upon various unimportant matters. The Swedes spoke in reviling terms against a country wherein wine was with difficulty to be procured—paying, meantime, due devotion to the Bohemian beer; whilst Waldstein sought some occasion (without exciting suspicion) of bringing into debate the occurrences of the day and the celebrated Examination.

Thus occupied, his whole attention was enchained by the dialogue of a couple of Swedish dragoons who had seated themselves next to some citizens of the Old-Town at a table behind him.

“I tell you, she is a witch,” said one of these men.

“Are you not ashamed of such silly superstition?” returned the other. “Our Colonel, who is acquainted with every thing, says there are no witches.”

“Our Colonel,” rejoined the first, “is a free-thinker, that is well known: he goes to no church, and mocks the preachers as well

as the monks : but with us in Sweden, every child can tell you, that the *Fins* carry on all sorts of witchery."

"Ay, indeed!" interrupted one of the Old-Town citizens, "I have often heard so ; and is it true?"

"To be sure!" replied the first dragoon, "and has been so ever since the heathen times, when they sacrificed to their idols, which were nothing else than disguised devils, who, in return, taught them all sorts of mischief."

"But what has this to do, even if granted, with the maiden of the *Kleinseite*?" asked another citizen.

"She has, doubtless, had recourse to magical arts in frustrating our scheme for the capture of the bridge-tower," answered the soldier.

"Magical arts! nonsense!" exclaimed his comrade : "She carried on some understanding with her people on the other side. They say, she has a paramour amongst the garrison

here," added he, turning to the citizens; "you ought to know that better than we."

"The maiden," exclaimed a Bohemian, who had not previously joined in the discourse, "bears an exemplary character. I know both her father and herself; I think it in the last degree improbable that she ever had a *paramour*,—particularly—you will excuse me, gentlemen—among soldiers."

"She must have been in understanding with some one," said the least superstitious of the Swedes.

"With the Devil!" exclaimed his more credulous companion; "and for that understanding, she will, to-morrow, be burnt as a witch."

Hitherto Waldstein had listened, though with great anxiety, still, with resolute calmness. But, at the last words of the dragoon, he sprang up, and Wulden, who had likewise paid the greatest attention to the discourse, saw the moment at hand when his friend, who had thus far preserved a kind of incognito, would, in all probability, betray himself. Ac-

cordingly, he rose also; and, taking Albert's arm, led him a little aside, entreating him to be composed, and offering to extract from the officers with whom he had previously held converse, the facts of the case.

Resuming discourse with these gentlemen, he said, smiling, "Our neighbours are discussing no less serious a subject than the existence of witchcraft,—and talk of the burning of a witch in the Kleinseite to-morrow. What means this?"

"Oh, the blockheads!" answered one of the officers, "they know not what they talk about. There certainly is, however, a delinquent,—and that a female one,—to be executed to-morrow." Waldstein grasped Leopold's arm, and turned deadly pale, but remained silent.

"And for what offence, pray?" resumed Wulden, affecting carelessness.

"I scarce know whether I ought to satisfy you, as matters stand between us," returned the Swede. "However, I don't see what harm can come of it, especially as sentence

strained eye-balls became relaxed, and their wild expression was drowned in a flood of tears. "I cannot," exclaimed the poor youth, throwing himself upon the bosom of his friend, "I cannot overcome the horror, the agony, of this news!—Joanna to suffer death! and from devotion to her country, and to *me!*"

Wulden let the first violence of emotion subside, and then said, "My brother! You may rely upon me. My whole strength, powers, my life itself,—all are yours. But let us consider and determine with circumspection! Come, Albert, rest upon this bank:—you are agitated as I never saw you before; the blow fell too suddenly!"

"Let us not lose one moment," cried Waldstein: "We must first learn where her place of confinement is situated, and then invent the means to free her thence."

"But not by the employment of force:—that will hardly succeed. Think on the favorable position of the Swedes!"

"Force or fraud,—I care not! Somehow, her rescue must be accomplished."

Upon my students I can depend. They will storm the castle, if I command it."—

"Why, Waldstein," said Leopold, forcing a grim smile: "Where is your customary discretion? Cunning, not temerity, must aid us in this business. I have already a scheme forming in my mind;—follow me to the town: all depends on our gaining *exact* information."

Waldstein almost involuntarily followed his friend, whose self-command and promptitude on this occasion displayed points in his character hitherto undeveloped. In the town, the news of the threatened execution now began to spread with surprising rapidity, and to exasperate the minds of all at the cruelty of the Swedes. Joanna herself was known to many, and her honest father to more. Every one was affected at her melancholy fate, her beauty, her youth, and the noble object for the sake of which she was now about to lay down her life.—A sensation, bordering even upon the worship of a martyr, seized every heart, and steeled it against the unsparing enemy.

Wulden related to his father the cruel circumstance, and the latter hastened directly to the several authorities of the city, by whom it was immediately determined to send a deputation to the head-quarters of the Swedes, and endeavour to procure, if not a remission, at least an alleviation of the punishment,—proffering, at the same time, a liberal ransom for the life of the accused.

Waldstein heard all this with some pleasure, inasmuch as it testified the universal respect wherein Joanna was held; but that the Swedes would give up their victim voluntarily, he never for one instant believed, and even thought the deputation might be more prejudicial than advantageous, since it would impress the enemy more fully with the importance of their prisoner. What then was to be done? The first and most necessary point was to inform himself of the situation of her prison, of its security, and the possibility of penetrating it. His whole soul was devoted to this project, and he resolved to spare neither blood, nor life itself, if necessary, in

its accomplishment. In the heroical maiden he vowed to liberate, he saw merely a noble self-devoted individual, attached to him by friendly ties. The *lover*, he thought, had nothing to do with the question, for it never struck him as *possible*, that, under any circumstances, he should wed the daughter of his domestic.

And he resolved, moreover, that he would attempt this enterprise alone. He was well aware of its difficulty and danger, and thought, on further consideration, that he had no right to bring into hazard the life of any of his generous friends.

He resolved, therefore, to disguise himself in the costume of a trading Israelite;—and a long black robe, a girdle round the loins, a high cap, black curled hair, and a beard of the same colour, sufficiently concealed the identity of his person. Thus, alone, and with a bundle on his back under whose light weight he bent in order to conceal his walk and figure, he wandered through the gate, and,

crossing the Moldavia, reached the Kleinseite without adventure. He moved on, fearing much more the prevention of his scheme, in case of detection, than any danger that might accrue to him personally.

He was not recognised, however, and arrived without hindrance at the road called the Bruska, which his uncle had constructed through the rocks of the Hradschin, in order to have a near and commanding ascent up to the castle-hill. The road, which is wide enough for several coaches, winds up the heights, and, on the left hand, a side-path leads to the summit in another direction. This latter is the ancient "*Castle staircase*," and Waldstein observed that many persons proceeded by this route. He heard the discourse, now and then, of the passers-by, and learnt that the curiosity, mixed with pity and horror, which universally moves the common class on occasions of deep interest, was now the cause of alluring the idle to this place, where, from the moat, the tower was to be

seen in which the unhappy girl was confined, who, to-morrow, was to end her life as a sacrifice to love of her country.

With palpitating heart, Albert followed the multitude, who all poured along toward the moat. Here, where the ancient royal castle, towering upon the long-extended back of the Hradschin, overlooked to a great distance the country around, the height sinks abruptly downward, and forms, from the north side of the castle, a nearly unscalable chasm, which is termed the Hirsch-graben. It is now planted with trees and hedges, and turned into a pretty garden. A bridge leads across it into the castle; and two high towers, even yet in good repair,—styled the black and white,—rise from the moat, leaning against the high castle-walls, and serving in earlier times as a fortification, but latterly as dungeons for the imprisonment of criminals. It was here that Joanna, as soon as the examination took a more serious turn, had been confined,—as was now, for the first time, understood by Waldstein.

He reached the moat ; and the information afforded by the by-standers soon made him acquainted with the window at which the sweet girl occasionally, as they told him, showed herself—and, looking over to the open country, appeared, at the same time, to bid farewell to the world around her.

Her appearance was even now expected behind the bars, and Waldstein, at the foot of the tower, awaited her coming with mixed feelings of hope and despair. But she did not appear ;—probably occupied, on the last day which was granted her in this life, by more serious thoughts than such as the distant view might suggest. Waldstein, however, minutely examined the tower, the window, and the whole of the various parts appertaining to that section of the castle,—observing where the sentinels were stationed, and where the wall might be most easily scaled. He then stole into the castle with his wares, hoping to extract from the inmates and guards further intelligence, and bent on making as good a survey as possible of the interior of the tower and its structure.

Thus several hours passed, when, rich with observations and plans, and holding the firm determination of liberating Joanna this night, he returned by the same road to the Old-Town.

Mid-day was gone by, and his friends had been making various speculations as to his long absence, when our hero, having thrown aside his disguise, re-entered his house. In these speculations Leopold did not join; for his secret feelings dictated to him where Albert had been, and on what errand. The two friends encountered on the threshold, and one glance at the perturbed countenance of Waldstein rendered all clear. "And you would keep your expedition a secret from me!" cried Wulden; "You think I will leave you to go through the danger alone!"

"Dear Leopold!"—interposed the other.

"Is this fair?" continued the former, reproachfully; "Is it friendly?"

Waldstein caught his companion's hand. "Pardon me," exclaimed he; "By Heaven, it was no reservedness! Why are you to venture and suffer for my sake?"

“And should I suffer less, knowing you to be absent, in danger? Did you not promise this morning, in the garden, that I should share it with you?”

“My generous friend! I should be unworthy of such disinterested zeal, were I to refuse the offer it dictates:—you shall know all.” And, communicating every thing that he had heard and observed, Albert proceeded to debate on the most eligible plan for further measures.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN the castle of Troy also, this day, there was a heart full of anxious expectation. As the reader will have observed, Helen's position toward her betrothed was far from being the same as at a former period, when stolen interviews, under the veil of night and secrecy, only allowed her to cast, at times, a few looks into the heart of her friend; and when insecurity, added to a passionate imagination, gave to his every word a distinct and higher meaning. All this romance gradually wore away upon more frequent intercourse; and unpleasant scenes, such as that respecting Waldstein's mantle, often took place. It is true, peace was as often restored; but the discord which had been struck, not from

accidental occurrences, but from a leading difference of character, was never thoroughly set right.—Let it not be believed, as it generally is, that such little disputes and reconciliations serve to animate love the more. True love, which is founded upon mutual esteem as well as affection, needs no such contrast of light and shade. Repeated misunderstandings are, on the contrary, like so many slight wounds which may, doubtless, heal in the heart, yet always leave scars behind.

Waldstein's image occasionally floated upon her mind, and doomed her to the agony of remorse. She could not conceal from her own judgment, that a union with him—the friend of her youth and the beloved of her countrymen—would have been at once more honourable and more prudent. His name was on every lip, his praises in every heart; nor could the preparations for the wedding—albeit they diverted for awhile her increasing melancholy—by any means dispel it.

The story of Joanna caused these unwelcome feelings to expand with fresh vigour,

and lent new zest to her growing distrust of Odowalsky. The hopes of her appearing in men's eyes as the bride of a hero of the Protestant faith, had vanished, for it became obvious that her betrothed was merely an ambitious adventurer; and she could not but be aware to how much disadvantage her conduct would be compared, particularly in the eyes of Waldstein, with that of the heroic and self-devoted Joanna.

That Waldstein had once warmly loved her, was certain!—it was probable that some remains of this *liaison* still lingered within his bosom. A serious attachment, on his part, toward the gardener's daughter, she could not credit, feeling certain that the nephew of the Duke of Friedland would never so far forget his lineage and station. Still, solicitude for her fate would, doubtless, actuate him powerfully, and stimulate his exertions; and whoever should be instrumental in effecting her deliverance, would acquire a right to his warmest gratitude, especially were hazard and difficulty to be experienced.

This thought became gradually clearer to the mind of Helen; the more plainly it developed itself, the more interest it had for her; and she at last formed a fixed plan on the subject. She was determined to rescue the daughter of Bertram, to conceal her in a safe spot, and to inform her lord of this by a sure way; and, when either peace, or the capture of the city, should compromise every affair of this nature, then would she, as a welcome gift, present to Waldstein his rescued dependent. To what all this might lead, Helen either could not, or would not, attempt to foresee.

Thus were there two parties—and those most oppositely situated—interested in gaining information of Joanna's place of confinement, and the extent of its security. Helen learnt that her prison was in the white-tower, and succeeded in making herself known to the jailor by means of a trusty attendant and messenger, to whom the jailor's wife was related. De la Garde, whose slow consent had been wrung to this extreme measure, had ordered

the utmost forbearance and gentleness to be used toward the unhappy girl. The watch, therefore, was not very strict; and if, instead of Joanna, some resolute man had been imprisoned there, he might readily have effected his escape;—nay, it seemed as if De la Garde would not have been much displeased at such a result.

Helen built her scheme upon these various observations and accounts; and the faithful Margaret (the attendant before alluded to) afforded her every possible aid. Disguises and horses were secretly procured; and on that same day whereon Waldstein had passed so many hours in making preparations for the enterprise of the following night, Helen was also occupied with arrangements for *her* plan for the accomplishment of the same object.

The sun of a cheerful summer's day had descended, and twilight spread its shades over the city, wrapping in dusk and silence the numerous streets, and the gloomy precincts in which was confined the object of so much friendly interest and anxiety. The hapless

Joanna beheld the near approach of the termination of her short existence. Her execution was fixed for the next morning. She felt the completest consciousness of her innocence, but also the fullest conviction that nothing could save her, as the exertions of several persons of rank in the Kleinseite, nay, the interest of the Governor-General himself, had been to no purpose. Her life, hitherto, had been calm and innocent. Such little weaknesses and errors as even the best human being cannot wholly avoid, she had heartily confessed and repented of; to her God she believed herself reconciled; nay, she hoped, that He would accept as expiatory of her perhaps unknown faults, the sacrifice of her youthful life, which she lost only from a pure feeling of duty, and from foreign injustice.

Two points, however, there were, which still continued to discompose her: first, the natural distress of her father, whose heart-rending sorrow, when, after long prohibition, he was at length permitted to visit the adjudged victim, unbinged her soul, and made

her painfully doubt how far she had been justified in subjecting him thereto ; and secondly, the remembrance of Waldstein, which she sought in vain to repress. Of what nature would his emotions be, when he heard of her doom?—Would he make any effort to rescue, or even to see her?—These and similar thoughts returned, though often chased away, to her mind. How frequently, during this last night of her earthly existence, when she would have collected her thoughts, and directed them to that Power before whose throne she was soon to stand, did she surprise herself in recollections of quite a different nature! She beheld before her *his* beloved form, she heard the cherished tones of *his* voice!—The scenes of that evening whereon he had rowed her over the lake—with his chagrin on finding the portrait—all pressed upon her heart. She reflected what result might have occurred, could she, before the invasion of the Swedes, have spoken with him, and unfolded that which might have dispersed his evident suspicions.

Thus passed the hours, even quicker than Joanna had hoped ; and, as night approached, the jailor's wife brought her evening meal, which, since she had been sentenced to death, had been supplied in plenty and delicacy. At the same time, she lighted the lamp.

Joanna partook of little ;—and the woman proceeded to inform her how many people had, since yesterday, been pressing round about the castle and the white-tower, in hopes of seeing her. “ *He* perhaps,” sighed Joanna to herself, “ *he* might have been among this number !” She learnt also, that a deputation of the principal men of both the Old and New-Town had arrived at the castle, in order to solicit remission of her sentence ; and her heart, at this news, beat violently. The love of life still worked, in fact, forcibly within her young breast, when any circumstance revived it ; and the thought that this attempt had perhaps taken place at Waldstein's instance, forced the blood impetuously through her veins. The woman at length disappeared with her provision basket, having extin-

guished the lamp,—and darkness and silence again reigned around Joanna.

The bell in the tower of St. Veit announced the midnight hour, when the prisoner was roused from a train of mournful thought, by imagining that she heard a slight rustling without, under the casement of her prison. It soon became palpable, and apparently ascended higher and higher.

She listened in breathless anxiety, until, at length, she fancied she saw a figure move outside the bars of the casement. Directly afterward, a soft voice pronounced her name.—

“Gracious heaven! what does this mean?” muttered Joanna. “Can it be possible that a rescue is at hand? Should *my father*”—and she thought of some one else.

Just at that moment the voice repeated, somewhat louder: “Joanna! are you there?”—It was *not* her father’s voice—it was—but oh! the mingled hope and joy kept her mute, and answer she could not—it was the voice of her Lord!—

On a third adjuration, however, she gathered energy to reply; and a brief suppressed explanation ensued. Waldstein was near her—was come to liberate her.—Waldstein!—the idol of her dreams!—the man for whose sake chiefly she had staked her life, and was on the point of losing it upon the scaffold! He came to return the service, by rescuing that life at the hazard of his own.

The hollow sounds of blows levelled at the bars now alone broke the stillness.—Joanna sank upon her knees, and stretching her arms toward Heaven, prayed for a blessing upon him—prayed for *his* happiness, which was linked with her own, whatever shape her future fate might take.—Not her liberation, —not restored life, (should the bold undertaking succeed,) was it that busied her soul;—it was only the danger to which he exposed himself, and the enraptured *possibility* of being beloved by him.

In this frame of mind she continued kneeling, and offering up prayers to God, and vows to the holy virgin and the patron-saints of

her country, until again roused by the voice of her deliverer, who, as some loosened stones rolled withinside the apartment, besought her to take care and keep out of their way.

She had frequently, within the last few days of her imprisonment, gazed wistfully up to the lofty grated window of her comfortless room, and occasionally attempted to reach it, in the vague hope that some means might thence be suggested of escape. A large heavy table in the middle of the chamber was with great trouble pushed by her underneath the window, and one of the chairs placed upon it, whilst another served as a step whereby to mount the table: thus, in such hours as she knew she should not be surprised, she had ascended her weak scaffolding, and, not without danger, purchased a glimpse into the castle-garden and over the hills situated opposite. This prospect filled her occasionally with deeper sadness at thought of leaving for ever the beautiful world which lay before her, together with all who were dear to her; at the same time,

however, it had served to inform her that the walls of the ancient tower were in many places decayed—and the bars, particularly on the right side, very insecure; and that by means of any strong instrument, such as a mattock or crow-bar, they might easily be loosened, and room made to allow the sliding out of any person. The wall certainly descended to a very great depth outside, even to the foot of the tower;—and thence, the rock (sparingly covered with grass) sank again to the very bottom of the moat; but a strong rope might be made of the bed-covering and clothes, whereby a prisoner might let him or herself down to the rocks, and from thence Joanna felt sufficient confidence in her adroitness to be able to reach successively the Hirsch-graben, the Bruska, and the house of a boatman whom she knew, and by whose aid she might escape across the Moldavia.

But she was in want of implements; and though she took abundant care—by removing the chairs and table, to prevent any suspicion of her plotting, on the part of the attendant,

this latter could never be prevailed on to leave with her even the knife she brought.

She had therefore gradually resigned all hope; and the revulsion of her feelings was proportionably strong when deliverance now appeared not only possible, but almost certain;—and through the channel, too, which—in honest truth—she had most expected and wished. On starting from the abstraction we before described, she once more, and as if instinctively, pushed the table against the wall, placed the chairs, mounted, and with joyful amazement did Waldstein soon behold her immediately opposite him behind the bars.

She now became active and useful—pointing out to Albert the despoiled parts of the wall, and the places in which the bars were fixed most loosely; but it seemed to her as if, since she stood up there, Waldstein worked with less industry,—as if his looks were more frequently directed towards her than his crow-bar,—and as if his companion (of whom she now first became aware) was forced to accomplish the most.

At length, the bars gave way, an issue which Joanna's instructions had forwarded.—The window was opened, Waldstein presented Joanna his hand, and begged her encouragingly not to be afraid, for he would bring her safely down.—Inwardly, but fervently, thanking the Deity, she sprang forward, slipped through, and was received in Waldstein's arms.—One moment, whilst those arms encircled the blushing girl, a rapturous feeling banished all thoughts of their peculiar situation from our hero's mind; but, "She is not born for thee!" cried a warning voice within him. He collected himself, kindly raised the almost unconscious girl, and half led, half bore her down the steps of the ladder, which Wulden, who had pushed hastily on before, now held firm.

When arrived at the bottom, Waldstein threw over the rescued maid a Swedish horseman's cloak. Leopold presented her a cap of corresponding character; and it was now she observed, that both men were attired in the cavalry uniform of the enemy.

All this was the work of a few moments. The youths guided Joanna, trembling with joy and anxiety, down to the shore, where there was a boat in waiting for them.

The strength and resolution which, during the business of her liberation, had upheld our heroine, abandoned her when nearly in safety. The different sensations which during the shortly-passed moments had rushed upon her, had been too mighty, too variable,—and she felt so exhausted, that she was hardly capable of getting into the boat. But, as they glided over the face of the water, recollection returned, and with an intense consciousness of what Waldstein had done for her, she slid from off the bench upon which he had placed her in the boat,—and from his arm, which supported her,—to his feet, striving (though almost incapable of speech) to thank him for his exertion and hazard. In vain, for some time, did the latter endeavour to raise and reassure her.—

Wulden, during this scene, had, with his customary acuteness and consideration, kept

aloof, and engaged the boatman in conversation, to draw off his attention likewise: but as soon as Joanna had been persuaded to resume her seat, Albert called him forward, and the friends learnt from their fair companion, how she had lived whilst in confinement; how she had gained information of the attack upon the bridge-tower; her meeting with Count Martinitz; her capture, examination, and other circumstances. The recollection of so much that had been painful, the mention of so many important occurrences—presented, now they were in safety, a welcome diversion, and hindered Waldstein and Joanna from yielding too much to their sensibilities.

Thus engaged, the long course down the Moldavia seemed to occupy but little time, and Waldstein started up astonished, as, far below the city, the boat put to shore, and the trees became visible under which Wulden had ordered his groom to wait with three saddled horses. They found every thing in readiness, and upon one horse a packet con-

taining three mantles of that description usually worn by Bohemian bourgeois. Each of the youths immediately threw one of these over his Swedish uniform, which it completely concealed,—and directed Joanna to follow their example.

This done, Waldstein assisted Joanna to mount her horse, and, as they proceeded at a pretty quick pace, informed her of the plan he and Wulden had laid down for her safety. Themselves, he told her, were forced to be again, betimes on the following day, in Prague, at the posts to which honor and duty called them. They could not therefore accompany Joanna far, and had, on that account, resolved to conduct her to an unmarried relation of Leopold's (a sister of his father) in the vicinity of Kaurzim, who had for a long time lived there retired, and to whom her nephew had already, the evening before, sent a courier in order to make her acquainted with the whole occurrence.

“ Yet notwithstanding this forewarning,” cried Wulden, gaily, “ I would lay any wager

my worthy relative thinks that Joanna and I are playing the hero and heroine of a romance."

"Well, a romance it certainly is," answered Albert.

"True," rejoined his friend, "but for the *hero*, we must look elsewhere."

"But," said Joanna timidly, "as you cannot have had any reply to your communication, may not my visit be possibly unwelcome?—I fear—"

"Fear nothing," interrupted the ardent Leopold: "I know my aunt well, who is, contrary to the usual custom of old maids, the best creature in the world, and particularly fond of having any hand in an *adventure*. Be assured, she will receive you with all kindness."

"Should she indeed do so, I will strive to the utmost to deserve it," answered Joanna.

"You already deserve it," interrupted Waldstein. "But listen further.—You will remain with the Lady Theresa von Wulden until the roads are free from the Swedes, (who have now turned toward the parts of

Tabor and Budweis,) when I shall probably have you conducted to my relation, the Countess Harrach, at Vienna."

Joanna heard these arrangements with a kind of terror. She was to be removed from Prague, perhaps for a long period; and separation from him who appeared to her almost in more than an earthly light was inevitable, immediate. She was struck dumb; but, too collected and too discreet to object, she said, after a pause;—

"I acknowledge the advantage and kind precaution which your plan implies, my Lord! Permit me only to ask one question:—what will be done with regard to my father?"—

"Your question is reasonable," answered Waldstein;—"for awhile the good old man must remain in doubt, as to the details of your fate. But when he learns, to-morrow, that you have escaped, I hope that this certainty of your deliverance will put him at ease on the other score;—and subsequently——"

“My lord!” interrupted Joanna:—“my father is not in Prague—he will learn nothing to-morrow.”——

“Not in Prague?” cried Albert: “where is he then?”

“That I know not,” returned Joanna; “he sent to inform me by a confidential person a few days since, that he could not be a witness of my death, and was going to try an extreme chance.”——

“Of what?” interrupted Wulden, hastily.

“That is as little known to me,” replied she, “as whither he is gone. But on account of this very uncertainty, I feel impelled to intreat—”

“I understand you, Joanna,” said Waldstein, kindly. “But for the present nobody—not even he—must know *where* you are. Bertram is a worthy and excellent man, and a tender father; but in this matter, I dare not trust him. Even his joy might betray the secret. But this I promise you:—he shall, as soon as I can possibly find means of

furnishing him with the intelligence, learn that you are in safety."——

Joanna bowed her head, and said no more.

Leopold now observed — “ This conversation induces us to ride too slowly. Remember, the Swedes may be at our heels, and it would be well, therefore, to spur on.”——

They did so, and flew—each wrapped in the veil of some peculiar train of thought—across the plain.—With Waldstein and Joanna, indeed, thought was busy.

The night was now fast passing, and they were not far distant from the termination of their journey, when day began to dawn in the east, and gave to view the outlines of surrounding objects, while the morning-star beamed on them from the left. Leopold now reminded his companions, that they must leave the high road for a side-path, which he pointed out.

“ The morning-star shows us the way,” said Waldstein, raising his eye sadly toward it, as thought of the approaching separation fell heavy upon his heart. They now per-

ceived at a distance the grey walls of the castle, which was situated on the summit of a little hill. They soon reached it, and admittance being demanded and given, the riders sprang into the court. An aged female attendant now appeared with the information, that her noble lady was sleeping; but that she had orders to receive Baron Wulden and his company.

Albert assisted Joanna to dismount, who, through the exertion of the ride and her own anxiety united, was almost worn out. "I would intreat of you," said Albert, turning to Leopold, "to procure some refreshment for our companion; she is nigh fainting."

Wulden gave directions to the attendant (who had been measuring and examining the supposed lad with curious looks, and now heard astonished that a female form was concealed by the ample riding-cloak): and in order to insure prompt measures—as well as from delicacy to the others—he entered himself the interior of the building, leaving Waldstein and Joanna in the hall.

Our hero conducted his fair charge to a seat, and pressed her hand fervently within his own:—but neither spake, for their emotion was too deep for words.

Wulden had imagined that these moments would have been appropriated to bidding each other farewell; but his return found both, as we have described, silent. Not a syllable had lightened their full hearts. He brought a message of much courtesy from his aunt, who promised to use the greatest caution to ensure Joanna's safety. Another female domestic followed him, stating that every thing was in readiness for the lady's accommodation; and it now became obvious that the parting moment had arrived. Joanna, collecting all her strength, raised herself from the seat, made a respectful obeisance to her youthful Lord, who returned her farewell with repressed ardor,—and only adding, in a broken voice, "Greet my father!" vanished into the castle with her guide.

The young men now mounted their steeds,

and rode at a very swift pace into the open country. It was some time before any discourse passed between them. Indeed, the towers of Prague had grown upon their view, before Waldstein's abstraction (which his friend did not choose to interrupt) gave way. He now checked his horse, and stretching out his hand to Wulden, said: "How shall I thank you, my dear friend, for what you have done for me this night?"—

"By saying no more about it," replied the frank-hearted young man. "It is enough for me, that our expedition has succeeded; that the heroic girl is safe; and that your heart has recovered its serenity."

"Alas!" answered Waldstein, with a mournful smile, "that is not so. Never again shall I be light of heart. This poor young woman,—for why, Leopold, should I strive, even if I *could successfully*, to hide the truth from *you*?—this poor young woman has been preserved from a cruel, unmerited death, but not from a fatal passion.—She loves me, Leopold! I have unhap-

pily excited in the bosom of one to whom reciprocity of affection would be madness, a flame which consumes her, and has communicated itself to me. I have sought long to hide from my heart the consciousness of this truth—but it is forced upon me!"

Wulden was touched to the quick.—His nature, although volatile, was capable of the truest feeling and the nicest delicacy; and blending his own with his friend's lamentations, respecting the cruelty of circumstances in this instance, he utterly forbore from all attempt at raillery, even when Waldstein professed his intention of leading, for Joanna's sake, a life of celibacy.

CHAPTER IX.

ON re-entering the city, which they accomplished, as they had left it the foregoing night, without remark, the friends beheld with surprise the populace, as well as the garrison, in lively activity upon the walls—as also round the gates; whilst in the adjacent streets likewise unusual bustle predominated.—Now, as the enemy was distant and no immediate danger to be anticipated, these appearances looked very singular. They might, however, be merely precautionary, or have for their object reparation of those damages occasioned by the former attacks.

The young men hastened, Wulden to his father, and Waldstein to Plachy,—in order to ease both of all anxiety. They had in-

deed invented a plausible excuse, on the preceding evening, for their intended absence, and consequently no fresh inquiries were now made. From their friends they learnt however, the occasion, and necessity, of the increased activity alluded to.—Bad news had arrived.—General Würtemberg, it was reported, had overtaken and beaten Buchheim before the latter had been able to effect a junction with the force of Golz, and therefore General Conti considered it his duty to put himself and the garrison in the greatest activity. Workmen were every where ordered to repair to the different despoiled parts of the walls, in order to put them into a state of defence; fresh intrenchments were to be thrown up, mines dug, arms and artillery prepared, and means taken to cast cannon-balls and howitzers.

Albert and Leopold betook themselves to their posts, and were soon in the thick of business. Every thing went on spiritedly: the citizens worked as well as the soldiers; and, in a few days, the fortifications were in such

forward progress, that the advance of the Swedish force under Würtemberg might be awaited with tolerable confidence.

And in reality it did advance! The reports had not been unfounded. Buchheim had been overtaken, beaten, and made prisoner; and Würtemberg, having scoured and devastated the country around, would, in all probability, shortly present himself, once more, before the walls of Prague.

Waldstein, under these circumstances, found abundant occupation to divert his mind from thoughts of Joanna. He disclosed her retreat to no one, and thereby cut himself off from all chance of receiving intelligence respecting her welfare; and as to either he or Leopold leaving the garrison, even for a single day, it was not to be thought of.

Meanwhile Würtemberg, contrary to expectation, engaged himself with the siege of Tabor; and this event rendered the communication between Prague and the adjacent country more free. Hence, to his surprise, Waldstein one morning received a visit in

his tower from the old Baron von Zelstow, who embraced him with true paternal joy, and made him relate circumstantially all that had happened to him and the town. This account finished, Waldstein enquired, in return, how it had gone with his friends at Troy?

“Alas! bad, nephew, bad!” answered the old man; “For awhile, we were almost harassed to death; but, thank God! we are, for the present, at least, freed from our persecutors.”

“How so? Have the Swedes retired also on that side?”

“Not exactly; but our party has withdrawn itself.”

“What! is the Colonel no longer at Troy? How comes that?”

“Many things have occurred;—and affairs stand not now as they did some weeks ago. You, of course, know of the matter respecting your steward’s daughter.”

“Yes, indeed!” replied Waldstein, somewhat startled; “she was to have been executed:”—

“ Ay! they did indeed meditate that most shameful act of injustice; and Colonel Streitberg was foremost in urging its completion. It was this which irritated my niece; they quarrelled several times about it; and Helen at length determined to free the unfortunate girl from the fate that awaited her.”

“ Helen!” exclaimed Waldstein; “ She determine to act in direct and public opposition to her betrothed?”

“ Not *public!* The whole was arranged privately. But, it seems, her effort was made too late.”

“ Too late!” repeated Albert, affecting great surprise:—

“ Even so: when the jailer, who had been bribed by Helen, unlocked the prison-door, and was going to lead out the girl, he did not find her, though he found, both at the window and the walls, marks of a forcible entrance.”

“ But the tower is thence very high and steep:”—

“ True:—it could not have been an easy enterprise. Whoever liberated her, ventured his neck:”—

“ I heard, and gladly, that the girl had vanished, but nobody could tell me how.”

Waldstein paused;—and the Baron resumed: “ This disappointment in her expedition grieved my niece sadly; for she told me (to whom she confided the whole affair) that she had undertaken it principally on your account.”

“ On my account !” exclaimed Albert, now really astonished, and looking incredulous.—

“ Yes:—I can assure you,” added the Baron, smiling, “ that there seems a considerable revolution in the young lady’s heart. The deliverer of the Old-Town and the heroic defender of the bridge-tower, appears to the high-souled ‘ Helen of Troy ’ in a very glorious light.”

But if this communication was either meant or expected to be joyfully received, the speaker must have found himself mistaken. On Waldstein, the impression made thereby, so far from being agreeable, was decidedly the reverse. “ He can assure me !” thought our hero;—“ What!— is this then a *message* ?

And does she imagine me so frail as to be thus lightly caught again?"

The loquacious Baron, finding Albert maintained silence, and conceiving that still plainer speaking was advisable, went rambling on, and was even confirming Waldstein's supposition, by saying that he was charged with greetings from the fair maiden to her cousin, when the latter interrupted him by abruptly asking,—“And are these greetings and this late attempt to rescue the Bohemian victim, known to the lady's *betrotthed*?"

“Why, not to him certainly. How can you ask such a question?—Besides, he is no longer in Prague.”—

“Not in Prague! No doubt, then, busied in scenting out the track of the intended sacrifice to his passion of revenge?”

“No: he seems to have abandoned that project;—but not so Königsmark—which is very strange. The same night that the maiden escaped, came a courier from Leipsic, ordering the execution to be suspended; and when it was told the Field-Marshal that at

any rate it could not have taken place, as the criminal had vanished, he is said to have been quite frantic, and to have made search for her every where. Her father is with him in Leipsic."

"What! Bertram!" cried Waldstein, excited to the utmost by this information; "My dear uncle, you relate wonders! Bertram with Königsmark? And Königsmark intent upon finding the maiden—although anxious, before her examination, to get out of the way!—What does all this mean? It seems inconceivable."

"It did so to Odowalsky. He was latterly in the worst of humours, as he showed to every body, not even excepting his betrothed. This gave rise to all sorts of scenes, disputes, reconciliations and fresh disputes. In fact, the prospect of this ill-assorted connexion looks altogether unhappy: and I was heartily glad when I saw the Colonel's preparations to be off."

"But has he left at his own instance, or by command?"

“There came indisputably a command from Königsmark at Leipzig, which sent him with Colonel Coppy to Tetschen, which they were to storm and take possession of.”

“Tetschen? Oh, doubtless to gain possession of the Elbe, and have its free navigation, in order more conveniently to plunder the country!” exclaimed Waldstein passionately: “This Odowalsky is present in every expedition formed to increase the unhappiness of Bohemia!”

“You also think, then, their object to be possession of the Elbe?”

“I see no reason whatever to doubt it,” answered Waldstein; and added, returning to the subject of Odowalsky,—“Then the Colonel’s absence it seems is not voluntary?”

“I incline to think it *is*,” replied Von Zelstow: “there are pretty plain evidences that he has himself sought this commission. I tell you, Albert, matters do not stand between this couple as they ought to do between betrothed parties, and I guess that you are in part the cause.”

“Oh, a truce to joking on that score, dear uncle,” said Waldstein very gravely: “for ought else but joking, your allusions cannot imply. Truly, my heart is now occupied with very different matters, and every thing that bears relation to its earlier attachment, I have taught myself to regard as a sort of high-treason against my country.”

They were now interrupted, and Waldstein was obliged to proceed down the intrenchments on the Moldavia shore, accompanied by the Baron, who examined with interest, as an old soldier, the completed labours. He then parted from Waldstein, with the promise of repeating his visits so long as the town remained free of access.

Within Waldstein's soul, what the Baron had told him respecting Helen and her attempt at rescuing Joanna, left few traces.—In honest truth, he did not believe in this attempt, and held the whole to be a fable composed in order to give Helen new importance in his eyes, and in order that her

former adorer might not altogether free himself from his old chains. Much deeper impression had been made upon him by the few words spoken by the Baron about Joanna. And it might hence be perceived, that, with regard to himself and his future destiny as regarded that maiden, he was by no means so much at his ease—perhaps even not altogether so much decided—as he wished to imagine. However plainly the necessity appeared to him, at times, of an eternal separation, there were still other moments when the thought forced itself more strongly into his mind of subduing or despising the prejudices of rank and the opinion of the world.

What some days before had been feared,—the return of the troops under Würtemberg before Prague,—took place but too soon, and was preceded by the melancholy news of the storming of the city of Tabor, within whose walls, still strong from their origin in the period of the Hussites, many noble families and inhabitants of the surrounding country

had deposited their best treasures and effects, and which, on that very account, presented allurements to the rapacious enemy.

Shortly after this discouraging event was, as a certainty, known in Prague, the colours and ensigns of the Swedes were observed one morning, by the sentinels stationed upon the Klein and Heinrichs towers, waving at a distance behind the hills which surround the Bohemian capital. Notice was immediately given to the Commandant, and with equal promptitude did the adjutants fly in direction of the various gates of the New-Town. These were now closed and barricaded with the means already at hand; the troops on the walls reinforced; and every thing placed in a state of order for battle. In a couple of hours afterward, the van-guard of the Swedes was perceived advancing, divided into parties, upon the adjacent heights; and thus every thing around Prague again wore that melancholy aspect of constraint and privation which it had so recently thrown off. Würtemberg found the walls and garrison in a proper de-

fensible state, and acknowledged that the taking of the city would, owing to the works which his absence had allowed the citizens to effect, be extremely difficult. Still he hoped for the arrival of the Palatine, who was expected very shortly, and then it was resolved to attack Prague at once from every side with such violence as to make it impossible for the garrison, which was in almost total want of artillery, to hold out long.

This consummation was indeed feared by the inhabitants, but their determination to defend themselves to the very last extremity was still as firm as ever—a feeling shared by all classes.—Companies were formed of the mechanics, official persons, and servants;—and even such of the spiritual class as were yet young or strong enough to bear arms, inspired and borne away by the spirit and enthusiasm which animated all Prague, followed this example, and arranged themselves under the orders of the Provosts into a corps two hundred strong.

These defensive measures had not been

long in operation, in consequence of Würtemberg's return, when, one morning, a tremendous thundering of cannon, opposite the walls of the Kleinseite, awoke in terror the whole of Prague. In the Palace-garden, on the Bruska, the Strahöwer and St. Lawrence's hills, artillery had been dragged up and planted, and at the same moment all poured forth their destructive fire upon the Old and New-Towns. At the same time the sound of trumpets and joyful beating of drums was heard, with other signs of warlike rejoicing. Soon, divisions of troops were seen wearing uniforms hitherto strange to the besieged; and the inference was clear, that the Palatine, and with him a numerous addition to the hostile force, had arrived.

This then was the moment for serious combat and defence! Before each gate of Prague another corps was stationed. The Palatine at the New-gate,—Königsmark to the left in the vineyards,—and Würtemberg before the Wissehrader and Ross-gate.

The Praguese maintained themselves heroically; they even made several sallies, in which they did considerable hurt to the enemy, though their own danger increased with each day. Already the walls were in several parts in ashes, and the towers razed; but with stern resolution did the besieged place behind each fallen-in bulwark a fresh one of wood, or other materials, but oftener of courageous combatants, against whom the force of the storm broke in vain, and the enemy was forced to withdraw with great loss.

Greatly incensed at the obstinacy of the Praguese, who ventured to oppose themselves to his heroic course, and detain him so long before a city, the taking of which vanity and the flattery of others had painted to him as easy, the Palatine bore this unexpected opposition with great impatience. In order to cheer and divert him, his adjutants and courtiers proposed excursions to adjacent places whenever any day of repose occurred to the besieging forces: the castles of the neigh-

bouring nobility, also, were honored by visits which most of them would much rather have dispensed with.

Among the first of these was the Castle of Troy. Here the Swedes believed themselves more welcome than any where else; for here dwelt the betrothed of one of their most distinguished officers; and in that house, where he who had delivered over Prague into their hands, was already looked upon as nephew,—as a member of the family,—his prince might not only reckon upon a dutiful and honorable, but also upon a joyful reception.

CHAPTER X.

THE autumnal day was cool and overcast; the Moldavia mists were spreading over the adjacent hills; the fields were barren,—the former harvest having been gathered, and nobody having either time or courage, in the commotion of the hostile invasion, to plough or sow again. The variegated leaves dropped from the trees, and through the boughs the eye met a veiled sky, which hung down sadly over the desolate scene.

Helen wandered full of thought along the walls of the garden, where now neither flowers nor fruit smilingly met her gaze, but every where around were traces of change—of decline. No chant of birds in the abandoned shrubbery—not even the chirping of

the titmouse : and she heard nought save the rustling of her own footsteps among the fallen leaves which covered the walks.

Her soul, like the images surrounding her, was gloomy and grave. She thought of that time when nature glowed in the warm sunshine of summer,—when hope, apparently well-grounded, opened to her the prospect of a brilliant future ; by all observed,—by many envied ; when, trusting to Odowalsky's promises and to his spirit, she regarded herself, at his side, as a re-establisher of her party ;—when she turned away with coldness the gentle youth who only approached her bashfully, in order to follow a bold hero on his beaming path.—What had become of all these proud expectations ?

Odowalsky's plan had only half succeeded ; each attempt to effectuate it, had hitherto foundered. His credit with the Swedes had sunk ;—there was no longer any thinking of a suitable reward for his services, and still less of those prospects of influence, honor, and power, which had formerly animated him, and

driven him to the dubious enterprise. These disappointments had still more incensed an already embittered mind ; his mood was dark, his behaviour rough,—and, what shocked her nearly as much,—almost vulgar. He spared nobody, not even herself. And what dark depths of his spirit had his behaviour toward Waldstein, and the passion of revenge, made visible ! What a fate seemed to await her beside this man !

“ He has changed ! ”—thus she closed her solitary reflections :—“ Either the destruction of his hopes has produced a complete revolution within him, or he deceived me at the first, and *acted* a character foreign to his own. I could not myself have *so* erred in the manner have lost myself so blindly in his net. Whichever way I view him, he either no longer is, or *never was*, what I originally believed him.—And am I then, under such circumstances, bound to keep the faith which I vowed ?—Yet,” continued she, as these sophisms passed through her mind, “ he loves me ; his passion is all that has remained firm

in the great ruin. He loves me truly. Dare I forsake him?—But does *my* heart, and its wishes, claim no consideration? That which Odowalsky *appeared*, Waldstein is in reality—noble, courageous, distinguished, meritorious. He loved me; and I, fool! mistook him!

“But is the charm for ever dissolved?—Is it not still in my power to awaken the smouldering flame of his affection?—True, my uncle maintains that Waldstein remained so calm at the mention of my name, that not the slightest spark even of indignation announced a warmer feeling.

“But such apathy is not possible!” she finally exclaimed; “A deep-grounded passion cannot so quickly be mastered. But see, *see* each other we must. When my eye speaks to his; when my voice—which often, amidst the noise of a crowded assemblage, alone struck his ear—strikes, as it shall, upon his *heart*,—will he yet continue cold and unconcerned? Never!” she cried, continuing to weave the illusion of joyous presentiment.

At that moment, a sound as of horses' hoofs

approaching, reached her.—“Should it be Odowalsky?” thought she; “Is he already returning?”—This idea scared away her reviving serenity; and, in order to collect herself a little, and to avoid him, she quickly retired from the garden-gate, near which she had stood, back along the walks, and ascended the steps of the castle. She now perceived the troop, which had already gained the gate. They were, however, not Odowalsky’s dragoons. It is true they bore the Swedish scarfs, but the feathers in their caps,—of mingled white, yellow, and blue,—showed that they belonged to the suite of the Palatine.—At that moment, she recognised the Prince himself, who had just then swung from his prancing steed.

Gustavus was of the middle height, slim, and delicately formed; fiery black eyes and an aquiline nose, gave to his features a noble and imposing expression. He wore a deep yellow fur dress, edged with sables, beneath which, upon his breast, a cuirass as clear as silver presented itself;—shining black ringlets

fell on each side upon his shoulders, his costly laced collar, and doublet. From the hat—pressed deeply aslant upon his flashing eyes—long snowy feathers drooped gracefully. A broad white scarf, embroidered with gold, hung pendant from the right shoulder, leaving exposed, however, his broadsword with its cross-handle;—and wide half-boots, decorated with tassels and embroidery, completed the half-warlike, half-princely appearance.

With that confidence which the sense of their importance gives the great and powerful, he advanced along the garden. And as soon as Helen had convinced herself who it was, and that he was coming to the castle, she hurried back through the saloon into her uncle's apartment, and roused him rather abruptly, with the information, from a quiet afternoon's nap.

Hurrying on a robe of state over his household costume, he hastened, attended by a couple of his servants, to receive the Prince, who had, by this time, reached the foot of the steps, and in whose manner some little dis-

pleasure began to show itself at no person's having advanced to meet him—even the female figure, which he had well perceived on the steps, having vanished.

The Baron excused his late appearance as best he might—venting sundry common-places about his ignorance of the high favor which had been intended him; and the Prince smiled graciously, assuring him of having heard so much of the beauty of the castle and its gardens, that he was desirous of convincing himself;—particularly as he conceived it a point of duty—he somewhat uncourteously added—to make himself acquainted as much as possible with the fine country which he now, as victor, might regard as his own.

Baron von Zelstow merely replied with a bow to expressions which brought in their train so much food for bitter thought; and the Prince, who now advanced to the saloon, examined and admired the beautiful structure, and its noble style; leading his hearer to infer from his observations, that he had been in Italy, and there had opportunities of seeing

and admiring the chefs-d'œuvres of architecture. After having looked around him some time, and viewed from the windows the situation of the castle, he suddenly turned to its lord, and said, "You are not alone, I presume, Baron, in this extensive mansion?—you have a family?"

"No children, so please your Highness; but my wife and my relations will, ere long, have the honor of presenting themselves."—He, herewith, dispatched a servant to fetch the Baroness. This, however, the Prince would not allow.—"*We* will visit *her*," said he, graciously; "have the kindness to lead the way, Baron."

As the Prince, accompanied by the reluctant host, and his own suite, proceeded through the adjoining apartments, he was met in one of them by the Baroness, Madame de Berka, and Helen, who had in all haste exchanged their usual dresses for others of a more costly nature, in order to receive their high guest with proper respect.

The Prince greeted the ladies with much

politeness, but astonishment and pleasure were both expressed in his manner as his eye fell upon Helen. He remained a moment without uttering a word, and the triumph of her charms did not escape the vain beauty, who was thus predisposed to think favorably of a man who testified toward her this unpremeditated adoration.

“This doubtless is the lady who, I hear, is betrothed?” said he, with a friendly smile;—and as Baroness Von Zelstow confirmed his supposition, he added; “Then, lovely lady, I may regard you as one of our party, and am proud to be able to do so.”

Helen replied to this flattery politely, but with feelings quite different from those she would have entertained two months before.

“You will perhaps be angry with me,” pursued Gustavus, in a jocular tone, “for having taking your Intended from your side, and ordered him away to capture a fortification. But a man capable of making *such* a conquest”—and he bowed smilingly—“must be an adept in the practice of victory.”

“ It was the Colonel’s wish,” replied Helen, “ to distinguish himself in your Highness’s eyes; and the sooner he finds opportunity to do so, the more welcome it must be to him.”

“ It is true,” replied the Prince; “ he offered himself, and *I* at least, should do wrong, were I not to praise him for that zeal which overbalances even his fondness for an object, whose loveliness were sufficient almost to excuse the neglect of actual duty.”

In this courtly tone, (and for once the Prince, even in flattery, spake his real mind,) the conversation continued for some time. At length Gustavus rose, in order to inspect the remaining fortifications of the place: and when, at last, he prepared to take leave, and depart with his suite, he did not wait for any invitation from the Baron to repeat his visit, but declared, as upon mounting he reached out his hand, that he should come again shortly.

This excursion had thus answered the purpose of amusing his Highness, in a degree

which had not been foreseen. He returned in the best of humours, spoke on the way much about the agreeable situation of the castle, still more about its inhabitants, and touched upon the subject as often as the zeal with which he carried on the siege of the city would allow.

Helen had been conscious, in the first moment, of the impression she had made upon Charles Gustavus; and although it flattered her vanity, she was still far from giving the slightest place to thoughts which others already began to form respecting her. The Prince's attention to the beautiful lady at the castle of Troy had not escaped the observations of his suite; his frequent subsequent visits confirmed their speculations; and Helen was soon held throughout head-quarters as the declared favorite of the young, lively Palatine,—without having contributed more toward such a report than the bare sufferance of his attentions, which indeed she could not venture to repel. Helen was ambitious of pleasing:—but she was proud;

and as her reason told her she could never entertain a hope of being lawfully united to a Prince whom birth had already placed too high above her,—and whose pretensions to the throne of Sweden, perhaps to the hand of the unmarried Christiana, removed such an idea altogether,—she confined herself, with discretion and dignity, within the limits assigned her by fate, and met the Prince in a manner which was meant to show him that she was quite aware of all these circumstances.

Charles Gustavus felt the pride and justice of Helen's behaviour, but it increased his incipient passion: he saw that to ensnare Helen to his selfish purpose, would be a work of time and difficulty; but the respect he could not help entertaining for her character did not prevent his attempting to undermine it.

After awhile, he changed his method:—he was no longer the careless, mighty suitor, revelling in proud assurance of a happy result; he was the attentive, courteous

Knight, with whom every thing depended upon winning and maintaining the favor of his lady ; and whilst, in the renewed assaults on Prague, his personal courage was so hazardously manifested as to render his suite apprehensive respecting his safety, he was only thoughtful, in Helen's presence, how to please her, and impress her with the strength of an attachment, on the success of which his whole happiness seemed to depend.

The castle Tetschen on the Elbe had meanwhile yielded to the united exertions of Colonels Coppy and Odowalsky. The navigation of that river was now open, and all which the Swedes had plundered in Prague, Tabor, and other parts, could be dispatched uninterrupted down the stream out of the country. In this way the most costly treasures were irrecoverably lost; and among the rest, the old Rosenberg Library, full of invaluable manuscripts—which is even yet deposited under the name of the *Bohemian Library*, at Stockholm—a standing memorial of that period.—Still, some few slight

skirmishes and short excursions in the adjacent country kept both Colonels two or three weeks longer,—during which interval, the Palatine was paying his addresses to the lovely Helen.

Without knowing, or even suspecting this, Odowsky pressed on the conclusion of their affairs in the neighbourhood of Tetschen, and their return to Prague. His connexion with Helen was interrupted—his confidence in her love and faith shaken; whilst the time occupied in taking the capital had extended itself to an unimagined length, and the hope of this capture, ultimately, appeared more and more distant.

Out of humour, and sunk in a chaos of gloomy thoughts, he was sitting one morning upon a block of stone on the shore of the Elbe, and gazing at the bustling of his soldiers, who were occupied in getting sundry chests and bales on board the Elbe-ships.—His fate, from the commencement of his career; his position toward his liege Prince and his native country—toward the Swedes—

toward Helen,—all passed before his fancy in melancholy array. Till within a short time, his feeling for the latter, and his faith in her reciprocal love, had floated calmly over the distracted depths of his mind. Now, it was no longer so; disputes had too often passed between them; Helen had ventured to blame his conduct, and had even made him feel that in many things she disapproved his manner of thinking.

While ruminating these unpleasant subjects, he heard his name called, and turning round, perceived Colonel Cobby.

“You must give me credit for following up your wishes,” said the Colonel; “I have made such arrangements as will enable us to start to-morrow for Prague.”

Odowalsky stated his satisfaction at receiving this intelligence, and led a conversation respecting the chances of the eventual capture of that city, which he mingled with expressions of discontent at not having yet received the promotion that had been promised him, whilst officers whose services had

been far less important to the Swedish interests, were, through family influence and other unworthy considerations, rapidly pushed forward. Much of this he attributed to the uniform hostility of Königsmark.

“By the bye, talking of Königsmark,” interrupted Coppy, “is it not strange that you had no sooner discontinued the pursuit of that culprit-girl who fired the rocket, than he took it up?”

“Pure childish contradiction, I presume, to me and my measures.”

“I am inclined to think otherwise.—It should seem, rather, to arise from some matter of private feeling. The circumstances, as they have reached my ear, are curious enough.”

“Indeed?—pray explain them.”

“I know not if I can undertake so much. But I will, at all events, make you as wise as myself.—It is said, then, that one morning at Leipsic, when the General had just returned from a visit to Gustavus, he was informed that a citizen of Prague had been awaiting

him with the utmost anxiety for two hours.— The Count desired that he should be admitted, when in stepped an aged, respectable-looking man. Königsmark inquired his name, which he gave as that of the father of the delinquent. The General, upon this, was about to dismiss him hastily, with an intimation that—“the affair did not concern him—he had given it over to the Count de la Garde.”—But the old man desisted not; and at length implored a private audience of Königsmark, — upon which the General grew impatient, and was on the point of ordering the man to be led out and retiring into his cabinet, when the stranger threw himself at his feet, and cried with the greatest emotion; “Oh, my Lord, I beseech you at least to look on *this!*” at the same moment drawing from his breast a golden case which he presented to the Count, who, astonished, opened it, changed colour, and exclaiming, in an agitated tone—“Come in here!” stepped into the cabinet, and locked the door on himself and the old man. That very hour, a courier was dispatched to

Prague, with orders to suspend the execution; and subsequently the very strictest search has been made for the girl by Königsmark's orders, who is represented as quite beside himself at not finding her."

"And do you credit this trumpery story about a mysterious picture?" said Odowalsky. "But I care not with what motive he pursues the girl.—I have ceased to feel any excitement about her, and will not suffer my dormant interest to be revived by the incoherent fantasies of a man whom I detest."

The comrades now separated, in order to expedite the breaking-up of the troops; and such was their activity, that before the next dawn all were in motion. It was indeed of consequence—to Odowalsky in particular—to present himself as early as possible before the Palatine; and on the second day of their march they arrived, greatly fatigued, at the Kleinseite of Prague.

On the evening of his arrival, Odowalsky, as the dusky shades fell around, entered an apartment of the royal palace, which the

officers had converted into a better kind of suttler-tent, where they usually recreated themselves with games at cards or dice, and enjoyed the merry glass.

It was half-dark—no lights having as yet been brought, and the person of the stranger could not easily be recognised. Odowalsky threw himself upon a bench in a corner, and ordering wine, followed the bent of his thoughts. While thus occupied, his ear caught the fragments of a dialogue which quickly roused every vital principle within him. It proceeded from a couple of officers who were conversing about the visits of the Prince to Troy, and his declared love for the young lady there. Odowalsky listened for awhile half-incredulous; at length he sprang up, and advancing to the speakers, demanded in an angry tone, whether what they had been stating might be relied on? The officers answered affirmatively, repeated what had passed, and persisted in their assertion. The discourse grew warm, several other officers gradually joined the party, candles were

brought and placed in the chandeliers, and in the person of the stranger was recognised Odowalsky,—upon which all united in commiserating him, at the same time maliciously adding to the intelligence already given. In fact, the information of the Prince's having an amour in Troy, and by no means admiring in vain, was confirmed by every word that was pronounced.

The Colonel was completely overwhelmed. The mere suspicion of what had been thus openly averred was indeed enough to distract him. He was about to proceed to Troy that very evening, there to seek an explanation from the faithless fair, and hear how much of his unhappiness might be real;—but the gates of the Kleinseite were closed, and he was forced to watch through the night burthened with pain and jealousy.

On the following morning, duty called both him and Colonel Coppy into the presence of the Palatine, in order to give reports of their enterprise. They were received by his Highness in a very friendly manner; but the

steps, and was standing in the saloon of Troy before Helen even suspected his arrival at Prague. The servants, however, had seen him advancing along the garden, and hastened to announce it to their young lady, who hurried to meet him with feelings of a very mingled nature: joy, however, predominated—for she hoped, by his presence, to be freed from the further addresses of the amorous Prince. Odowalsky's entire appearance announced a hovering tempest. With dark looks he stood before her, his hat still remaining on his head, his arms crossed under his cloak and pressed firmly and closely to his breast, and his dark flaming eyes fixed upon her's. He gave no sign of joy,—nor even of greeting.

Helen, dropping the arms which had been opened to receive him, retreated some paces, and said: “What ails you, Ernest? Is it thus you meet your betrothed, after so long a separation?”

“My betrothed!” exclaimed he, in a wild

and mocking tone: "Say rather, the betrothed of Satan! Faithless creature! Thou forgetful of all honor!"—

At this burst of injurious passion Helen's blood began also to boil, and she was about to reply to these insults in the tone they merited; but just then, there arose within her a consciousness of secret guilt. She thought on Waldstein; and fearing that Odowalsky might have heard of her message to that nobleman through her uncle, attributed to such a circumstance the present stormy interview. She turned pale, and the answer dictated by her indignant feelings died away upon her lips. Odowalsky saw this change of countenance, and, strengthened in his suspicion, he advanced with fury toward her, seized her by the arm with such force as made her totter, and exclaimed in a voice choked by passion: "You dare not deny it! Your terror has betrayed you. Do not believe that I come here to call you back to your duty! No! The mistress of another,

even though he be a Prince and my future sovereign, is in my eyes"—

"Hold!" cried Helen, to whom these words unfolded the error, and, at the same time, the debasing suspicion of her lover; "Hold, madman!" cried she, the color flying back into her cheeks—"and dare not to renew your slander!—I defy you to the proof, and I scorn alike your imputation and yourself!" So saying, she wrested her arm from his grasp, and turned, in order to leave the room. He, however, followed her, and with lips quivering with passion, said, "Stand, unhappy creature, and justify yourself, if you wish not this agony to kill me before your eyes!"—

Helen instinctively looked back upon her wayward lover, and each paused for a few moments in utter silence.

The peculiarity of her position, both as regarded Odowalsky and Waldstein, distracted her thoughts; and the anguished countenance of the former, checked the tide of her indig-

nation. "Helen!" at length resumed the Colonel, in a subdued tone, "I conjure you, tell me! Do you *not* love this Palatine?"

"I never have loved, nor ever shall love him," replied she, gravely.

"But you endure his presence—his attentions!"

"I endure what necessity compels me to endure, and what the safety and repose of my friends demand. Durst my uncle—durst I—openly offend the Prince?"

A ray of hope and consolation shot across Odowalsky's mind; but still the deeply-rooted feeling of jealousy was not overcome: "I am very unhappy," said he; "oh, pity and pardon me! I have often told you, you were my all!—and, as disappointment and frustration of my schemes gather round me, I hug that *all* still closer to my breast. Swear to me, Helen, that you have imbibed no feeling of attachment for Gustavus."

"I swear it," said she, solemnly lifting her hand toward Heaven, and then placing it in Odowalsky's;—"The Prince is wholly indif-

ferent to me, nor can he boast of having received the slightest encouragement."

"You have *sworn!*" cried Odowalsky, drawing his breath more freely; "Think of this moment when temptation approaches!" and, with softened aspect, he led her toward the apartments inhabited by the family.

CHAPTER XI.

HIS visit paid, the Colonel returned, with lighter though not lightest heart, to Prague. He felt tolerably reassured respecting the Palatine—for Helen's earnest manner carried conviction with it:—but it was evident, from her comparative constraint, that her inmost heart and soul responded no longer to his emotions. The silver chain was loosed—the golden vessel broken;—and he could not escape the consciousness that much of this change had been brought about by his own moody and distrustful temperament.

On reaching head-quarters, he learnt from his comrades, that next morning a very powerful—and as was hoped, decisive attack, was projected from two sides:—namely, one from

that of the New-gate, the other from the Wissehrad—the storming parties to be severally commanded by the Palatine and General Württemberg. Odowalsky's regiment belonged to the corps under the orders of the former, and he was accordingly stationed at the New-gate.

This intelligence excited within him a gloomy feeling of joy; it was possible they might at length make an entrance into the city. At any rate, an opportunity would be afforded him of giving vent to his embittered feelings by bloodshed, and he proceeded to make preparations with pleasure.

In Helen, the debasing suspicion which her lover had formed, and the coarse manner in which he had expressed it, had excited a very unfavorable impression, which all the conviction she felt of the strength of his attachment could not repair. She had once again dived into the mysterious depths of that heart; and, unfortunately for him, this had only served to impress her the more strongly with a brighter image.

It was scarce to be expected that, with this growing knowledge of her lover's disposition, she should sacrifice to him her whole existence! Unhappiness, by his side, seemed quite certain; and a determination of seeking some proper way by which to separate herself soon and entirely from him, was ultimately formed.

The low conjecture which Odowalsky had expressed, made her sensible, however, that the attentions of the Prince had created a sensation, and had probably become the topic of discourse in Prague. This was distressing—not merely on account of the slander to her reputation, but because she feared the report might, in spite of the blockade, reach the Old-Town and come to Waldstein's ears. She was shocked at the possibility of this, and at the consequences which might follow; and resolved to conduct herself henceforth toward the Prince with so much dignity and coldness, that he, and all the world should be *convinced* of the strictness of her principles.

An opportunity presented itself on the very

same day for the execution of this design. As already stated, a fresh attack upon the city had been fixed for the ensuing morning. The Palatine had summoned a council of war, and all his officers joined with him in opinion that the utmost efforts should be made in order to capture the city before the arrival of Imperial reinforcements, which were understood to be collecting in great strength near Budweis. On the eve of this great and probably decisive action, the Prince was anxious once more to bask in the smiles of the fair lady of Troy; and he hoped that the personal danger and glory he was prepared to anticipate, would have some effect in softening the feelings of the high-minded girl. The direct contrary, however, took place. Never before had Gustavus found her so cold, so formal, as to-day; never before had her manner toward him been so scrupulous;—whilst every action, every word, was so constructed as if to deprive him of the remotest hope.

He felt this soon, and felt it bitterly. Earlier than was his usual custom, and in disap-

pointed mood, he left the castle; and a part of his suite, who had yesterday been witnesses of the scene with Odowalsky in the gaming saloon, imagined they could perceive some traces of that scene, in the altered behaviour of the lady, and the Prince's mortified air.

Gustavus, too, was not slow in making his own deductions. In the course of his conversation with Helen, she had mentioned the return of Odowalsky, whose violent and jealous character was pretty generally known. The Prince now recollected the short—nay, almost offensive manner, with which the Colonel received his friendly mention of Helen. It was plain, he thought, that the latter had not acted thus toward her princely suitor from her own impulse; it was compulsion, fear;—and he who, by his caprice or severity, had occasioned this behaviour, was, from that moment, no object of favor or grace with the youthful Palatine.

A single word, or even the suppression of one, is, with relation to princely lips, quickly understood:—and this moment of Gustavus's

palpable displeasure was eagerly seized by Odowalsky's numerous enemies, to direct his notice toward filling (from the Colonels of the army) the vacant post of a deceased General.

There were several candidates, and although not one of them could boast of having done such material service as Odowalsky, his foes succeeded in representing things to the Prince in a very different light. Traitor, urged they, remained traitor;—and what faith could the future king of Sweden expect from a man who had broken his, whether from revenge or ambition, toward his former Sovereign? And, besides, had not the patent of Swedish nobility—the rank of Colonel—and a considerable share in the plunder of Prague, already bestowed sufficient reward on an equivocal service?

The desired object was gained: the Prince gave ear to these whisperings from all sides around him, and signed the paper which appointed another to the vacant post.

Unacquainted with these occurrences, though sufficiently out of temper with what

had passed, and fatigued with business which the enterprise of the ensuing morning imposed upon him, Odowalsky entered, late in the evening, the gaming saloon. He was invited to join in the play—but declined, and sat apparently looking on, though with mind totally abstracted, until he observed the entrance of Colonel Cobby.

“ You bring news,” said he, glancing hastily at the disturbed expression of that officer’s countenance,—“and unwelcome news.”

“ Why,” returned Cobby, endeavoring to clear up his brow and make the best of a bad matter, “ There’s no commanding fortune, you know! We must take the world as it goes!”

“ A truce with your apothegms,” interrupted Odowalsky, impatiently; “ Have you any thing to communicate, or not?”

“ You won’t suffer a friend to muffle his bâton before he strikes with it.—To come to the point then: I have just heard that the General’s commission has been this morning filled up.”

“ Ay, indeed! and with whose name?” inquired the hearer, his cheek turning deadly pale, as he put the unavoidable construction upon Coppy’s exordium.

The latter paused a moment, from an actual feeling of apprehension.—Odowalsky’s eye was fixed, and his lips compressed so violently, that the blood started from them. “ I thought it right,” at length he muttered, “ that you should know ;”——Odowalsky motioned him—he could not speak—to be brief:—

“ With that of Lilien.”

“ It is well !” muttered the disappointed leader.—“ Leave me for the present, Coppy : I cannot talk to you now ; this is a time for *action* !” and so saying, he sprang from his seat.

“ What would you do? Whither would you go?” demanded the other, seriously alarmed.

“ To the Palatine !” exclaimed Odowalsky, wildly : “ I will breast the boy !—I will ask him, if he knows how *men* are to be treated ?”

“Are you mad? You will ruin yourself;” replied the friendly Coppy, endeavoring to detain his boisterous neighbour.

But the superior physical force of Odowalsky enabled him to get clear of the well-meaning old officer; and, scarce knowing or caring what he did, he penetrated to the antichamber of the Prince’s apartments.—Here he was stopped by the guard, and informed that his Highness had already gone to rest, anxious to be up next morning with the dawn. “Ay, he reposes on his *laurels!*” muttered Odowalsky, with a bitter sneer; and, turning contemptuously away, hastened to his own quarters. “All hell,” said he to himself, as he entered, “shall be let loose this night;” and calling his servant, he bade him summon immediately the jailer of the white-tower.

To account for this order, we must apprise our readers, that since the Colonel’s last departure from Troy, he had been casting about in his mind, to discover reasons for the manifest change in Helen’s behaviour. This he could no longer attribute to the influence of the

Palatine with her; and his restless thoughts once more lighted (and with greater justice than ever before,) on Waldstein. The scene of the cloak and cap—the interest taken by Helen in Joanna, the Count's vassal—and other circumstances—struck him with renewed force. “Can *she* be implicated in Joanna's escape?” thought he; and at once recollected that she had been most inquisitive as to the girl's place of confinement, and had even prevailed on himself to point it out to her. Odowalsky was prone to jump at conclusions, and he did so in the present instance. The jailer arrived. Odowalsky rushed toward him, and, seizing him by the collar, exclaimed, “Confess, villain! What sum did the lady at the castle of Troy offer you for letting the girl escape who was to have been beheaded?”

“Me!” stammered the man; “I know nothing of her escape.”

“Fellow!” cried Odowalsky, drawing his sword, “Either confess, or I will pin you to the wall like a toad.”

The man trembled:—he could not guess how much Odowalsky might already know. He was aware of the Colonel's intimacy with the lady, and it was possible that she had confessed the affair herself. Thus thinking, he tried evasive answers; but Odowalsky, presenting the point of his sword to his breast, and inferring his guilt from his trepidation, cried, "I know all—you have nothing to *discover*:—only say, *how much* did you receive?"

"Sixty doubloons," answered the man, fairly terrified, and throwing himself at the Colonel's feet;—"The lady promised the most inviolable secrecy; yet, now——"

"Hah! hah! hah!" cried Odowalsky, with a demoniac laugh;—"The kingdom of the devil divided against itself! So, the lady Helen *did* set the girl at liberty;—that I knew. But where have you concealed her?"

"So please you, Colonel, we did not succeed in *finding* her. She was gone when I entered the room."——

"What! do you mean to trifle with me?" exclaimed Odowalsky, resuming his former

threatening attitude ; — “ Where is she !—
Speak, or my sword shall make you find
words !”

“ By all the saints, noble Sir, I know not !
As the lady has, no doubt, told you all, she
must surely have told you *this* with the rest.
The window had, we found, been forced, from
the outside ;—in the Hirsch-Graben we found
also a ladder, and other tools, used to assist
in the escape. But, may Heaven punish me,
if either I or the lady could even guess what
became of the girl, or who it was that rescued
her.”

During this dialogue, Odowalsky had succeeded in subduing and calming a little the tumult which had raged within him. He compared the circumstances attending the girl's escape, one with the other, as they had appeared to him at the time, and believed, at last, that some person had been before-hand with Helen in the affair. This, however, did not lessen *her* guilt. It had now been proved, that she had acted in direct opposition to the expressed and particular wishes of her lover,

and this very probably, from some culpable preference for another.

“ Begone, fellow !” shouted he, in a voice of thunder, to the jailer, who, shaking in every limb, had risen from his kneeling posture, but still crouched before the Colonel.—He waited not for a repetition of the command ; but, darting from the apartments, ran straight home without once looking behind him.

Thus then did Odowalsky’s hopes and faith break down together, in this quarter likewise.—He had loved Helen passionately, truly ;—and she had rewarded his affection with treachery and falsehood !—Ambition and love had lured him on, with glittering rays, only to abandon him, in darkness, to himself. “ In this desolation of my fortunes,” thought he, “ one hope at least remains.—Prague—haughty, detested Prague—at length shall fall !”

His post was at the New-gate.—There, the walls had suffered much already, and it was to be hoped, nay, he would fain anticipate it as a certainty—that he should penetrate

them, and, leading onward his victorious troops, give over to their lust for blood and rapine, the lives and property of the inhabitants, whose obstinate resistance had long since in his opinion merited this lot.—Oh, if Fate would grant him one—but one additional triumph! That it would bring him to Waldstein, face to face! that he might, with his own hand, inflict the death-wound, and delight his eyes with his rival's last struggles!

The chance, even, of satisfying these wild desires, gave him a sort of feverish joy. He now began to busy himself in choosing his arms and accoutrements, which he commanded his people to burnish and put in a state of readiness; and having done this, he sought a brief repose, which however was disturbed by a thousand wild visions, wherefrom he was soon aroused by the blast of trumpets summoning the troops to the field.

He rose hastily, and advanced toward the window which looked out, across the Moldavia, to the opposite parts of the city. The streaks of light were still but dim; the thick

fog of October was spread over the river, and wrapped every adjacent object in a veil of gloom. "Even the elements work against me!" murmured he: "unless this mist disperse, it will render any enterprise extremely difficult, if not altogether impossible."

His aide-de-camp now came to inform him that the Palatine had ordered the troops to get into motion, that every thing was ready, and that the necessary preparations had been made by the miners and pioneers at the New-gate. His attendants having assisted in arming him, and thrown over his whole dress his large grey Swedish fur cloak, (rendered still more requisite, from the piercing coldness of the weather,) he sprang upon his steed at the head of his regiment, which followed him through the fog, without being well able to distinguish the road it had to take.

With very different sensations was the morning greeted by the inhabitants of Prague. An order had been issued the evening before, by Field-Marshal Colloredo, summoning to the Council-house of the Old-Town, the Bur-

germeisters, the members of the Council, and commanders of the various corps, where was communicated to them the welcome news which had been brought in by one of the returning couriers from Linz.

The Emperor Ferdinand, bearing in mind the fidelity and danger of his beloved city of Prague, had, as speedily as could well be, collected a force to relieve the place. The exhaustion which a thirty years' continued war had brought with it among the army, alone prevented an earlier reinforcement. Now, however, Generals Golz and des Souches were already in quarters in the Budweiser-circle, and were advancing upon Prague, where they hoped to arrive in a few days, and put to rout the enemy, who would never be able to resist their forces, united to those of the brave Praguese.

Like a message from Heaven did this intelligence sound in the hearts of the overjoyed inhabitants of the besieged town,—who had now, during three long tedious months, borne with unwearied fidelity and resolution every

suffering, danger, and exertion in this great struggle. They had gradually begun to feel that their powers of resistance were on the point of exhaustion ; and with an anxiety bordering on despair, contemplated the moment when, at last, (should neither help nor news of peace arrive,) they must yield to numbers, and thus, after so much sacrifice and exertion, give up their native city to the detested and exasperated foe.

But, animated with new vigour, each man, when the alarm-bells, on the morning in question, announced the advance of the Swedes for a fresh assault, flew, like lightning, to his post.—Wulden was placed at the New-gate ; and Waldstein at the Wissehrad.

CHAPTER XII.

THE sun, still invisible, had gradually ascended behind the veil of mist, and his rays at length began to penetrate and disperse the gloom, whilst a fresh breeze sprang up and assisted his influence. His mighty disk appeared at first pale and beamless, then brighter and brighter—and the freshened air and inspiriting scene around made every Bohemian heart leap with renewed courage. High waved the colours, and loud rose the shouts, of the patriot bands, as they arrived at the threatened gates, whence, on mounting the walls, they could descry the hostile ranks—their arms glittering in the sun-beams, and their march in double quick time.

Leopold made the necessary dispositions

at the New-gate. The walls on this side the city were already much shattered; and what still remained, the Swedes had secretly undermined and propped with beams. This was not known by the garrison; who, however, placed little confidence in the dilapidated walls, substituting, as on former occasions, a living bulwark of unusual strength, both moral and physical. Suddenly, the Swedish mines blew up, the flames communicated to the beams, they broke simultaneously, and the dust and ruins rolling down from both sides paved a way for the Swedes into the town. Still, however, the continued fire of the besieged, and the sight of the numerous body of troops who opposed the entrance of the besiegers, checked their progress for a time, in spite of the encouraging shouts of their leaders.

Among the foremost of these, was to be distinguished a man of majestic stature, enveloped in a grey fur mantle, and showing the most desperate zeal. On foot, like all the rest, with a partisan in his left hand, he

pressed on his people to the attack, of the whole of which he appeared the very life and soul. Wherever he fought, victory hovered over his party; wherever he was not, they gave way. Soon did this warrior become, from the equally bold and collected courage he evinced, an object of notice to all around, and Wulden felt that he alone possessed the strength of half a regiment. To fell him, to deprive the Swedes of their leader, would be equivalent to defeating them altogether. But his force was too small to attack the Swedish division, so commanded.—He sent therefore to General Conti to beg a reinforcement.

Fortunately, owing to Waldstein's well-managed defence, the attack on the Wissehrad had been repulsed, and General Würtemberg had retreated; General Conti therefore ordered our hero to proceed with his party to the New-gate, which the latter hastened to do, happy in being called on to support his friend.

In this quarter, meantime, the Swedes had twice renewed their attack, and each time

been repulsed. But the officer in the grey fur mantle led them forward a third time. It seemed as if he had set his mind upon penetrating into the town; his exhortations, his threats, and his example, serving again and again to animate his disheartened soldiers. Once more they pressed forward; once more they reached the path beaten by the dirt into the shape of a bridge; and, in spite of the bravest and most desperate defence, there was only a little more exertion wanting for them to succeed in penetrating into the town. Wulden saw the coming danger; anxiously and wistfully did he look out for the reinforcements, which, owing to the considerable distance, could not as yet be expected to appear, and at that moment his eye caught the figure of the mighty Swede, as, with his high-swinging partisan and flaming looks, he called to his troops, and had advanced onward so rapidly as to be separated but by a small remnant of the wall from the interior of the town.—Just then, Leopold suddenly seized a firelock out of the

hand of one of the soldiers standing by him, fixed his man, pulled the trigger—and down dropt the officer with the whole weight of his powerful body under the ruins and dust.—Wulden, although delightedly conscious of his deed, staggered back a few paces on seeing that his purpose had so quickly and so completely succeeded; while the Swedes, when they beheld their leader fall, sent forth a shout of terror and despair, and took, all of them, to flight. In vain did other officers endeavor to rally and bring them back to the breach; with that man it seemed as if all their courage had vanished.

The Bohemians, seeing the disorder of the enemy, pressed on, pursued and overtook them, making great havoc amongst the fugitives; and thus, on this side also, was the enemy completely defeated with considerable loss,—and the city saved!

The Swedes totally routed, their intended victims proceeded to fulfil the duties imposed on them by humanity, with respect to the numerous wounded of the enemy, as well as

to their own people, fortunately much less in number. Wulden lost no time in searching for the distinguished Swedish officer—desirous, should he yet live, of having every care and attention paid to his wounds—for he had proved himself a gallant foe. He was, after awhile, lifted from among the ruins, (where he was found lying on the spot whereon he had fallen,) still alive. Leopold had him placed close by, upon the breast-work, and summoned the attendance of a surgeon; awaiting whose arrival, he approached the wounded man, and inquired his name, and if he could serve him in any way?—

He received no answer, and the expression of the man's features betrayed the most intense pain, mingled with a yet stormier feeling. In vain did Wulden repeat his inquiries, wherefrom he at length desisted, with an emotion of pity; for he was led to believe that this silence was occasioned by the pain proceeding from the wound.

Nor had the surgeon, on presenting himself, any better success; no sooner did the

invalid perceive his object, than he pushed him, with what strength he could collect, aside, saying, that he wished for nothing but a draught of water: this being furnished, he drank it off with the greatest eagerness, and then sank back, fainting, either from the exertion of drinking, or weakness owing to loss of blood.

Now was it that the surgeon commenced his examination, and declared, that there was but little hope of the wounded man surviving,—the vital parts being affected. Still, however, the wound was carefully dressed; and they were just consulting about the most proper place whereto to bear a person of such evident rank and consequence, when Waldstein arrived, with his reinforcement, at the New-gate.

To the surprise and mortification of our hero, he found the conflict at an end, and heard, that the fall of one man had decided the whole affair.

“ Well, we will at least assist you to bury your dead !” said Albert, as he stepped toward

the Swedish officer, who was lying in a state of complete insensibility. He examined him more closely. Blood, dust, and agony, had, it was true, discomposed and disfigured the features; but a fearful resemblance became more and more certain, and, in broken accents, Waldstein exclaimed, "Leopold!—it is Odowalsky!" The name struck at once to the heart of Wulden, and both youths were, for a moment, buried in deep reflection.

Waldstein (his first shock of surprise over) decided on having the Colonel, who still continued to give few signs of life, placed where he might be accommodated as his state demanded. Whilst Wulden, therefore, attended to the rest, seeing the dead interred and the wounded administered to, Albert bestowed his care and attention upon his unhappy rival and enemy, procuring him all the ease and aid in his power. He was provided with a comfortable and befitting apartment, and a more experienced surgeon was sent for, whose statement confirmed, however, what had at first been pronounced, as to the pro-

bulence of the crowd before him ; and he was, accordingly, not ill-pleased to see his friend Leopold advancing with an armed picquet. Catching his eye, as he marched onward, Waldstein addressed the young Baron as his inferior officer, with a command to "Disperse the mob !" directions which were speedily acted on, as soon as Wulden saw the really critical situation wherein his companion stood.

Having succeeded in doing this, though not without some difficulty and bloodshed, Leopold expressed his astonishment that Waldstein should feel inclined to run any risk for the sake of a public traitor and a personal foe.

"It is simply," answered our hero, smiling, "because he was my enemy ;"—and the two friends proceeded up the steps to see how the invalid went on. On their way, however, they were met by the surgeon with an agitated countenance ;—

"The Swedish officer is dying," he exclaimed, "and it is dreadful to behold him."

“Why? what has occurred?” inquired Waldstein, hastily.

“You, my Lord, are, as it seems, the innocent cause of his perturbation,” replied the surgeon.

“I!” exclaimed Waldstein, astonished.

“The wounded officer had already observed, and probably recognized, your figure at the window, for he showed great uneasiness, and inquired who the officer was that had just left the apartment? I mentioned your name, my Lord, and immediately perceived a violent agitation in his whole manner; yet he remained silent, as we, in fact, intreated him to keep himself quiet. After awhile, however, he asked how it was with his wound, and if he should recover? I replied, that there was assuredly danger; still all hope was not lost.”

“‘No!’ he exclaimed violently: ‘What, then I *may* still live?’”

“‘It is possible, if you keep perfectly quiet,’ I replied.

“He returned no answer to this, but I could well see that something was working within him. At that moment a sudden tumult

stein ! and with these words upon his tongue, he gave forth the last weak gasp of life."

Waldstein spake not : deep and conflicting emotions seemed to be struggling within his breast, as he pointed to the door of the room where lay the corpse of Odowalsky. The surgeon understood the signal, and led the way, followed by the young men, one of whom had been the chief object of the dead man's hatred, while the other had deprived him of life.

And there lay the tall, once powerful soldier—pale and lifeless, but not disfigured—upon his bed. There were no more traces of that wild rage and fury which had so often accompanied his actions ; over the once passionate features a mild calm was now spread, which very probably the unfortunate man's countenance had never displayed before ; for his whole life appeared to have been a tissue of feverish excitement, either pleasurable or painful.

"He was the foe of many," said Wulden, contemplating the statue-like marble figure before him.

“ But of himself the greatest,” replied Waldstein, as, having loosened, by the sight of this spectacle, the suffocating feeling about his heart, he motioned to quit the apartment.

A few hours after the battle, the rolling of drums in the vineyards opposite the Newgate announced, as it had repeatedly done before, that the Swedes wished to summon a parley. A drummer approached the walls, and demanded a truce of four-and-twenty hours, in order to afford time on both sides for burying the dead. It was granted, though with the remark, that on the side of the city, hardly so many minutes had been necessary. This demand, which indicated a want of repose on the part of the Swedes, together with the yesterday's news of the approaching reinforcement, heightened greatly the courage of the Praguense; they laboured with increased vigour and industry toward repairing such parts of the walls as the last attack had injured, and at length anticipated an end to their sufferings.

The two friends had another object which caused them some anxiety;—namely, the body of their prisoner. It would have been their wish to have had him interred according to his rank, with military honors, in one of the church-yards of the city; but this they durst not attempt, on account of the ill disposition of the people, who, though at some distance, it is true, (on account of the guards placed round the building,) were still in motion in the vicinity. Waldstein lighted on the thought of delivering over the remains secretly to the Swedes; and he spoke with Count Colloredo to this effect, who, having given his acquiescence to the proposal, the affair was immediately entrusted to the charge of an officer of the garrison, who accompanied the enemy's drummer back to their headquarters, in order to make the necessary arrangements.

The news of Odowalsky's fall was already known there. His comrades had seen him sink, and had spread the report of his death, which excited various sensations. Many

regretted him as a useful partizan; still more were glad to be rid of him; while some few really mourned his loss, and among these was his friend Coppy. To him it appeared certain that, in Prague, his fall would produce the most joyful sensations, and that, perhaps, the citizens might exercise upon him, when dead, that violence which their feelings of rage dictated, but which fortune did not allow, whilst he was living. He hastened, therefore, to get an audience of the Palatine, which, however, could not take place very quickly, as the Prince, in a feeling of mortification and anger at the failure of his late attack, had shut himself up in his apartment, and would see no person for the present.

Meantime, the before-mentioned drummer returned to the camp, accompanied by the Bohemian officer, whom Königsmark himself announced to the Prince as bringing intelligence respecting the proposed truce—and he then introduced the wish expressed by the Bohemian leader. Charles Gustavus

learnt, by this wish, of the death of Odowalsky, which affected him rather at first, for he was conscious of having committed, the preceding day, some injustice toward the deceased; but, after awhile, regarding the event in another point of view, a ray of hope and joy sprang up in his heart,—the lovely object of his adoration was now freed from her engrossing and petulant admirer. He ultimately commissioned Königsmark to attend, and provide for the honorable interment of the body.

Königsmark rejoiced at this commission. His heart was now more mildly attuned than ever; one pleasure—a pleasure he had not anticipated, and, indeed, had long since given up—had been therein infused, and had opened it to every softer sensation. He readily gave orders for receiving, before the New-gate, under cover of night, (in order to screen it from the maltreatment of the mob,) the body of him, whom, indeed, he honored as a soldier, but, as a man, never could respect; and then

to have it interred on the appointed spot, where reposed the other Swedish officers who had been killed during the siege.

News of the most unpleasant nature now reached the camp of the besiegers. General Wrangel, it appeared, was unable to send the reinforcement demanded, he himself requiring even more troops than he already had at his disposal. The imperial forces under Des Souches and Golz were advancing in aid of Prague, and the defeats which the Swedes had successively experienced (more especially in the last attack) quite unfitted them for any other undertaking of a decisive character.

The Palatine summoned a council of war, whereat two things were determined on ; first, to try whether the city might not be brought over to a peaceful surrender, before the reinforcements arrived ; and, secondly, to endeavor to keep any intelligence of the latter marching to their aid, from the knowledge of the Praguese. In pursuance of the first of these resolutions, another flag of truce was dispatched to the city, accompanied by a General

officer, who, in the name of the Prince Palatine—influenced, as he said, by a desire to spare the further effusion of human blood—offered favorable terms of capitulation. The Bohemian authorities felt strongly disposed to dismiss this proposal in a summary way; but the policy of gaining time occurred to them; and, in conformity therewith, they promised to give the Prince's offers due consideration. It was subsequently determined that, next morning, Colonel Count Götz, accompanied by Count Waldstein, should be deputed to wait on the Prince, and suggest such modifications of his Highness's terms, as, it was well known, he would not agree to.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE day on which Odowalsky fell, and directly after the affair at the New-gate, one of his attendants had ridden to the castle of Troy, with the news of his death. The first member of the family that he met, happened, accidentally, to be the Baroness von Zelstow herself. However little the friendship that lady bore toward Odowalsky, still she was startled on receiving this intelligence; besides, how was it to be imparted to Helen?— Having imposed the strictest silence upon the messenger, she proceeded to the young lady's apartment, in order to communicate it herself, as cautiously and delicately as possible.

Helen's agitation was extremely great:—over-wrought Nature sought temporary re-

fuge in insensibility; and even on her recovery from that state, it was long before a friendly gush of tears relieved the pressure about her heart. That whole day she was unable to collect her scattered thoughts: but on the following morning appeared more calm. Having overcome the first terrible blow, the real state of circumstances presented itself to her view in a milder light. She had, as we have seen, begun to speculate on the wisdom of finding means to disunite their destinies—and that which she aimed at, a mysterious Providence had awfully accomplished. She learnt, too, after awhile, that the same hand which had inflicted Odowalsky's death-wound had likewise administered to the comfort of his expiring moments; and that another officer had exposed his own life, in order to procure for the unfortunate Swedish Colonel a peaceful parting.

And this generous foe was Waldstein!—He had most probably, she imagined, from a lingering emotion of deep attachment toward herself, interfered in behalf of her betrothed;

and a hundred thoughts and associations rushed upon her mind as she endeavoured to persuade herself of the truth of this delusion.

To divert the concentration of Helen's reflections, it was proposed by the Baron that the ladies should pay a visit to a friend in the Kleinseite; and accordingly, Madame de Zelstow, Madame de Berka, and Helen, set forth one morning from Troy, and entered that part of the capital. An unusual bustle seemed to prevail in the streets, which they were told resulted from the expectation of a Bohemian embassy coming to treat respecting the capitulation of Prague.

"The capitulation of Prague!" exclaimed Helen, as a sad feeling smote across her bosom: "Alas! that he should not have lived to see this probable consummation of his dearest hopes!"

They had scarcely seated themselves in an apartment of their friend's house, and exchanged the customary greetings, when the announcement of the cavalcade drew them to

man beside him, who that officer was, standing on the right of the Palatine?

“It is Field-Marshal Count Königsmark,” replied the other;—and Waldstein was still more astonished when he heard his name; for any connexion between the Marshal and Joanna appeared to him scarcely possible. While thinking of this, he overheard almost all that passed between Count Götz and the Prince, until the latter suddenly sprang from his seat, exclaiming:—“Say rather, Colonel, that you will not give up the City at all!—for such conditions as those you propose to me, cannot possibly be accepted by any General who has already brought the enemy to the last push. What! you wish to keep the Old and New-Towns still occupied by your own troops, and to have but a weak Swedish garrison left in the Kleinseite—the citizens of each quarter of the capital to be declared as neutral, and to be allowed to carry on their trade and communications as freely as in time of peace!—No! since you reject my gracious offers, let the sword decide

ultimately between us, and it will soon appear that you have chosen your own destruction." With these words he turned away, and was on the point of leaving the room in anger, followed by his staff, when he suddenly stopped at the door (reminded either by his own better recollection or by one of his suite):—"However, Gentlemen," said he with courteous manner, turning to the imperial officers—"this untoward result of our negociation will not, I hope, prevent your giving me the pleasure of seeing you at my table."—The Bohemians bowed respectfully, and Gustavus left the room. Several Swedish officers, however, remained, to perform the rites of hospitality toward the strangers.

Scarcely had Waldstein laid aside his gloves and sword, and was on the point of giving himself over to the thoughts and suppositions which Königsmark's appearance had excited, when one of his attendants brought him a card of invitation from the Baroness von Zelstow, which stated that the Baroness was accidentally in the Kleinseite,

visiting her friend, Madam von Krudener, and having seen Count Waldstein pass, could not resist the desire of speaking once more with the old friend and kinsman of her house.

This invitation was not agreeable to our hero. Helen was first in his thoughts as he read it; and the meeting her, was very much against his wish. Still, she was, he concluded, just now a mourner: he had quite ceased to feel any emotion respecting her; and his aunt had always shown him much affection. It would therefore, he conceived, be improper to withhold himself from this interview,—and perhaps—although we would not commit our hero's gallantry by suffering the reader to suppose he laid any great stress on that circumstance—the interval which remained to be filled up until dinner-time contributed to fix his determination. He accordingly resumed his hat and gloves, and directed the attendant to show him to the mansion at which his relation was stopping.

He was received by the elder ladies with

open arms, and warmly congratulated on the active part he had taken in the defence of his native city, during the progress of the siege. The conversation had lasted some little time, and Albert—half afraid to allude to the lady Helen,—began to hope that he should be spared the embarrassment of her presence, when the Baroness suddenly said,—

“ But there is another old acquaintance, Count Waldstein, who is anxious to add her congratulations to ours;” and as she spoke, she walked, smiling, to a pair of folding-doors, which being thrown open, Helen was discovered in an inner apartment, reading.—It had probably been originally designed, that the lady should be displayed on Waldstein’s *inquiring for her*;—for this we cannot vouch; but the impression on Albert’s mind—particularly upon Helen’s starting up, as if surprised,—was, that the whole thing looked far too theatrical. It prepossessed him against the *scene* that followed.

Ladies of a certain age are often said—

perhaps scandalously—to be fond of match-making; but we do not mean to impute any such grave charge to Madam von Zelstow and her two respectable friends, even notwithstanding they did find it convenient to quit the room after awhile, and leave the young people together.

We will not attempt to detail the conversation that ensued between Helen and her former suitor.—We are afraid, indeed, the dignity and maidenly reserve so universally manifested by young ladies, would be very little illustrated by such a disclosure:—not that the beauty of Troy uttered a syllable the import whereof could be objected to, even by the most fastidious of spinster aunts; but she certainly did give Albert ample reason to perceive, that a renewal of his addresses would be any thing but disagreeable.

All this however was lost upon our hero:—and he afterward told his *Fidus Achates*, the young Baron Wulden, that he was himself quite surprised to find how complete was his

indifference, and how decidedly—though of course with the utmost courtesy—it was manifested. A single glance at her niece's countenance made this fact palpable to the Baroness, on her return to the saloon; and we fear that, after Waldstein's departure to figure at the Prince's banquet, the discourse of the ladies of Troy was neither particularly lively nor satisfactory.

Previous to leaving the palace, Waldstein had dispatched a servant to his own mansion—he could not make up his mind to visit it himself, whilst in possession of the Swedes—to request that Bertram, his steward, would come to him; he was desirous of hearing how matters went on at the Friedland palace, and also of putting his faithful domestic at rest, respecting the safety of Joanna. He learnt, on the servant's return, that Bertram was not at the mansion—indeed, not in Prague; but had gone, the preceding day, by order of Count Königsmark, and in a carriage provided for him by the Count, to Kaurzim.

entered the room into which it led, which was arched, and of small size. Here he beheld, seated near a table, a female, enveloped, like the man, in a fur mantle. She appeared to be in meditation—her head resting upon her hand, her elbow on the chair; whilst around her brows she had folded, according to the fashion of the time, a large white turban, so that her forehead was quite covered. The position, the dress, even the bend of the lovely neck, confirmed his anxious supposition:—it was Joanna! His blood rushed into his veins with greater violence; he advanced closer; the clanking of his sword upon the ground betrayed his presence, and the female started up, turned round, and, with an agitated expression, held firmly by the chair for support. “Joanna!” exclaimed Waldstein, hastening toward her, and clasping her in his arms—all former resolutions forgotten.

Some moments had elapsed before either was capable of utterance. At length Waldstein recovered some self-possession, and gazed on Joanna with looks of fondness.

How was she changed! Already, at the time when with Wulden he had committed her to the charge of Leopold's relative in Kaurzim, he had observed that confinement and alarm had robbed her cheeks of their bloom; but now she looked quite worn away. Every thing confirmed his dreadful suspicions.

"Alas, my Joanna!" said he; "is it *thus* I must again see you! Was then your place of refuge not sufficiently concealed? Could not my love succeed in protecting you from your tormentors?"

At these words Joanna looked up at him, a sweet smile beaming upon her lovely countenance:—"How mean you, my honored Lord? My father has brought me hither."

"Yes, I know so much; but at whose command, and with what escort?—I scarcely dare to ask—as a criminal?"

"Not so!" replied Joanna mildly; "Count Königsmark means no harm to me."

"But why those dragoons?"

"The roads, my Lord, are represented as

extremely unsafe, and the Count recommended to my father the greatest caution and care."

"But why, dear girl, are you so pale—so wasted? Have they treated you unkindly?"

"By no means, my Lord; on the contrary, I was so happy as to gain the favor of the Lady Von Wulden, who treated me like her own relative."

"Well, time must explain this seeming enigma: meanwhile, let me bless the chance which has again permitted me to hold you in my arms!"

Joanna looked conscious, and blushed deeply, but made little effort to withdraw herself from Waldstein's ardent embraces. He, on his part, did not in the least attempt to restrain the expression of his emotions: he felt that his conventional defences were beaten down.—Difference of rank—family pride—consideration for the opinion of the world, melted away before the noon-day warmth of all-conquering love!

"Joanna!" at length he resumed, "You

are mine! No power on earth shall separate us! I cannot live without you!—this I have felt since we last met, and —— nay, interrupt me not, sweetest — you alone shall be my wife!”

“Count Waldstein!” cried she, by this time awake to the impropriety of prolonging this interview, “I intreat you to pause, and consider!”

“I *have* considered!” replied he, gravely; “considered every thing, fully—repeatedly. Do not imagine that an over-hasty passion transports me thus! Your worth, and our relative circumstances, stand clearly before my mind. The wounds of my country are many and deep. I have vowed—I am sworn—to endeavor to stanch them. But in this career, I must have the consolation afforded by some gentle heart, to resort to. I must have some mild and radiant eye to greet me when I return from the battle—to gird on my sword, when I start forth to it. And who so worthy as my gentle, wise Joanna—brought up, as it were, in the school of mis-

fortune? She will assist me in drying the tears of my dependants—for she knows how bitter it is to shed them; whilst a high-born wife might only think of the brilliancy of her rank.”

“ Ah, hold, hold, my honored Lord! I dare not listen to you. Too sweet, too seducing, are the images you describe!”

At this moment, footsteps were heard approaching an inner door, together with voices in conversation. “ It is my father returning for me,” said Joanna.

Waldstein recollected that his time was well nigh expired, and that Götz would be awaiting him. Once more hastily embracing Joanna, he prepared, therefore, to depart; “ Farewell!” whispered he, “ my beloved!—my *bride*! We will soon meet again!”—and, with these words, he tore himself away.

As he hurried along, half forgetting his purposed visit to Martinitz, he was met by one of his attendants. “ Hasten, my Lord!” exclaimed the man; “ Count Götz is this moment mounting his horse to depart, and

anxiously expects your return." Waldstein started, as from a trance.—He perceived that his intended interview with the Upper-Burgrat must be postponed; and, although with a heavy heart concerning Joanna, he joined the Colonel, and quickly reached the New-Town, where, immediately seeking his friend Wulden, he related all he had this day experienced, and requested Leopold's counsel and aid with respect to his going next morning to the Hradschin, to see Count Martinitz.

Wulden listened to his friend's story and request with deep attention. He could not bring himself to regard Albert's views relative to a marriage with the daughter of Bertram as any thing else than mere wildness: he saw, however, equally well, that to contradict him now, in the first fury of his passion, would be altogether to no purpose. He left, therefore, that point untouched, and came directly to the second; namely, the wish of his friend to speak with Count Martinitz, respecting Joanna's safety.

An order had just been sent to Waldstein to proceed with his company to the station of the Korn-gate, and, consequently, he could not venture to leave the city. Wulden, therefore, offered to go in his place. "You know," said he, "I assisted you to rescue the maiden, and I am a little in love with her myself, though not quite so far gone as you, on which account I am the fittest to speak in your name; but I think the whole thing will be quite useless."

"Useless! Why?"

"Because, half an hour since, a deserter from the enemy entered the Old-Town, informing us that there is a great movement among the Swedes, who seem as if they were preparing for a retreat; whilst we have, likewise, received news which may be depended on, (in spite of the strictness wherewith the Swedes have striven to cut off all communication,) that General des Souches is already lying near the Sazawa, and will arrive before Prague to-morrow.—Nevertheless, to relieve your impatience, I will, if possible, get to

the Government palace to speak with Count Martinitz."

The ensuing morning was that of the first of November—All-Saints' day. The hard-pressed Prague knew not, indeed, much of feasts or holidays now. The Swedes stormed away without any respect to days ;—nay, even on those very festivals which, to the Catholics, were most sacred, but to the Protestants of no consequence,—they loved, as if in mockery, to urge their assaults. The armistice was now at an end, and it was expected, not without anxiety, that, perhaps, this very day a still more serious attack would be made.

The country all round was again enveloped in a thick fog, which covered the city itself so completely, that the points of the towers could scarcely be distinguished. But a fresh wind arising from the east, the mist dispersed before it, the hills around Prague became visible, and, to the great surprise of the besieged, the sentinels on the different watch-towers announced that the whole Swedish camp appeared to have broken up ; that the

tents had vanished, the cannons been dragged away, and some odd remnants of batteries were alone to be seen.

This news soon spread through the whole city;—but the harassed natives scarcely dared to trust the delightful intelligence, until, soon after, the country people poured in at the gates, stating, that the Palatine and General Würtemberg had, with early dawn, proceeded with the troops under their command on the road to Budweis, wholly abandoning the city and neighbourhood!

Happy to taste a freedom of which they had so long been deprived, the Praguese were hurrying out at the gates to inspect the deserted encampment of the enemy.

General Conti, however, held them back with wise precaution, and gave strict orders that no one should be permitted to issue forth at present, as he did not yet trust to this sudden retreat of the enemy, and suspected there might be some *ruse de guerre* concealed beneath it.

To Waldstein, this news was indeed a

thunderbolt:—much as he rejoiced thereat, yet now, neither Leopold nor himself could form any hope of getting up the Hradschin—and the uncertainty hanging over Joanna's fate pressed heavily on his heart.

A couple of hours after, came at length a messenger whose tidings completely did away with all remaining anxiety or doubt. Trumpets sounded before the gates of Wissehrad;—and they blew no Swedish strain.—“The imperial reinforcement is arrived!” was the cry that circulated through the streets, and occasioned the liveliest rejoicings. Generals Golz and des Souches were lying with their *corps d'armée* scarce half a league distant from the city, and it was now easily conceivable that the Swedes (who must have got earlier information) had really withdrawn, and given up all further views against Prague—their last attempt for obtaining possession of the city, by the milder means of capitulation, having been unsuccessful.

CHAPTER XIV.

It is commonly said, that misfortunes never come singly;—and we would fain hope, that the reverse holds good likewise,—at all events, it did so in the present instance.

All-Saints' day had unexpectedly proved to the Praguese a day of joy and festival, and the following brought with it still greater satisfaction,—tidings of the liberation of the whole Germanic Empire, after unspeakable sufferings, and thirty years of war and desolation. The preliminaries of peace were at length signed!

All hostilities were now at an end; and Königsmark (who with a small body of troops still held the Kleinseite) commenced making preparations, in great haste, for a splendid

festival, at which he solicited the presence of Field-Marshal Colloredo, and all the General officers and staff of the garrison, expressly requesting the attendance of Waldstein and Father Plachy.

The long-closed Bridge-Tower of the Old-Town was once more opened;—every material wherewith it had been barricaded, of iron, stone, wood, &c. was hastily removed, and a suitable path formed for the brilliant train about to proceed to the other side of the city. With the Field-Marshal at their head, the shining ranks of the officers, in gala-uniform, and mounted on beautiful steeds, moved over the bridge;—and in the midst of them was seen conspicuous in his sacerdotal habit,—though with helmet still on head, and sword girded round his loins,—Father Plachy, supported on each side, by his beloved companions, Waldstein and Wulden.

Scarcely could the long train make way through the concourse of people, who rushed toward them with shouts of joy. Every window and casement flew open, and was

instantly filled by lovely forms, eager to see and greet the brave defenders of their native city; and many a bright eye beamed approvingly upon the warriors.

Having arrived at length at the outer court of the Governor's palace, they all dismounted, and were received by Königsmark, attended by his few remaining officers, also in full state, who welcomed them in the most cordial and friendly manner—his stern countenance illuminated with a ray of joy, such as had seldom before been observed thereon.

The Bohemian and Swedish officers soon mingled together in friendly intercourse; while Königsmark himself approached Waldstein, and taking his hand,—said: “With you, Count, I have to speak more particularly.”—Waldstein bowed, but replied not; while the General continued—“I owe to you, my Lord, a great, an unrepayable obligation!”—

“To me, Sir?” said Waldstein, astonished. “I am unconscious of having—”

“Yet it is even so,” interrupted Königsmark, with a smile; “I have to thank your

courage and determination, aided perhaps," said he archly, "by another feeling, for the life, and, what is still more, the rescued honor, of a person who is dear to me above every thing."

Waldstein gazed on the General with the utmost surprise: he knew not what to answer, for he comprehended not the meaning of what had been said.

"Come," said Königsmark, after enjoying for a few moments Albert's embarrassment,— "As we have half an hour to spare before dinner is served, I will not suffer you to eat your meal in disquiet. I can judge of your anxiety, by that which I myself felt until two days ago. The company will excuse us awhile," added he, bowing around, "and I will answer that you shall have a good appetite when you return."

With these words, he took Albert by the arm, and led him from the saloon, across a gallery, to a door which opened into an anti-chamber that formed the commencement of a suite of splendid apartments. An attendant,

in readiness there, opened the folding-doors; they stepped in, and proceeded through several rooms, the appearance of which led Waldstein to infer that they were appropriated to some lady of high rank. Reaching, at length, a cabinet at the end of this suite, Königsmark left our hero, with the assurance that he would return immediately; and Albert had, meanwhile, sufficient time to survey the place he stood in. He could not doubt but it was, in fact, the boudoir of some lady. The walls were covered with leather, on which were embroidered, upon a purple ground, all kinds of flowers in gold and colors. A table of ebony, inlaid with ivory and steel, bore upon its centre a mirror in a gold frame, and various boxes, (probably containing every necessary article for the toilette, as used at that period,) were likewise placed thereon, whilst a large piece of gauze was thrown negligently over the glass and a part of the table.

All this was, to Waldstein, extremely perplexing. "What," thought he, "can be Count Königsmark's object in bringing me

hither?" All at once, the idea of Helen came over him, accompanied by an unpleasant sensation; and he was still perplexing himself with speculations—never hitting the fact—when the door opened through which Königsmark had retired, and the General stepped forward, leading by the hand a female in a dress of light blue silk, whose chesnut hair fell in ringlets over her forehead, and on both sides down to her shoulders. Waldstein gazed, astonished, on this fair apparition. Was it possible? or was it a delusion, cheating his eye and fancy? No!—It was assuredly Joanna, in the garb of a lady of rank! Her smile, the expression of sweet love in her looks, convinced him that it was no deception; but the words of Königsmark:—"I present to you *my daughter* Joanna, for whose life and preservation I have to thank you, Sir!"—threw him again into doubt and uncertainty. Confused, but, withal, delighted, he advanced toward the lady, whom having gallantly saluted, he turned, with a look requesting explanation, to the noble per-

son who called himself her father. At length, Count Königsmark thus began: "Yes, dear Waldstein!—for so permit me to call you—It is my daughter!—The long-lost pledge of a mother whom I dearly loved, and who, alas! was separated from me too soon!—But come, my dear children," continued he, "sit down, and I will give you a clue to these events, which, doubtless, at present, look mysterious.—

"It happened that, on account of a duel, in which I had the misfortune to kill my antagonist, I was forced to fly from Sweden, and dwell awhile in Saxony, under the title of Baron von Ruppin—the name of an estate which my ancestor had once possessed in Brandenburg. I entered the service of Saxony, and marched into Bohemia under the banners of the Elector. Prague and several other cities were forced, as you know, to surrender to us.

"In Kuttenberg, whither accident led me and my corps, I became acquainted with a lovely female residing there with a relation, and

who, as it was said, was educating for the convent. She was a niece of Count Martinitz. Her father, a younger brother of the Count, and who died at an early age, had intended her, from her birth, for the veil. Joanna, (for so my wife was also called,)” continued he, as a sigh escaped his breast, “was a beautiful and amiable creature—like her daughter. We loved each other sincerely; and the relation with whom Joanna was residing, apprised her uncle, by letter, of this attachment;—his niece being subject to his will. Perhaps the Count’s faith, as differing from mine, led him to oppose our loves;—at all events, he announced his inflexible determination never to deviate, in this instance, from the declared wishes of his deceased brother.

“Why should I occupy your attention with a relation of our sufferings? Enough—I overcame Joanna’s scruples, and flew with her to Königgrätz, of which place also the Saxons had become masters.

“No Catholic priest would unite us in the bond of wedlock. This circumstance, and

love, which easily produces conviction, inclined Joanna to accept the Lutheran faith, and we were then blessed by one of the many ministers who, formerly driven out of Bohemia, had now returned under the protection of the Saxon arms.

“ But the hard-pressed Emperor, from whom we had torn one of his first dominions, turned, Count Waldstein! to your triumphant uncle. The command of the imperial army was again offered him; and, accepting it, he drove the Saxons out of the country at every point. In one of the battles I was taken prisoner, and sent to Hungary, away from Joanna, whom I had left behind in Königgratz—*enceinte*. When, a year afterward, I was exchanged, and had taken advantage of an opportunity of returning to Bohemia, (where I wished to seek my bride,) I found the city in which I left her despoiled both by friend and foe,—in the hands of the imperial troops,—and of my wife not a single trace! All my inquiries were vain—I never could ascertain her fate. My wife—my child, were,

lost to me!—Relate, dear Joanna, the rest!" said he, as he rose suddenly, and, in order to conceal his agitation, left the room.

Scarcely had he closed the door, ere Albert was on his knees before the blushing girl, who, smiling through a gush of tears, stretched out her hand and bade her lover rise.

— We will draw a veil over the pure and heart-felt extacies that ensued. The rich treasures of youth and love were possessed by both, and each felt the other's happiness consummated in his or her own.

The first burst of feeling subsided, Joanna bethought her of Count Königsmark's injunction, and proceeded to complete his story.— "As regards my poor mother," said she, "my father does not even know how she came from Königgrätz to Gitschin; but supposes she was driven away by the war, and sought shelter with honest Bertram and his wife, who were then already in the service of your uncle. It was here that the delicate, ailing, and dejected widow of an Hungarian officer, (for it was under this character she gave her-

self out,) resided, in the greatest retirement, with her infant. Bertram's wife attended to her comfort with every possible care, perceiving that deep sorrow was making fast inroads in the health of my poor unhappy mother. Alas! it was not alone anxiety as to her husband's fate which produced this melancholy;—it was remorse, repentance—which pointed out, in the unhappiness she endured, the punishment of Heaven for her apostacy in changing her creed, and for her disobedient conduct. Under all these sufferings—real and imaginary—she sank at last, her death being doubtless hastened also by the unhappy nature of the times; and she expired in the arms of my good foster-parents, to whom on her death-bed she confessed her rank and the name of her husband, making them swear to maintain me as their own—never to mention the discovery she then made—and, educating me in their own creed, to keep me far from rank and riches. Bertram has faithfully performed the promise; and nothing but my imminent danger—aggravated by the

horrible thought that my own father might unconsciously sign my death-warrant — determined him—no other means presenting themselves—to hasten to Leipsic, and there, without further delay, discover to Count Königsmark his important secret.

“The effect and result of this intelligence may be naturally imagined. No time was lost in making every possible search for me—but, dear Albert! you had, in your kindness and regard for my safety, placed me in too secure an asylum to allow of their easily finding me out; nor was it until some time had elapsed that they succeeded in so doing. At length, however, and but two days since, Bertram discovered my place of refuge; on his appearing at which, the manner of the good old man betrayed so much agitation, as well as pleasure, that I was at first at a loss what to make of him, and feared that the joy of seeing me again had perhaps touched his brain. My father had prohibited him from entering fully into explanation, having still some natural misgivings, which he was de-

sirous first to satisfy.—These, however, seem to have vanished at once, on my introduction to him—the other proofs being triumphantly confirmed by my close resemblance both to my poor mother and to himself.”

“ Ah! the portrait!” interrupted Albert: “ now I conceive all.—But how did it come into your possession?”

“ I found it once accidentally among other trinkets and relics of my foster-mother, long after her death. An auburn ringlet was lying near it, and one or two letters also, the contents whereof spoke of some tender but unhappy connexion, in which the possessor had once stood. I showed these things to Bertram, who was struck with surprise and vexation, and making some hasty allusion to the matter, requested me never to mention it. Nevertheless, I retained the portrait, which, I knew not why, I never could regard without the deepest emotion, and thus you once found it in my hand.”

“ Ay; causing me inquietude enough!”

“ Seriously?” inquired Joanna, smiling;

and she was on the point of adding something more, when Count Königsmark re-entered.

“ Well, children,” exclaimed he, “ I have, though unintentionally, given you opportunity for a long tête-à-tête.—Your aunt, my dear Joanna, the Countess Martinitz, is just arrived with her two daughters ; go to them, and conduct them to the banqueting-room. You, Sir, will accompany me.”

Waldstein ardently kissed Joanna’s hand, and seizing that of her father, was about (though scarcely able) to speak ; but the General prevented him, saying—“ Master your emotion, Count Waldstein ! I will not affect to misunderstand it. I know all that has passed, and consider your claim on my daughter’s hand too sacred to allow me for one moment to think of withholding it.”

At these words both sank at his feet, and the happy father laid his hands upon their heads and blessed them ; which done, he said hastily,—“ But now, come, we are waited for.” They accordingly separated, and Waldstein had scarcely re-appeared in the saloon

with Königsmark, ere he beheld Father Plachy and Wulden, toward whom he hurried, and, filled with delight, briefly unfolded to them what had passed. Leopold eagerly congratulated his friend, having already taken a strong interest in the whole affair; whilst Plachy was at a loss to imagine how his pupil had contrived to keep his *liaison* secret from him, believing that, as his more *experienced* friend, he knew all that passed within Albert's breast.

The folding-doors now flew open, and the ladies appeared, Joanna being led forward by the Countess Martinitz, her aunt. Wulden knew her at once in her new brilliancy; but Plachy vainly endeavoured to recognize, in the triumphant-looking beauty before him, the daughter of Waldstein's steward. During the banquet, and after the healths of the high personages who had taken a share in the work of peace (as well as of those present) had been drunk, the approaching union of Count Waldstein with the daughter of General Königsmark and niece of the Upper-Burgraf,

was made known, whereupon a shout of congratulation arose on every side.

It was on the evening of this day that, at the castle of Troy, the Baron, his lady, and Madame Berka, were assembled at table, conversing upon the happy change which the last few days had produced—whilst Helen, seated at a distant corner of the room, was, or pretended to be, occupied in reading. All discussion upon this subject wounded her feelings;—since the last meeting with Waldstein, which had turned out so unsatisfactorily, her disposition had been that of settled gloom.

A friend of the family was announced, who, as it appeared, had been at the palace, and gave a full account of all that had passed there during the day. He was listened to with astonishment; whilst Helen sat struck, as it were, by a thunderbolt. She would not, for awhile, yield credit to what she heard—so inconceivable, so almost incredible, were the tidings. Trembling, she found that the humble steward's daughter, who had ventured her life for Waldstein, had long been loved

by him ; that he it was who had rescued her ; and that a wonderful chain of circumstances had at length developed her birth and rank.

When every thing was explained, and no doubt longer remained, Helen was about to withdraw, in order to conceal from the eyes of her relations the effect this news had upon her. She arose—advanced a few paces toward the door—and then sank fainting upon the ground. The noise of her fall roused the attention of the others, who hastened to her assistance, and she was led to her chamber. A serious illness followed, against which, however, she struggled firmly ; and having conquered her bodily infirmity, she determined not to be present in Prague, or even in its vicinity, on the day that should see the union of Waldstein and Joanna. She declared to her friends, that, after the death of her lover, and his position toward the Praguese, she should only have an unpleasant character to play, and insisted upon leaving the place. Her relations gave way, and various propositions were made to send her for her repair to Vienna or

to Regensburg. She, however, would not agree to go into any Catholic country, and it was now plainly perceived, that her lover's creed was also her's. She wrote to a friend who resided at Dresden; and upon receiving an answer, departed, accompanied by her mother, who would not quit her afflicted child, to that city.

Count Königsmark only remained at Prague long enough to see his beloved daughter united to Waldstein, after which event he departed for his native country, Sweden, with a promise, however, from them both of shortly visiting him at Stockholm—a promise which circumstances prevented their keeping until two years after, when they took with them their first pledge of love, which they placed in the arms of the happy grandfather.

To their great astonishment, they found Helen von Berka, on their arrival at Stockholm, the wife of an aged nobleman of high rank, though at the same time (as scandalous stories circulated) in high favor with her old acquaintance the Palatine. At all events,

she had plunged deeply into the fashion and dissipation of the Swedish capital, wherein she was a reigning beauty,—and affected scarcely to recognise her former friends.

Waldstein usually resided with his beloved Joanna on his country estates; the winter, however, he passed in his palace at Prague, which had again become dear to him, and where both attended to the comforts of the venerable steward, whom they equally regarded with affection,

Wulden, delighted with his friend's happiness, at last resolved to follow his example, and renounce his liberty for the sake of his family name.—Father Plachy, together with the students, returned their arms and colors, in warlike pomp, to the spot whence they were taken; and he returned to his former mild and retired duties. He enjoyed the pleasure of blessing the nuptials of his beloved pupil at the altar, for from no other hand would Albert receive the confirmation of his greatest happiness on earth, but from that of his second father, who to the last remained a

faithful friend and adviser of the House of Waldstein.

Shortly after our hero's union, the Emperor Ferdinand paid a visit to Prague. Rich gifts, promotions, privileges, and other imperial benefits, rewarded the fidelity and courage of his true Praguese, and a splendid pillar was erected in honour of their defence of the town. A hundred years subsequently, when all traces of this unhappy period had long vanished, and the descendants of those who lived at that time, had succeeded to and resided on the spots where their ancestors had fought and conquered, a grand procession was formed, in grateful remembrance of the patriotic band, on which occasion were carried, and shown all round, the helmet, sword, and gauntlets of the pious and brave Father Plachy.

THE END.

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